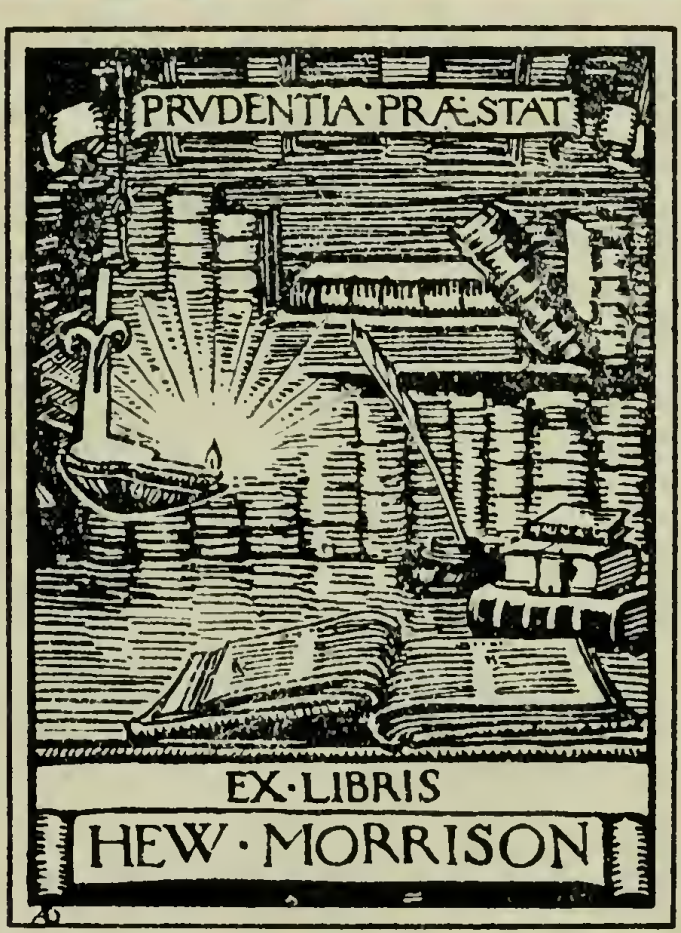
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METRICAL RELIQUES

OF "THE MEN" IN THE HIGHLANDS:

OR,

SACRED POETRY OF THE NORTH;

BY

MACKAY OF MUDALE (Anno 1700).
MATHESON, SUTHERLANDSHIRE (1747).
MACLAUCHLAN, ABRIACHAN (1760).
MRS CLARK, BADENOCH (1800).
W. MACKENZIE & D. MACRAE, INVERNESS (1830).

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND BRIEF MEMOIRS,
IN ENGLISH.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
JOHN ROSE,
Translator of Bunyan, Watson, Boston, Brooks, &c.

"THOU HAST HID THESE THINGS FROM THE WISE AND PRUDENT, AND HAST REVEALED THEM UNTO BABES."—*Matt.* xi. 25.

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BAIRD NA GAIDHEALTACHD
MU THUATH.

LAOIDHEAN AGUS DANA SPIORADAIL,

LE

UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH, LACHLANN MAC-LACHLANN, BEAN TORRA-DHAMH, IAIN MAC-AOIDH, DOMHNULL MAC-RADH, AGUS DOMHNULL MATHANACH.

MAILLE RI

GEARR-IOMRADH MU 'M BEATHA AGUS MU 'N CLIU,

ANN AM BEURLA.

Air an cruinneachadh ri cheile

LE IAIN ROSE.

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EABH. xi. 4—"Air dha bhi marbh, tha e fathast a' labhairt.

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☞ The following has not come to hand in time to be inserted in its proper place:—

"The revival of some old enactments of Assembly by the Synod of Ross-shire, about the year 1810, alluded to in the poem and note on page 65, created a great sensation and dissatisfaction at the time; but it was in several instances departed from, and in a few years came to be esteemed a dead letter by both parties in the church —as alike having a tendency to alienate the mind of many serious persons from public ordinances, and inconsistent with that liberality of mind and charitable feeling towards those who were, both by their sentiments and practice, the greatest bulwarks of morality and genuine ardent piety in their respective parishes." For further information on this subject, see the Memoir of the Rev Robert Findlater, late Minister of the Chapel of Ease, Inverness, by the Rev. W. Findlater, Minister of Durness, Sutherlandshire—published by Collins, Glasgow, 1840.

Inscription on tombstone in Cullicudden church-yard.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF THE HOLY MAN OF GOD, AND FAITHFUL SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST, MR HECTOR M'PHAIL, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN THIS PARISH, WHO DIED 23D JANUARY, 1779, AGED 58 YEARS.

" Mr Hector M'Phail was an eminently useful minister, of a past generation, through whose instrumentality several striking conversions were effected. His own case was perhaps as singular as any." —*See an interesting notice in the Christian Treasury of July* 1850.

The flock in Resolis, after his death, were left desolate for many years, in consequence of Patronage. The close of M'Lauchlan's Elegy forcibly embodies the holy indignation with which our peasant patriots of last century viewed the oppression of their beloved Church, and "hoped against hope" for her deliverance. The following presents it (somewhat stiffly) to the English reader:—

Beneath the weight the Patrons hold—
Heavier than that o'er Lazrus roll'd—
For days OUR MOTHER lies entomb'd,
And seems to dire corruption doom'd.

Yet shall her Prince arise anon—
Shall order to remove the stone!
And PATRONAGE an outcast turn'd,
We shall sing praise where late we mourn'd.

(pp. 88, 95.)

☞ The reader's attention is requested to the following ERRATA, as materially affecting the sense. They will be excused, on account of the Editor's distance from the press:—

page 133, line 19—*for* versality, *read* versatility.
„ 160, „ 2—*for* fa chombair, *read* fa choir.
„ 161, „ 13—*for* buill air a, *read* bhuill air an.
„ 162, „ 26—*for* bhlas, *read* bhas.
„ 191, „ 9—*for* dh'fhuiling, *read* dh'ullaich.
„ 250, „ 15—*for* A na bheir, *read* A bheir.
„ 263, „ 31—*for* buair, *read* b' uair.
„ 284, „ 3 *from foot*—*for* sinn, *read* sin.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following poems exhibit unquestionable signatures of mental power; but their authors were not dignified by any worldly distinctions. It was not their lot to have a place in the refining circles of literature, under the fostering shadow of a Mecænas, or amid the elevating struggles of patriotic enterprise; nor, if it had, would "the offence of the cross" attaching to true religion, readily allow them the position awarded to similar minds. Theirs was the honour least valued but greatest among the sons of men—a place as "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Visited by divine grace in their secluded glens and mountains, they adorned the gospel by their lives, and were honoured to turn fellow-men around them to righteousness. Their memory is still fragrant in the North Highlands, where their poems continued long to be sung to simple airs—not, of course, in divine worship, for which they were never intended, but in the social circle, at once enlivening and chastening it by the hallowed fragrance of scripture truth. The Christian brethren, therefore, into whose hands this little volume chances to come, may peruse it with the enlivening reflections, that its simple, spiritual melodies were dictated by the "constraining love of Christ," and have been already honoured to subserve His cause, and that its authors are *now* celebrating *the same* themes, in very different strains, among "the spirits of just men made perfect," within the veil.

In a literary point of view the volume will be appreciated only by those, who have breadth of mind sufficient to interest them in humanity *as such*, and human thought and feeling, apart from the temporary and accidental distinctions of rank in life, of language, or of

country. It will meet with no favour from those fine gentlemen and fine ladies—the mushrooms of society, who regret their Highland origin, and deem it a part of good breeding to despise everything Gaelic as vulgar! Nor has the volume anything to command the homage of superficial *literateurs*, or of the herd of unthinking readers in their wake, whose ideas of literature scarce transcend the fleeting news or magazine of the day. And the unhappy accident of language seals up such publications from the more trust-worthy ordeal of our first-class reviews. But for this barrier, the verdict might be extorted from the severest critic, if "the offence of the cross" would allow such to be candid, that their humble pages *do* exhibit some gleams of poetic genius, which the world should not willingly let die. Nay, possibly some portions, tried by enlarged and liberal principles of criticism, such as those of Addison or of "the Lake School" in our own country, or of writers on Æsthetics in Germany, would be assigned a high place in the walks of poetry. The day has gone by when the luxuriant productions of mind must be trimmed and squared by the conventional rules of critics, who themselves were destitute of its generous enthusiasm. But be this as it may—the authors before us exhibit thus much at least of mental power: they have left in harmonious and expressive verse, a portraiture of themselves and their times, and a record of the ennobling ideas of spiritual and eternal objects with which they were habitually conversant. The measure of native artistic skill possessed by them may be styled more truly than that in Cowper's valued painting—

> The art which can immortalize;
> An art which baffles Time's tyrannic reign
> To quench it.

For here, after the lapse of more than a century as regards some of them, we have the productions of two unlettered peasants, and of others in the middle rank of society, with but the elements of education, which yet address our sympathies with all the fresh-

ness and force of their living converse with cotemporaries.

The group is an interesting one, to those who can rise above conventional distinctions to "study mankind in the *Idea* of the human race," as Coleridge scientifically expresses it; or, in the popular expression of the Roman Comedian,—whose sentiment habitually is—

Homo sum: humanum nihil a me alienum puto.

The discerning reader with this disposition, will perceive various lineaments of character, natural and acquired, secular and religious, in six individuals whose *profiles and signatures*, so to speak, are here set before us. They all had an education, and a very refining one too, though some of them knew not their letters. Unacquainted as they were with learning, there was *one* human science in which they were made thoroughly versant, while unconscious of its scientific form—theology as systematized from the Bible in the standards of the Scottish Church. This obtained a lodgement in their spirits when visited by converting grace, it was taught them by the stated expositions of a learned and godly ministry, and was prosecuted by themselves as the most important business of their lives—the "knowledge which is life eternal." This training it was, which educated their minds to that capacity for abstract thinking, and that degree of tastefulness and refinement to be seen in their poems.

How wonderfully does divine grace, through the word of truth, rectify and ennoble the immortal being! "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low." Grace brings down the pride of the rich and elevates the meanness of the poor: convincing the former that he is but a mortal worm, and raising the thoughts of the latter from the manual labours on which, in a natural state, his whole mental and bodily energies were wasted, to provide for the interests of Eternity, and to be solicitous for the Kingdom of the Redeemer. In like manner it may

be said greatly to equalize mental differences, brightening the thoughts of the slow, and concentrating the imaginings of the discursive—mollifying the austere and the energetic, and nerving the gentle and the tender. Looking into the following poems, one would hardly expect to find such richness and fertility of thought in an unlettered peasant like M'RAE, or such delicate sweetness and native elegance in a mould so masculine and fearless as MATHESON'S—who was also unlettered. Religion set free the native invention of the one, and softened and harmonized the energies of the other. M'Rae is a striking figure in the group. The writer can still recall the "mild and solemn aspect" of the old man's countenance, and can fancy how it brightened and swelled as the glistening ideas gushed in upon him at his loom.

"Ton peri Mous' ephilese, didou t'agathon te kakon te;
Ophthalmon men amerse, didou d'edeian aoiden."*
"With clouds of darkness quenched his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the mighty lay.
Pope's Odyssey.

Often rough and ungainly like his home-spun costume, his verse is strong, fiery, rapid—such as prosaic minds will be sure to censure, because themselves too sluggish to follow his movements. There must have been a wonderful power of reflex thought in an unlettered rustic who could give this happy description of Imagination—

Gu h-itcagach, sgiathach,
Mur eun anns na neoil;
Lan easumhail do'n riaghladh,
O'n tha miann anns an fheoil.
I gu brosgulach, faoluidh,
'Ga mo shlaodadh air sgeoid;
Gus na chuir i orm *daorach*,
Le *saoghal nan sgleo*. "An Cronan," p. 239.

* The printer's want of types, occasions a practical exhibition of how much a dignified language loses, when forced into other than its native dress. English readers, when they look upon its multiplied consonants, its points and aspirates and accents, term our Gaelic "a jaw-breaking language." But CELTICIS *dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui*. The Gaelic is full-toned and musical, but the Roman letters which have for convenience been substituted for its native alphabet, would equally, as we see above, disguise the sonorous melody and flowing ease of the Greek.

This is just a rough figurative counterpart of Shakespeare's more abstract delineation of a poet—and that by a peasant who never heard of Shakespeare or literature—

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, &c.

The humble poet of Petty was not destined to enshrine his conceptions in the world's literature, but he had a higher privilege, which, alas, the bard of Avon seems not to have known, that of singing the praises and penetrating into the mysteries of Redeeming Love. Witness the spirit-stirring "Letter to a friend in America," p. 158, in which, it appears from his memoir, his harp was re-strung after a silence of thirty years. After counselling his friend, and mournfully opening the "mystery of iniquity" in a corrupt nature within, he surveys reverentially but intently, the mysterious Purchase of redemption, and closes again with the cares and sorrows, the reliefs and victories of the spiritual life. The piece is worthy of the occasion: it seems a poet's thank-offering of First Fruits, with the Great Atoning Sacrifice in sight, contemplated by faith in the glass of the Word. The whole has the glow and harmony of verse, and contains many single phrases full of poetry. In some other "Letters," there is a playful humour which sketches the features of unregenerate and renewed human character, and conveys profound lessons of Christian wisdom with happy effect. His Ode on the Nature of Sin, is a remarkable production. From familiar sketches of the ordinary and lighter workings of evil, he gradually rises with instinctive skill, till—with an accumulation of epithets reminding one of Southey's or M'Intyre's delineation of natural scenery—he characterizes its heaven-defying, soul-ruining rage in the human and angelic spirits who are its victims! After exhibiting its inevitable and *natural* tendency to the flames of eternal woe, he takes refuge in the compassion of the Father, and the ransom of the Mediator; which he is animated to hope for an interest in, by the argument which encouraged the Psalmist, that "surely the Lord had sometimes heard

his prayers." He concludes with the sentiment, that though he have many fears of finally missing salvation, yet, he would fain, while he lives, exalt the honour of the Lord—he would fain by stealth catch a little love to Him who is worthy of unutterable praise! It is interesting to know, as the Editor informs us since writing these lines, that the piece actually follows the track of the poet's private spiritual history. "The Story," p. 182, is a beautiful outpouring of Christian experience. Despairing thoughts arising in the gracious soul, as it views its inward hardness and past misspent time—horror of the sin, more than of the misery of hell—thankfulness for long-suffering and for God's unspeakable gift—faith and prayer calming down his spirit to survey the origin of our woes in the Fall, and the glorious mediation of the Saviour: such are the solemn and delightful spiritual vistas opened up. Should a carnal reader sneer at the commendation, we beg to inform such, that the region of spiritual and divine truth to which he is a stranger, gives full scope to the rational and emotional nature of man; so that it furnishes as fair a field for poetry as the common ones. Only the poetry will be appreciated by but a few. There have not been many spiritual authors of genius so transcendant as Bunyan, who has in course of time *extorted* the homage of the literary world.

In the remaining authors of the volume, individual and local characteristics are marked in an interesting manner. Thus in MACKAY of MUDALE, and Matheson, we may remark the tender sweetness, the peculiar spiritual delicacy and purity noticeable in the north-country Christians, with less of that theological concatenation and vigour of which Dugald Buchanan is the type among Christians of the South Highlands. In the former of these again, and in MACKENZIE, there is the regularity and finish in their productions to be expected in men who had read and seen a little of the world. Mackenzie's are perhaps among the most edifying in the volume; though there is a little acerbity of temper, which however is vented only in righteous indig-

nation. L. M'LAUCHLAN (in the few fragments that have reached us) seems still behind the desk in yon frowning mountain gorge of Abriachan, addressing his fellow-sinners with scriptural unction, and with the pointed dignity of a public censor. His elegy on Mr. M'Phail of Resolis, like Matheson's on *his* minister, is inferior poetry to his other pieces; perhaps from inability to express either his admiration or his grief, for that "burning and shining light".*

In the two interesting fragments of MRS CLARK'S,

* We think our readers will thank the Editor for presenting them with an original letter of this illustrous Minister. It was written to the Rev. John Fraser, Kiltarlity, then entering on the sacred office.

"Resolis, 9th December, 1768.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I am pleased to find you are exercised as to your call to the Ministry, because the effect of this, in consequence of your laying the matter seriously before the Lord, will be your farther establishment and comfort. Moses and Jeremiah had their difficulty about the like case, and for the reason you mention—"Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child"—I am not qualified for the office. Now the effect of this address to the Lord was, "But the Lord said into me, Say not, I am a child" (unqualified): "for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid, &c., for I am with thee, &c. Then the Lord put forth his hand and touched my mouth; and the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth," Jer. i. 7—9. On which words observe, (1) His call and commission given him; "I send thee." (2) His furniture; "Behold,"—take notice of it, for He sends none a warfare on his own charge—"Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak"—As in Ezekiel, iii. 10; "Son of man, all my words that I shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears, and go, &c. (3) His security and safety; "I am with thee to deliver thee," &c. How confirming, establishing, and comfortable is the answer. Go you and do likewise. Groan before the Lord your want of qualifications, grace, gifts—"Behold, I am a child," &c. Wait on him, and you will find the truth of his word, Heb. xiii. 8. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The same this day that he was yesterday to Jeremiah, and will be the same for ever—to answer the prayers, remove the difficulties, to establish and confirm his poor needy ones.

"My Dear John, the specimen I saw of your discourses, is to me an evidence that the Lord is with you, and is your Teacher; it is my prayer, that he may make all grace to abound towards you.

* * *

"I recommend you to the grace of our great God and blessed Redeemer and Saviour, and am, my dear John, yours very affectionately,

HECTOR M'PHAIL."

there is much feminine tenderness, combined with a mastery of abstruse spiritual ideas manifesting a mind of no common mould. There is nothing in them, be it observed, akin to monastic mysticism ; all is scriptural and definite, though ardent. Our readers will not account it pedantry, to remark a coincidence in that common humanity which originates kindred characters and occurrences in ages and countries the most unlike. Like Sappho, this female has left only *two* glowing fragments, which grieve us for the loss of numerous other effusions. But unlike the poor Lesbian poetess, *her* feminine tenderness finds a record, not as wasted in inordinate or unnatural passions, but as guided by the day-spring of Revelation to the ONE OBJECT worthy the love of an immortal being. The following is a feeble translation of some of her inimitable "Lydian Measures" :—

* * *

Rose from Sharon ! Jesse's flower !
Store of riches without end !
Champion of unconquer'd power—
Elder Brother—Husband—Friend.

His surpassing Beauty veil'd
Mournful, lonely then I pine ;
When fresh glimpses are reveal'd,
Glows my soul with joys divine !

Mercy and the chast'ning scourge
From my youth alternating—
All the purport was to urge
That I should depart from sin.

He had pity on my woe,
When I was a rebel wild ;
O'er the bound'ries of the Foe,
Snatch'd me homeward for His child.

Swiftly Time with rolling wheel
Passes to Eternity—
Faithful to His cov'nant still,
Soon He'll bring His courts to see.

Thus old Simeon, refreshed,
Found the Lord's Messiah come !
Press'd the Infant to his breast—
Sought release and passport home.

" Him whom long I hoped to find
Now assured, my eyes behold—
God's salvation to mankind,
Far who wandered from His fold." p. 108.

Let the reader place in juxta-position the vain ar-

dours of the Grecian female, "feeding upon ashes"—invoking their hateful Aphrodite—

Enthe moi kai nun, chalepan de luson
Ek merimnan, ossa d'emoi telesthai
Thumos imerrei, teleson, tu d'auta
Sumachos esso.

"Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief;
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires." (*Spectat.* No. 223.)

Contrast now the longings of the Scottish female, for full enjoyment of the salvation of God—will not the thought suggest thankfulness to Him who "brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel?"

Pity that the accident of language has shut out these delightful sacred lyrics from our literature. Nor would the greater part of them appear well in a translation. It is remarked by Addison, in his criticisms on some English ballads, that "the familiar sound of the names destroys the majesty of the description," and that in some places "the author (whoever he was) has delivered" "exquisite sentiments," "in such an abject phrase, and poorness of expression, that the quoting any of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule." There is scarcely any of this "abject phrase or poorness of expression" in these poems, but an English version would not be so fortunate. The Gaelic derives much vocal beauty from its marked distinction of long and short vowels, and its antique grammatical inflections, unlike the bareness and fixedness of our English in this respect; and being a language framed for simple rural life, has some of its most sonorous and dignified vocables assigned to objects, whose monsyllabic English synonyms would ruin the beauty of the imagery conveyed by them.

It remains for a brighter era of the Church to get Literature and Philosophy, those "jewels of Egypt," consecrated to the service of the God of Israel. We were told of a company of the fathers of our church many years ago, in which the conversation chanced to

turn upon Poets, when an honoured minister (Mr M'Bride of Arran) said, "It will be a sign of the Millennium, when Jews and Poets are converted." A memorable saying! In the glimmering light of our wilderness period, we can form but poor conceptions of the change which *that* day will bring, throughout all the legitimate walks of human intellect and enterprize. But we may fancy the blessedness of the revolution, when writers of genius shall be no longer in the service of the Murderer of souls. May there not then be master-minds towering above their fellows, like Homer and Dante, Pindar and Byron, exploring the sublimities of the old and new creations, or a Petrarch, a Dryden, a Burns, singing the innocent or sanctified loveliness of the creatures, and leading up, under guidance of the unfailing Word, to the uncreated Fountain of Majesty and Beauty? May there not then be a Shakespeare too, a Goethe, a Walter Scott, diving into the depths of the human heart and unravelling the mazes of human character and action, but unlike their predecessors having this for their motto, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth!" That human nature which under divine providence has given birth to such master spirits, will do so again, and the Saviour, by "the rod of His strength sent out of Zion," shall transform them into His own servants.

Meantime, let not the sneers of the ungodly deter believers, from testifying against the moral corruption which pervades the greater part of ancient and modern literature. Beyond all question, it manifests the wrath of God against our apostate world, that the Arch-enemy has been permitted so generally to enlist human genius in his murderous service, and to infuse that poison of vanity, impurity, and blasphemy, with which literature is so largely imbued. And then, how few poets, at least, are on the side of the truth! Our own Milton, though the language of his great Epic is happily scriptural, so that the Church of Christ can cherish it to the end of time, was more than half an Arian when he wrote it! The beloved Cowper had

got but little penned, ere the sunshine of divine consolations on his spirit was clouded in the mysterious gloom of his later years; and though his subsequent works are invaluable as "a banner for the truth" among the Literati, yet they contain little of the riches of spiritual religion. Such *pii vates* as Grahame, James Montgomery, or Pollok, have scarcely made good their claim to a place in the *aristocracy* of poesy. Of the crowd of English hymn writers, how few have been real poets, and of those who were, how few are "sound in the faith," "once delivered to the saints!" It is the belief of some, that no inconsiderable source of declension in modern Evangelical Churches, our own Scotland partially excepted, has been the universal substitution in Divine worship of human hymns, for the only Divinely inspired and Divinely warranted *liturgy*, the Psalms. And once more—it is sad to contemplate among the few truly spiritual persons, who, at different times have written in verse, so many hampered by one circumstance or another, from attaining that influence which poetry is so well fitted to command. As for a multitude of our most gifted poets who entertained some respect and professed it too for revelation, the discerning Christian reader turns away from their religion as a baptized Paganism or Deism.

There are one or two practical bearings to which the present little volume may be turned. In the first place, it furnishes a valuable addition to our scanty Gaelic theological literature, furnishing a treasury of theological phrases, not stiffened by scholastic translation, but warm from the native mind. The Gaelic bards are one of the best means a theological student or young minister generally has, for furnishing himself with those hearty, fresh, and forcible native idioms, so requisite for successfully addressing the popular understanding in Highland districts. But to such it must be much more agreeable and profitable, to find these accessible in writings in themselves edifying and delightful, than to wander for them in the spiritually cold and irreligious atmosphere of such writers as M'Intyre, our Highland Burns.

But it is a matter of more general interest, the specimens which the general public are here furnished with, of our Highland Christianity. The poetry of every country is usually a faithful transcript of the current sentiments and manners in the class among whom its gifted authors moved. Here we have, embalmed by the poetic art, reliques of the rich and scriptural theology of "The Men" of the Highlands. They are fragments, exhibiting by way of specimen, and with the license of poetry, somewhat of both the substance and spirit of their prayers and meditations, their social conversations, and their addresses at fellowship meet-

ings. It is common for the advoeates of a cold formalism to decry the godly men of the Highlands, and their religion, as fanatical, enthusiastic, superstitious! Let the detractors of our Highland Christianity have the candour to examine these productions of "the men," composed as they were here and there over the wide tract of country from Cape Wrath to Badenoch, and during the long period of time from 1700 to 1838. Any intelligent Highlander will translate them to a candid Saxon desirous to make the scrutiny. And if they have the common sense to understand human nature as expressing itself in human language, let them say, whether in all the luxuriance of the poetry, and the varied sentiments expounding or briefly touching matters of Christian doctrine, experience, or practice, there be discoverable any tendency to depart from "the faith of God's elect, and the doctrine which is according to godliness."

In the "fellowship meetings" of the Highlands, the humble poets of of the present volume were all leading men in their day. We cannot refrain from referring, in conclusion, to the suspicious eye with which some good friends of religion look upon these. The prejudice has been increased by the misrepresentations of enemies. A recent pamphleteer, having the malignity without the genius of the author of Hudibras, and whose dislike+ to our northern Puritans is easily explained by those who know his having abjured professed principles "for a piece of bread"—this person, after maligning our godly ministers and men, has given a gross caricature of the Sacramental "Friday meeting." We beg to describe the institution to our southern friends, should the volume meet the eye of such, that they may no longer believe the slanderer, nor confound, as we are persuaded many do, its scriptural and Presbyterian soundness with the class-meetings, the agapes, &c. of various nondescript sects. At communion seasons in the Highlands, it is well known what crowds assemble, often from a circuit of fifty miles; among whom there is usually a delightful sprinkling of "the excellent of the earth," the godly men and women of many a hamlet or solitary glen. The occasion seems the only modern re-production of the scenes in the ancient church, when "the tribes went up to the house of the Lord." After the Fast-day services, the people having assembled on the Friday, the presiding minister opens the meeting with praise, reading the scriptures, and prayer. He then briefly indicates the need professing Christians have of "making their calling and election sure," in the view of death and eternity, and, as on the present occasion, in preparation for the Lord's Supper. He asks if any of the brethren present has "a question from scripture" on that subject exercising his mind, and intimates that any such is at liberty to rise and state it. Some one or other, often after painful but unavoidable delay, rises and modestly mentions a scripture passage: indicating the point of view he takes of it, as involving the opposite characters of the godly and ungodly or hypocritical. The minister then "opens the question," if approved of, defining the leading doctrines involved in it as a basis, and throwing out a few general, or it may be, fragmentary marks of true religion and the contrary. He then calls on one of the oldest Christians present, who modestly and often timidly, but with scriptural soundness and unction, proceeds to illustrate Christian experience and character in the train suggested by the words. The service proceeds by other brethren being called upon, who each contributes something from his own experience and reflection—not indeed mentioning it as his own experience, but what he believes to be the experience of Christians according to the rule of the Word. Thus, should the passage chance to be, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new crea-

+ For the species and migratory habits of this *rara avis*, the curious reader is referred to the lamented Mr M'Cosh's manual, "The Wheat and the Chaff," letter P.

ture," the work of the day would be, to call over plain marks from scripture of the new creation in the soul, and its contrast with the workings and actings of old nature. Possibly the minister might be led to give precise doctrinal expositions of the nature of the Vital Union—"to be in Christ"—which the men would not, and in general could not touch, except in its effects. For, bating some abuses to which the institution, like all human engagements, has been occasionally liable, there is always a nice sense of propriety maintained—the lay speakers remembering that their province is not to expound scripture or doctrine, but to illustrate Christian experience and character. Suppose, again, that the passage were, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant," then the minister having opened somewhat of the doctrine of the Covenants, the subject of the day would be, the characteristics of those on the old or the new covenant. Suppose the passage were, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," or "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people," &c. the leading subject would be, the grace of humility, in its causes, workings, effects, and opposites. If it were, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," the subject would be, characteristics of those taught through grace to hallow the Sabbath. If it were, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart"—the theme would be, uprightness of heart and life, as wrought in Christ's people by his Spirit. Or once more, if it were, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat" —or "My flesh is meat indeed," &c. then the subject might be, characteristics of those who worthily receive the Lord's Supper. At conclusion, the presiding minister or a colleague shortly reviews the subject, illustrating, supplementing, or it may be correcting, what has been said, and then concludes the diet with prayer and praise. Those Christian brethren who know the institution in favourable circumstances, can testify what a refreshing part of the communion service it is: and ministers have testified, how happily it furnished them with a knowledge of the working of the people's minds, leading them the better to adapt subsequent and studied discourses to the varied necessities and temptations of the Lord's exercised people.

Such is the Friday Meeting of our Highland Communion seasons. The peculiarity of it, and that which *grates* upon the sense of propriety of our Southern friends is this, that laymen are called to speak in an assembly for divine worship. Will our respected friends in the Lowlands be surprised, if it can be shown from the early standards of our Reformers, that the principle was sanctioned by the founders of the Scottish Church, and what is more, appears based on the express appointment of the Great Lord and Head of the Church? Hear the compilers of the FIRST BOOK OF DISCIPLINE:

"Chap. xii.—*For Prophecying, or Interpreting of the Scriptures.* —1. To the end that the kirk of God may have a tryall of men's knowledge, judgements, graces, and utterances; as also, such that have somewhat profited in God's word, may from time to time grow in more full perfection to serve the kirk, as necessity shall require: it is most expedient that in every towne, where schools and repaire of learned men are, there be [a time] in one certain day every week appointed to that exercise, which St. Paul calls prophecying; the order whereof is expressed by him in thir words (1 Cor. xiv. 29—32) *Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the other judge; but if any thing be revealed to another, &c.* By which words of the apostle, it is evident that in the kirk of Corinth, when they did assemble for that purpose, some place of scripture was read, upon the which one first gave his judgement to the instruction and consolation of the auditors; after whom did another either confirme what the former

had said, or added what he had omitted, or did gently correct or explain more properly where the whole verity was not revealled to the former; and in case things were hid from the one and from the other, liberty was given for a third to give his judgement, to the edification of the kirk; above which number of three, as appears, they passed not, for avoiding of confusion.

2. "This exercise is a thing most necessarie for the kirk of God this day in Scotland; for thereby, as said is, shall the kirk have judgement and knowledge of the graces, gifts, and utterances of every man within their bodie; the simple, and such as have somewhat profited shall be encouraged daily to proceed in knowledge, [and] the [whole] kirk shall be edified; for this exercise must be patent to such as list to hear and learne, and every man shall have liberty to utter and declare his minde and knowledge, to the comfort and consolation of the kirk.

3. "But least of this profitable exercise there arise debate and strife, curious, peregrine and unprofitable questions are to be avoided. * * The interpreter in this exercise may not take to himself the liberty of a public preacher (yea, although he be a minister appointed) but he must bind himself to his text, that he enter not in degression or in explaining common places: he may use no invective in that exercise, unless it be of sobriety in confuting heresies."

* * Thus, the spiritual wisdom of Knox and his coadjutors laid hold of a scripture prineiple, and left a vigorous outline-sketch of its practical working, which subsequent generations have almost wholly lost sight of. It were a very needless task to vindicate against cavillers our Reformers' exegesis of the scripturė passage. Their masculine understandings knew well the difference between the Church's age of *inspired* prophesying and other times; but they also believed that *all* the scripture records of the Apostolic church, were *substantially* given as models for succeeding ages. Now, looking to the customary ritual of the Scottish Church as it has come down to us, there does seem a gap in the Communion-season services, where the Fellowship Meeting (as in the Lowlands and West Highlands) is unknown. For the Fast-day is by immemorial custom held on Thursday, and the Friday generally has no service at all, except where an evening diet of preaching can be held. Had there been no special engagement, different from preaching, allotted for the Friday, the natural course would be to have that day for the Fast, in order to have its services in as near proximity as might be with the solemn work of the Sabbath. Now it is well known that the order of services at the communiou season has been the gradual growth of centuries, the Thanksgiving Monday having been added so recently as the 17th century. May not something analogous to our Friday meetings—"an exercise for prophesying"—have been the original cause of the Fast being thrown so far back in the weeek as Thursday? May not the manifest gap in the ritual of our Southern brethren have arisen from its disuse? And finally, the Church of our fathers has revived of late years, and with manifest benefit, the primitive order of Deacons. May it not be worthy of consideration whether the primitive order of "prophesying or interpreting of scripturc," or in modern and less ambiguous phrase, whether FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS ought not also to be revived? Jer. vi. 16—"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." A.

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

MR WILLIAM MACKENZIE, TEACHER AT LEYS.

ONE of our Poets has beautifully said—

> " Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This is the case, in a great measure, with many of those whose writings are preserved in this volume. They were men of unobtrusive piety, whose sober wishes had never learned to stray far from home; and yet many of them possessed strong and vigorous intellects, and would have been of more estimation in the world's eye, had their lot been cast in more favourable circumstances, and amidst influences that would have tended to draw out those talents, with which they were endowed. But unobtrusive as they were, many of them have left behind them traces of what they might have been: and it is to rescue from oblivion the names of these worthies, that the present volume has been published.

Mr William M'Kenzie, the talented and pious author of the following poems, was born in the year 1748, of respectable parents, at *Baile-Mhic-Phadruig*, (now joined to Balloan), on the estate of Culduthel, in the Parish and vicinity of Inverness. The remains of his parents are interred in the north-west corner of the *Cladh-Mor* in Inverness. A tombstone, on pillars, points out their grave, and bears the following inscription—" Donald M'Kenzie, farmer, Borlum, who died 13th Nov, 1772, aged 36 years; and Helen Fraser, his spouse, and their children."

Our author was the eldest of a family of three sons and one daughter; who were trained up by their parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and received an education, such as was common at the time for those in their station in life. As William was intended for the West Indies, more pains were bestowed upon him than upon the others, and he attended for a considerable time the

school of Kenneth M'Kenzie, at that time a teacher of high reputation in Inverness. He was under his charge, when his father died. Upon his father's death he returned home to manage the farm, and remained with his mother until the period of his marriage.

In his youth, although regular in his habits, and free from any gross vices, still, like most of the world, he lived a careless life, without God in the world. Being naturally of a sensitive and imaginative turn of mind, he would frequently employ his leisure hours in composing verses on the passing incidents of the day. Many of these pieces possessed great merit, and were evidently the productions of a mind of no ordinary endowments. But being ephemeral in their nature, most of them have perished. But, while thus employed, we are not to conclude that he was altogether without any serious convictions of sin. On the contrary, we are assured that God's Spirit often strove with him, and the still small voice within would cause its warning voice be heard, urging him to return to that God from whom he had revolted. But the day of power had not come as yet, and he had to pass through the deep waters, and drink the bitter cup of affliction, ere his heart could be loosed from the world and its fleeting vanities.

About the year 1775, he married Janet Chisholm, a woman of an amiable disposition; and who, during her sojourn here below, lived a holy and blameless life, walking in the fear of the Lord, and adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour. This union was productive of great happiness and lasted for 40 years, when she was removed from him by death. By her he became the father of a family of 12 children, all of whom died in infancy, with the exception of two, Donald and Simon, both of whom emigrated to the United States of America, and are now respectable citizens of Caledonia, in the state of New York. Both have numerous families, and are highly esteemed in the land of their adoption.

About the time of his marriage, he rented the farm of *Baile-dubh* in Tordarrach, where he lived a few years, and thereafter removed to the farm of *Cnochd-buidh*, both in the united Parishes of Daviot and Dunlichity, and here he resided, until he commenced teaching.

It is from the time of his residence at *Baile-dubh*, that the important change came over him which gave a new direction to all his energies. His children were cut off in early life, and one blow falling heavily after another, weighed on the spirit of the afflicted parent. But God's ways are not our ways; and these afflictions were the means of leading him to serious thought. He cast his eye

back on the years of his life that were past, and taught by the Spirit of Truth, he learned that his former life had been one continued act of rebellion. He discovered the exceeding breadth and spirituality of that law, which is holy, and just, and good, and became convinced that salvation was not of man. He had recourse to the great fountain of cleansing, and after many struggles with sinful self, he found peace in him who said—"Deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom."

Conversion is not a mere term, devised to please the pride of man. It is a thorough change of the whole man—a renewing of the heart—the casting out of the strong man, and the enthronement of Jehovah on that heart which he has made. No sooner had Mr M'Kenzie tasted that the Lord was gracious, than he forsook his former vain amusements, and no longer abused the gifts which God had given him. And not satisfied with renouncing for himself his former sinful practices, he must also warn others of the danger of turning to a wrong use those talents which God has bestowed for the purpose of shewing forth his own glory. We are told that a neighbour of his, Farquhar Shaw, possessed of a poetic turn of mind was in the habit of composing silly songs. He was advised faithfully and earnestly to desist, and such was the mildness with which the reproof was conveyed, that Farquhar not only desisted, but expressed his gratitude for this Christian conduct.

Giving up his farm, he was appointed, by the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, to conduct their school at Leys, in the Parish of Croy, and within three miles of Inverness. He laboured in this district for the long period of upwards of forty years, and both as a teacher and catechist, he displayed unwearied diligence, being instant in season and out of season in promoting his Master's cause. When age, with its gathering infirmities, forced him to retire from this field of labour, in May 1835, he took up his abode in Inverness, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died 7th July 1838, at the advanced age of 90.

Mr M'Kenzie was a man well versed in the history of the church of Christ, in all ages, but more especially was he at home in those stormy and troubled periods, when the enemies of the truth have exerted all their malice in vain attempts to put out the light of the blessed Gospel. Among his intimate acquaintances, he was free, affable, and social, and as he was possessed of a fund of interesting information and anecdote, his society was much sought after by the godly.

In church polity he was of the Evangelical party, and although he did not live to see the disruption, he all along was a warm supporter of those who mantained the principle of non-intrusion; and cheerfully subscribed to the great doctrine, that the Lord Jesus is the sole King and Head of his church, and that his "Kingdom is a most free Kingdom"—sentiments which are distinctly brought out in his works.

The late pious and talented Mr Donald Fraser, one of the teachers in Raining School, in Inverness, having observed the poetical talents of our author, urged him to cultivate them for the benefit of the public; and acting on this advice, he spent the last years of his life in arranging what he had previously written, and in composing new pieces.

In personal appearance, our author was of the middle size, his hair was originally of a deep red colour. In his dress he was plain, but always neat, generally wearing a broad blue bonnet, and blue great-coat. His remains, as well as those of his wife, and ten of their children, are interred in the church-yard of Dunlichity, where a tombstone, with the following inscription, points out their graves:—

"In memory of William M'Kenzie, for 40 years schoolmaster at Leys, who died 7th July 1838, aged 90 years, and of his spouse Janet Chisholm, who died 30th June 1815, aged 61 years;—Both lived a pious life, and adorned the Christian character. Erected by their children, Simon and Donald M'Kenzie, Caledonia, Livingston County, New York State, North America."

LAOIDHEAN AGUS DANA,

LE

UILLEAM MAC CHOINNICH.

AR CEUD SINNSEARRA.

AIR FONN—" Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh tigh'nn dlu oirnn."

O BU mhaiseach glan fìnealt
Ar ceud sinns'ra 's a ghàradh ;
Tigh'nn o' lamhan na Trionaid
Cia co sgiamhach 's a bha iad ;
Dealbhach tlachdmhor deas direach,
Bha an clì gu ro àillte,
Anns gach bàll air dheadh chumadh,
O am mullach gu 'n sàilean.

Sona beannaicht' a's naomha,
Tairis, caomh agus òrdail,
Bha ac' firinnteachd iomlan,
'S tomhas iomchuidh de dh' eolas.
Fhuair iad uachdranachd rioghail,
A's gach ni chuir fo 'n òrdugh ;
'S cùis nach urra' sinn innse,
Mais' an sìth a's an glòir-san.

Air an cruthach'd gu sgiamhach,
A reir iomhaigh an Ard-righ,
Eadar chorp agus anam,
Cha robh cron orr' ri aireamh ;
Ach rinn ith a mheas thoirmisgt',
Tur an lomradh dhe 'n àillteachd ;
Thuit am Prionnsa o' ònoir,
'S thainig mallachd a's bàs air.

B'e sin 'n tuiteam bha bàs-mhor,
Cronail, craiteach, a's uamhan ;
Anail phuiseanach Shatain,
Thug lot bàis dhoibh nan cluaisean ;
Chruinnich ceò air an inntinn,
An uair mhillteach a bhuairidh,
Rinn gach buaidh bha nan anam,
Ciontach, salach, a's truaillte.

Chaill iad còir air gach gealladh,
A's co'chomunn a laith'rachd ;
Bha iad ruisgte gu'n eididh,
Thainig eigin a's trailleachd ;
A nis faicibh an duine
Bha an urram 's an àillteachd,
A' sior fhuaigheal nan duilleag,
Chum gu 'n cuireadh iad sgàil air.

Ach gu labhairt no smuaineachd
Air na truaighean rinn taomadh,
A fhuair sealbh anns an uair sin,
'S air am buadhan rinn sgaoileadh ;
Cha 'n innsear le ainglean,
No le teangacha dhaoine,
Staid an-earbsach nan tràillean,
Bha aig Satan an daorsa.

Faicibh truaighean a pheacaidh,
A's mar chreach e clann daoine,
Tha nis ciontach a's salach,
Agus falamh de naomhachd ;
Air an corp 's air an anam
Tha an galar air sgaoileadh,
Feadh gach tìr agus talamh,
Anns gach earrainn de 'n t-saoghal.

Chaidh ar nadair a thruailleadh,
A's ar buadhan gu h-iomlan ;
Chaill sinn sìth agus sòlas,
'S thainig bròn agus imcheist ;

Chaidh gaol agus naomhachd,
O mheasg dhaoine chuir imrich,
'S na bheil againn na àite,
'S aobhar cràidh bhi 'ga iomradh.

'S ni nach urra' sinn àireamh,
Na h-uilc ghràineil tha lionmhor,
Th' ann an truaill'eachd ar nàdair,
Shruth o Adhamh a nios oirnn;
'S math a dh' innseas ar 'n abhaist,
Gu'n d'fhuair bàs ann na lion sinn,
'S nach bi aon air an tearnadh,
Gu la bhrath le 'chuid gniomh'raibh.

O! m' anam bi smuaineachd air
Meud an truais 's air a ghaol sin,
Shruth o thobar na trocair,
Thug bònn dochais do dhaoine;
An gealladh gun chumha,
Gu am bruthadh Fear-Saoraidh,
Ceann a's cumhachd an t-Satain,
Ged dhean e shàilean a chaobadh.

Rinn e chorruich a dhusgadh
A's a dhiùmadh ri Satan;
B'e àrm-uchd-san an fhirinn,
'S a chlogaid dillseachd a's slàinte:
Bha éud mar chleochd uim' 'g iadhadh
Gabhail dìol air a naimhdean,
As leth phobuill a' dian strì
Gus na chriochnaich e 'n àimhreit.

B'e sin 'n cath a bha fuilteach,
Dhoirt na tuilte gu leir air,
'N uair thug e anam na iobairt,
Cheannach sìth dha na reubail;
Bha fearg a's corruich an athair
Le grathan 'ga reubadh,
Gus an tug e 'n glaodh cruaidh sin,
" C' arson tha thruas 'g a mo threigeadh ?"

B'e sin an iobairt ghlòrmhor,
'S aobhar ceòil agus aoibhneis ;
Tha an lagh air a riarachd,
Oir rinn Criosda nis' eirigh ;
A's tha firinn a's tròcair
Le dàimh pogadh a cheile,
Tha sìth ceartas a's naomhachd
Ann an aonachd 's an rèite.

Chaidh na sèulachan fhuasgladh,
Leis an Uan bha 'ir a mhàrbhadh ;
Tha 'm brat-ròinn air a rèubadh,
'S gairm air éigheachd 'sa mhàrgaidh :
" Thigibh uile tha pàiteach,
Air son gràis agus dearbhachd,
'S òlaibh fion agus bainne,
Gun a cheannach le airgiod."

Bithidh naoimh agus ainglean
A' sior amhairc le tosdachd,
A's le iongantas siorruidh,
Gu dian a geir bheachdachd,
Air leud, doimhn', agus àirde,
'S feadh a ghràidh thug e seachad,
Do shliochd chàillte chlann daoine,
Anns gu 'n shaoradh le mhac iad.

Ach nach uamhann ro nàireach,
Maslach, cràiteach, a's òillteil,
Bhi cuir suarrach le taire,
'N cusbair graidh a thug spéis dhuinn ;
A rinn cathair a ghlòire,
A's a mhorachd a threigsinn,
Chum ar saoradh o'n mhallachd,
A thug anam na éiric.

Nis tha Fear-saoraidh aig eigheachd,
Thugaibh géill agus ùmhlachd,
" Ri mo ghuth deanaibh eisdeachd,
Agus treigidh ar cùrsa ;

Paidhidh mise ar fiachan,
'S gheibh sibh dion ann mo chumhnant,
'S bi'dh sibh dhomhsa 'n ar céile,
'S ni mi féin rium 'ar pusadh."

CARTHANNACHD.

AIR FONN—'S e fulangas mo Shlanuighir,
A bhios mo Dhan a' luaidh.

LE teangaibh dhaoin' a's ainglean, ged
A labhrainn air gach dòigh,
A's ged a bhiodh mo bhriathra-san
Le tuigs' a's ciall ro mhòr,
'S mi dh'easbhuidh gaol, a's caomhalachd,
Is faoineachd sin gun bhuaidh,
Mar ghliongarsaich ni ciombala,
No umha bìnn ni fuaim.

Ged a dheanainn faidheadaireachd,
Mar a rinn Balaam truagh,
'S ged thuiginn gach rùn diomhair, a—
Bha riamh a measg an t-sluaigh,
Gach eòlais, a's gibht chreidimh, a—
Ghluaiseadh creagan as an àit';
Tha sud gu leir na fhalamhachd,
Gun charthannachd, a's gradh.

Ged bheirinn do na fèumanaich
Na deircean m' uile mhaoin,
'S mo chorp ged loisg na iobairt e
Air son na firinn naomh,
Is diomhanas an éud sin, oir—
Cha dean e feum no brìgh;
A's mi gun ghaol na m' anam, cha—
'N eil gealladh dhomh air sìth.

Bithidh an gaol 's na h-uile ni
Fad-fhulangach, a's caomh;
Cha bhi tnù no farmad air
Ri sòirbheachadh a h-aon;
Cha dean e uaill no ràiteachas,
'S gu brath cha seidear suas;
An gaol tha mìn a's macanta,
'S ann a tha thlachd an truas.

Cha 'n 'eil an gaol so-bhrosnuchaidh,
A's olc cha smuainich e,
Cha dean e ni mi-chiatach, a's—
Cha 'n iarr e thàirbhe fèin;
Air eacoir ni e dìmheas, ach—
An fhirinn 's i a mhiann,
A' deanamh innte gàirdeachas,
'S i chusbair gràidh gu sior.

Gu foighidinneach giulanaidh,
Gach cùis a thig na dhàil,
A's creididh 'n gaol na h-uile ni,
'S co urramach a chàil;
Bi'dh dochas aige daonnan, ris—
Gach aon ni ghealladh dha;
A 's fuilgidh e le ciuineachas
Gach ciùrradh agus cràdh.

Air teangachaibh thig failligeadh;
'S air faidh'daireachd thig crioch;
A's caithidh gibht a's eolas as,
Mar cheò a bhiodh air sliabh;
Ach gaol, is nì neo-chriochnach e,
Bhios siorruidh buan gu brath,
Oir 's ann an uchd na Trionaide
O chian a ghin an gradh.

Nach tric a chluinnear osnaich, aig—
Na bochdan a fhuair gras,
'S iad tuirseach, craiteach, gearanach,
A'm falamhachd de ghradh;

Tha 'm faireachadh air truailli'achd,
'S am buairidhean ag radh,
Na fhuair iad ann nan éigin de,
Gu 'n tug iad fhéin air bàs.

Ge anmhuinn lag an gras e, a's
Ge tric a chradh 's a thìnn,
Cha chlaoidhear tur gu brath e, a's—
Cha toir am bàs dhe cìs;
Bagairean cha ghluais e, a's—
Cha ghabh e duais no brib;
Cha cheannaichear e le stòras,
A's òr cha phaidh a phrìs.

'S e flaitheanas air talamh, sin—
A mhealar dhe na ghaol;
'S e 'm fion a lion le gairdeachas,
Mheud 's air an d' rainig, braon
De na frasan beannaicht' sin,
Chaidh cheannach dhuinn gu daor;
'S e aon mhac Dhe a chéusadh, a—
Phaidh éiric chlann nan daoin'.

'S e 'n gaol an fhior fhuil uasal, a—
Tha gluasad feadh nam bàll,
Toirt beath', a's blàs, a's àrach, do—
Gach uile ghras a th' ann;
Tha eadhon am fior chreidimh, a'—
Co' oibreachadh le gaol,
A' srutha nios o'n tobar, a—
Chaidh fhosgaladh 'na thaobh.

Nis cha 'n 'eil ni nach basaich,
Ma'r dearsaich oirnn' a ghréin,
A's cha bhi iochd no blàs againn,
'S a bhos cha 'n fhas an gné;
Gun ghaol is corp gun anam, ar—
Co'-chomuinnean gu léir,
Lan ceilg, a's fuachd, a's mealltoireachd,
Gu'n annt' ach samhladh breig.

Ach c' aite 'n deach fior charthannachd,
'S cia 'm bail' am bheil i 'n tamh ?
Ma tha i anns an tir-so nis,
Innsidh dhomh an t-ait' ?
Oir tha cuid aig gearan air, gu—
Am bheil am fearann fas,
'S ged tha iad 'ga sior aiteachadh,
Gu 'n d' aicheun i dhoibh barr.

Tha ann cuid eile tha 'g raite,
Gu 'm bheil an gradh 's an tìr' ;
Breith, agus gin, a's arach,
A's pailteas barr gun dìth ;
A's nach 'eil aon 'ga aicheadh sud,
Ach fagairean gun bhrìgh,
A tha gun ghaol, 's gun charthannachd,
Lan carraid agus strì.

O ! sibhse tha 'nar seanairean,
Fhuair breithneachadh os-aird',
Nis innsidh do na h-aineolaich,
An aithne sin bhios tear'nt' ;
Siubhail thusa dh' ionnsuidh Bhiobail,
'S e dh' innseas dhiut gu slan,
An ath-bhreith fhallain, fhirinneach,
A's toradh an fhior ghrais.

Oir ged robh fòirm na diadhachd ann,
Ma 's e 's nach riaghlaich gras ;
An aite bhi caomh, carthannach,
Ciùin, tairiseach, a's tla ;
'S ann bhitheas iad gu ro éudmhor,
Air tòir féin-spéis gun nair',
Mar chi thu anns an fhirinn e,
Air innseadh dhuit le Pol.

Anns na laithibh deireannach,
Bi'dh deileachadh ri còir ;
A's tiomana bhios cunnartach,
Le meallaidhean ro mhòr ;

'N uair their gach pairtidh aidichidh,
'S ann againne tha Criosd',
Ged a tha 'm béus a' taisbeana,
Co maslach 's a tha 'n gniomh.

Bidh daoine sanntach, raiteachail,
'S do pharanta neo-chaoin,
Toibheumach, uaibhreach, ailghiosach,
Mi-nadurach, neo-chaomh,
Mi-thaingeil, borb, a's tuailiseach,
Neo-gheimnidh, truaillt' nam béus,
Neo-fhirinneach nan geallanaibh,
A's meallaidh iad le breug.

Ceann-laidir, fealltach, ardanach,
Toirt barrachd graidh do mhiann,
A's do thoil-inntinn pheacadh,
Na sin tha ac' air Dia;
Aig giulan coslas diadh'aidheachd,
Ni riarachadh dhoibh féin;
Ach a chumhachd ta'd aig aicheadh,
Le graineileachd am béus.

Nach cuala tu gu 'n d' fhosgaileadh
An t-slochd a ta gun ghrùnnd,
'S gu 'n d' thainig ceò a's uamhas aisd',
Suas air feadh an fhùinn;
A dhorch'naich tur na spèuraibh-so,
'S a chuir a ghrèin fo ghruaim,
Le locust nimheach eacoireach,
A lot gu gèir an sluagh.

Bha an aghaidhean mur dhaoine,
Bhiodh caomhalach a's ciùin;
'S mar eachaibh fo làn àrmaidheachd
Gu cath 's co gàrg an rùin;
Bha 'm folt cho buige bhiodhche,
Mar ghruag bhan òg cho mìn,
A's mar thosgaibh fuilteach leòmhan
Bha fiacla mòr an cìnn.

Bha èididh uchd de dh' iaruinn ac'
A chum an dion gu tear'nt';
'S mar charabada nan dian ruith
Bha fuaim an sgiathan ard';
Bha crùintean mar gu 'm b' òr iad
An òrdugh orr' gu grìnn;
Ach bha gàth nimh nan earballa
A lot gu searbh an lìnn.

Siubhail thusa chum na fèille,
A's beachdaich gèir, 's thoir cluais,
An sin cluinnidh tusa brèugan,
A's mionnan òillteil uath
Gu sànntach, lubach, carach,
An tòir air faileas faoin;
An sin chi thu cia co falamh,
'S tha 'n talamh-so de ghaol.

Ma theid thu do 'n tigh thàirne,
'N sin chi thu gràin ro mhor,
Le mionnan, misg, a's caineadh,
Agus bruidheann àrd' gu leòir;
Ach chi thu ni na 's gràineile,
Bi'dh daoine cràbhach còir,
Nan suidh a measg na gràisge sin
Gun nàire mu na bhòrd.

Seall fèin a nis a's fiosraich, ciod—
E meas an Spioraid naoimh?
Tha Pol ris na Galatianaich
Aig raìte gu 'r e gaol,
Aoibhneas, sith, a's fad-fhulangas,
'S an cumantas bhi caomh,
Creidimh, maitheas, a's macantas,
A's stuaimi'achd faraon.

A nis tha agaìnn tuaraisgeul
Air mais', a's buaidh a ghaoil;
An gras a mhain a bhuanaicheas
Bhos agus shuas faraon;

Le comhraidhean a's oibrichean,
A chum gu 'n tuig gach aon,
Ma'r 'eil an gaol so aige-san,
Gu bheil aidmheil faoin.

Bi féin a nis aig rannsachadh,
An d' rainig ort-sa maoin
De 'n daimh sin tha fior charthannach,
Ro thairiseach, a's caomh;
Tha 'n fhirinn naomh a' sèulachadh.
Gu bheil E féin na ghaol;
'S na h-uile ris an toisich E,
Bi'dh iad fadheoidh nan aon.

CAOIDH AIR SON SHIOIN.

Air an fhonn cheudna.

Och cionnus thainig gruaim a nis,
A's smal, air snuadh an òir!
'S a chaochail an t-òr finealta,
A dhreach 's a chli co mòr!
Tha clachan an ionaid naomha
'G an taomadh air gach sraid,
A's air a cho'-chomuinn ghaolach,
Gu 'n d' thainig caoile 's bas!

Mic luachmhor, mhaiseach Shioin, bha
Ro fhinealta mar òr,
Le gibhtean, agus grasan, bha
An ailteachd-san ro mhòr;
Ach 's ann tha 'n tearc th' air 'm fagail diubh,
Fo alla', 's tair, 's an tìr,
Mar shoithichean a creadh'ear, anns
Nach bitheadh feum no brìgh.

Mar 'n Ostrice anns an fhasach, tha
Na mathairchean gun iochd,
Oir cha 'n 'eil baigh no cairdeas annt',
Chum a bhi 'g arach sliochd;
Tha eadhon na fior Dhragoinean
Dh' an alach̀ a' toirt cìch;
A's tha nigheanan mo shluaigh-sa
Gun tlûs no truas nan crìdh'.

Tha teanganna nan ciochranan,
Ri 'n gialan leantuinn teann;
A's tha chlann òg gu galach,
'G iarruidh arain a's iad fann;
Iad sin a fhuair an arach, le
Mòr ailghios agus saimh;
Bha sgeudaichte le scarlaid, a's
Le trusgan aillt na daimh.

Tha iad a nis nan aonaraich,
'S nam bròineinean gun dion,
Aig gabhail fasgadh an òtraich,
Gun chòmhdach orr' o'n t-sion;
A 'meas nan aobhar farmaid, iads'
A mharbhadh air an t-sliabh;
Seach an dream tha fannachadh
Nan anam a chion biadh.

Na Nasaraich bha b'fhìnealta
Na sneachd air direadh ard;
Bha 'n cuirp co gile mhine, ris
A bhainne fhior-gheal thlath;
Bha 'n gruaidhean mar an ruiteachan,
'S iad sultmhor agus aillt;
'S mar Shaphir dealrach boilsgeanta,
'S co soillseach a bha 'n gras.

Is duibhe 'n gnuis na gual a nis,
Le suarraich agus tair;
Is gann a tha de shuairceas ann,
Na bheir orr' luaidh 's an t-sraid;

Tha brigh an cuirp air tiormachadh,
'S air seargadh mar fhiodh crion;
Tha 'n craicionn dlùth ri 'n cnamha-san,
Chion arach agus biadh.

Cha chreideadh a's cha 'n earbadh
Uile rìghre 'n talmhainn mhòr,
Sion a bha co ainmeil ann—
An sòirbheachadh 's an glòir,
Gu 'n tigeadh chaoidh an t-eas-caraid
A steach do h-ionad naomh;
Gu 'n truailleadh iad a cùirtean, a's—
Gu 'n spuilleadh iad a maoin.

Ach 's ann mar sin a cho'lion Dia
A chorruich ann na fheirg,
'S a las an teine dian-loisgeach,
Air son ro mheud an cèilg;
Peacannan a faidheannan, bha—
Aig radh ri sluagh gun chiall,
"Bi'dh agaibh sìth a's tearuinteachd,
'S an aite so déir Dia."

'S a sagairtean mi-dhiadhuidh, bha—
Gu ciocrach airson fuil,
Eadhon fuil nam fireanan bha—
Aìg innse dhoibh an uilc;
Mar dhaoine dall 's na sraidean
Air seachran th' iad gun iuil,
'S co salach ata 'n eididh, a's—
Nach feudta beantuinn riu.

O thusa nighean Edoim,
Ata gu h-aoibhneach, ait,
Ri faicinn Shioin deurach, ann—
'Na h-eig'nean a's na h-airc;
Gheibh thusa 'n cupan feirge-so,
'S a shearbhlachd ni thu òl;
A's ruisgear tûr do naire-sa—
'S bi'dh agad cradh a's bròn.

Ged 's ro mhòr truaighean Shioin, a's—
Ge lionmhor a cuid leòin
Cha robh a's cha bhi i treigte
Ri am a h-eigin mhòr;
Tha a Fear-saoraidh laidir gu—
A tearnadh air a cùl,
A's 'n uair dhìbireas gach airde
Bi'dh Eis a ghna dh'i dlù

Bu ghèir na brathrain riataich air—
Clann Shioin riamh an tòir,
Moab, Amon, 's Edom, agus—
Ishmael trèun cuir leo;
Bhiodh Cain, Iudas, a's Demas,
Gu fèinealach fo chleòchd,
'S 'n uair gheibheadh iad an t-am orra'
'N sin thionndadh iad an còt'.

Ach 's ann tha mhisg o 'n diabhol air—
Naimhdean Chriosd 's a thrèud,
A' cogadh a's a' dian-strì, aig toirt—
Dioghaltas orra fèin;
Ach 'fhior eagalais a shaor E,
Le taomadh 'fhuil gu leir,
Cha 'n fhag E 'm feasd an daorsain i,
A's neart na ghairdean trèun.

'S i phiuthar 's a bhean chèile i,
'S i shèudan maiseach aillt,
'S i ghaol a's aon neo-thruaillidh i,
Ge suarrach i aig cach;
Na crannaibh meas a phlannduig E,
'S a chlann dh'an tug e gradh;
'S mar bhuill' air clach a shuile-san
Tha sin ni ciùrradh dhoibh.

RANN O'N BHEURLA.

'S mor call tiom, 's ro mho call na firinn;
Ach ma chaillear Criosd, cha 'n 'eil fo 'n ghrian,
Na ni ath-dhiol 'sa bhi dhith air.

AM FEAR-AIDMHEIL.

AIR FONN—"Och a ghaoil bi air mo stiuir!
Oir 's iomadh suil tha 'g amharc orm."

Fhir aidichidh, bi do dhuisg,
Ma tha do dhuil ri flaitheanas,
Air eagal gu 'n dean do mhi-ghiulan,
Cron a's ciuradh fathasd dhuit.

MA labhras tu mionnan no breug,
Cainnt gun chéill no amaideachd,
Saoilidh do chuid clann féin,
Nach eacoir dhoibh do leanail-sa.

'M fear tha aineolach gun ghéire,
'S dha nach léir an rathad ceart,
Saoilidh e nach d' rinn e béud,
Ma tha do chéum-sa roimhe ann.

Am fear tha solusach gun ghras,
'S na namhad do fhior charthannachd,
Innsidh éis e 'n Gat do chach,
A's ni iad gaire fanoideach.

Ge beag tha thusa na dhùil,
Is iomadh sùil tha 'g amharc ort,
A dhiteas tu air do chùl,
Le beul a's rùn an deamhain ac'.

Tha seann uilc a nis as ùr
Ro chiùirteach do 'n fhior aideachadh,
Gionach, foirneart, sannt, a's ceilg,
A's roinnean searbh mi-charthannach.

Tha cuid ni 's maisiche rian,
Tairis, fialaidh, pairteachail,
Gu caoimhneil, macanta, tioral,
Bheir iad biadh a's fardoch uath.

Ach ma chronuicheas tu 'n giamhan,
(Ged tha gniomhra daicheil ac'),

Fasaidh iad coimheach iargalt,
'S criochnaichidh an cairdeas duit.

'N uair a bhios tu air an fhéill,
Dh' fheumadh tu bhi faicilleach,
Air miann a's sannt do chridh féin,
Mu 'n dean thu béud bhios aithreachail.

'S luchd aidich a bhrosguil 's na ceilg,
A bhios a sealg gu falachdach,
Fo chleòchd cairdeas agus daimh,
A ni do chàll gun fhaireachadh.

Tha luchd aidichidh eile ann,
'S e 'n ànnsachd a bhi 'n cuideachdan,
'S 'n uair a bhrogas riu an dràm,
Dannsaidh iad gu suigeartach :

Bidh iad gu tairiseach tlath,
Cairdeach, a's gle fhuranach ;
'S 'n uair a dh' òlas iad an deoch-slaint',
Bheir pobull *Bhacuis** urram dhoibh.

Bheir iad cuireadh dhuit-sa dh'òl,
Le daimh a's mòran carthannas ;
'S bidh iad co cràbhach anns an àm,
'S gu 'm féum thu 'n dràm a bheannachadh.

Ach 'n uair dh'eireas e nan ceann,
Bidh aimhreit agus conas ann ;
'S is cunnartach gu 'm faigh thu meàll,
Ma theid thu teann 'g an cronnachadh.

Ma 's e gu 'n cronaichear am pòit,
'S an comunn ròiceal dubhailceach,
Their iad le fanoid agus leòm,
Bha 'n duine còir ud cuide ruinn.

Bha cuirm sholamach aig Ahab,
A's fhuair Naboth cuireadh uaith ;

* Pobull an oil.

'S chur iad e air ionad ard,
'S na 'm b'fhior bha gràdh a's urram dha.

Ach cha do thuig e ann an trath,
An rùn a bha co guineach dha;
Ach mu 'n do leig iad as an lamh e,
'S goirt am bas a d'fhuiling e.

Ma 's a neach thu a fhuair gras,
Bidh sarach'd agus cathan agad—
Bidh daoine 's deamhna air do thoir,
Ach 's meas' an fheòil no cheathairn ud.

Fhir aidichidh biodh do shuil
Ri tuis an eadar-mheadhonair;
'S e geallanna a chumhnaint ur
A stiuireas a's a ghleidheas tu.

Bidh coin an t-saoghail air do dhéidh,
A' bèumadh a's a comhartaich;
'S na Pharisich chrabhach gu léir,
Co geire ris na seabhagan.

'N uair chomhlaich Fhear-Saoraidh ri Pòl,
'S a fhuair e eolas flathail air,
Bha 'n Eaglais aidichidh gun ghras,
Air toir a bhais o'n latha sin.

'S ge iomadh buille fhuair e uath,
A's priosan fuar a dh'fhuiling e,
'Si 'n fheoil thug uaith' an gearan cruaidh,
Och! is truagh an duine mi.

Tha naimhdeas eadar an da shiol,
A bhios gu siorruidh bith-bhuan ann;
'S am fear nach cog fo bhratach Chriosd,
'S e 'n diabhol bhios e cuideachadh.

A CHUBAID.

AIR FONN—"An deis dhomh dusgadh 's a mhaduinn,
'S an dealt air a choill."

'S i Chubaid an garadh
Tha na geard do dheagh-bheus,
Gu pilleadh nam peacach
'Mach aròidean an seachrain,
A's 'g an treòrach'd gu ceart
Air an astair gu réidh,
Dh' ionnsuidh pailliuin e bhuachaill—
Ceannard uasal na tréud.

Do theachdair an Ard-Righ
Buinidh gradh agus spéis—
Dh'fhear labhairt na firinn,
Tha gu fallan 'ga h-innse;
'S tha faire le dichioll
Aig gach tim air a threud—
A's tha moladh dhoibh a theagasg,
Le 'dheagh eisempleir féin.

'N uair a fhuair e an t-ùngadh
Chum an tròmbaid a shéirm,
Fhuair e gibhtean a's grasan,
'S gheibh e misneach a's danachd—
Gheibh e gliocas os airde
Anns gach càs mar bhios fhéum,
Agus gealladh nach fhag e
Gu brath, a's nach tréig.

Ann an Oil-tigh an Spioraid
Chaidh a bhioradh gu géur,
Rinn a choguis a dhusgadh
Le géur-mhothachadh drùighteach,
'S bha 'n lagh ga dhian sgiursadh
O chumhnant nan gniomh,
Leis a mhallachd 'ga ruagadh
Dh'ionnsuidh bhuaidh a thug Criosd.

Mar bha Iosa fulang tàire
'M feadh a bha e 'san fheòil,
Bidh a theachdairean dileas
Fulang tair' agus dìmeas;
Bidh luchd aidich 'gan diteadh,
Le mi-rùn ro mhòr,
'S na h-Ard-Shagairt a's Herod
Gu ro ghéur air an tòir.

Tha an fhirinn ag innse,
Anns gach lìnn gu 'm bi ann
Fìor mhadraidhean réubaidh,
'S còta chaoireach 'gan éideadh,
Agus faidhean bréige,
Nì na tréudan a leon—
Cuid 'gam mealladh le tuaileas,
'S iad 'gan ruagadh 's gach frog.

Ach a nis cia mar thuigear
A chuid a chuir Criosd,
Tha nam beul do na Spiorad
Chum peacaich a philleadh;
Seach na mealltairean gionaich
Tha sireadh an rùisg,
'S a tha fagail nan caoireach,
'N uair tha baoghal dhoigh dlù?

Bidh na teachdairean dìleas
Tric fo mi-ghean 's fo ghruaim,
Le mòr spàirn ann an uaigneas,
Ann an éiginn 's an cruaidh-chas,
Cuir an iarrtasan suas
Gu ard uachdaran neimh,
Air son spiorad an dùsgaidh
Chuir a dh'ionnsuidh an tréud.

Bidh na tuarasdlaich dhiomhain
Neo-ghniomhach gun sgòinn,
Gu h-oileanach uallach,
Tric an cuideachd nan uaislean,

'G eisdeachd toibheum a's tuaileas,
'S cainnt shuarrach gun sùgh—
Rinn an fheòil tha iad 'g arach,
Dhiu traillean d' am brù.

Tha Eseciel ag innse
Coran dìblidh na tréud—
Tha na buachaillean uaibhreach
Le 'n adharcaibh 'ga bualadh,
A's 'gan upadh le 'n guaillnibh
Na truaghanan tìnn—
Agus madraidh 'gan réubadh
Feadh nan sleibhtean 's na glìnn

Gabh beachd air an toradh,
'S thoir an aire, deir Ios',
Gun ath-bhreith a's caochladh,
Cha bhi toradh na naomhachd,
(Ge b'e dréuchd a th' aig daoine),
Cha bhi gaol ac' do Dhia ;
'S cia mar theagasgear cach leo,
'S iad nan traillean d' am miann.

Thug Pòl rabhadh cinnteach,
Agus dh'inns' e roimh laimh,
'N uair a theid mi air falbh uaibh,
Thig madraidh allt gharga,
'S dhibh féin eirigh balg'rean
Bhios marbhtach nan gné,
Le 'n innleachdaibh meallaidh
Mhortas anam an tréud.

Thainig néul air luchd eisdeachd
Cion géir agus tùr—
'S gann tha uiread air fhagail
'S a thuigeas guth Iacoib,
'N ceò geal tha o'n fhasaich
Chuir e sgail air ar sùil—
Rinn tuaileas 'ur gluasad,
'S thug e uainne ar 'n iùil.

Thuirt Criosda ri Padruig,
Dearbh do ghradh dhomh 's do spéis,
Le bhi beathachd mo chaoirich,
Agus m' uanannan maotha,
'S le bhi 'g innse do 'n t-saoghal,
Gu bheil saorsa nan tairgs',
'S ni mo lathaireachd do dhion-sa
O mhadraibh chiochrach is gharg.

CAOIDH AIR SON CHAIRDEAN

A CHAIDH IOM-RUAGADH AS AN TIR SO A DH' AMERICA.

CHAIDH mo dhaimhean fior ghradhach,
Chaomh, thairiseach, chairdeach,
Thlath, thruacanta, bhaigheach,
As an tìr so air sal-uisg';
Dh'fhag sud mise ro chraiteach,
Agus iomadh a bharr orm,
Chionn nach fhaicear gu brath iad san tìr so.
Chionn nach, &c.

'S mòr mo mhì-ghean, 's mo mhulad,
'N uair a theid mi air thuras,
Sios na suas troimh Sgior' DHURRAIS,
Bidh mo shuilean gun fhuras,
Aig amhairc gach tulaich,
Air 'm bu ghnath leo bhi thunaidh;
'S chì mi 'n laraichean uile mar fhasaich.
'S chì mi, &c.

Is cùis mhuladach, chraiteach,
Gu'n d' rinn luchd teagaisg* 'san aite,
Cheart leithid 'sa rinn *Ahab*,
Le'n sannt, a's le'n ailghios,

* Alluding to two ecclesiastics who coveted and took the farms of some of these people.

Ghluais iad firein o'n laraich,
Gun eagal, na naire;
Air son bristeadh na h-aithne bu léir dhoibh,
Air son bristeadh, &c.

'S a neach a ghluais anns an fhirinn,†
Bha gu treibhdhireach, dileas,
Gu neo-leth-bhreith'ch ga h-innseadh,
O'n *oracle* chinnteach;

† Alluding to Mr. Alexander Denoon, who was for many years parochial schoolmaster of the parish of Dores, near Inverness; and who was deprived of that office in consequence of his declining taking a certain oath which was proposed to him. The following notice of his death has been copied from the American *Rochester Gazette*:—

"Death of a Minister.—Our Zion is in mourning—she is covered with a pall. I have just returned from being in the solemn procession which conveyed the remains of the late Rev. Alexander Denoon of Caledonia, New York State, to their last resting-place. He died suddenly at his residence at one o'clock in the morning of the 17th June 1850, after a short illness of about ten days, from an affection of the heart. Thus has a prince and a great man fallen to-day in Israel, who has been a burning and a shining light in this place upwards of forty-four years, and continued to within a few days of his death to discharge faithfully the duties of a Christian teacher. There was a holy and goodly savour in his company at all times and in all places, not only in his evangelical preaching, but more especially in his duties as a catechist among all the families of his congregation. I desire not to be invidious or to speak disparagingly of any minister of Christ; but Mr. Denoon excelled any that I have ever seen or heard in all the graces of the spirit of Christ, which alone can make an able minister of the New Testament. But he is gone: he has left us—he has gone to his final, to his everlasting rest and reward—he has been gathered to his Father's mansion in a good old age (about eighty years), as a shock of corn fully ripe. He was the first minister ordained west of the Genesee river. I would be apt to do injustice to the lucid, pathetic, and godly discourses that were delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Doolittle of Scotsville, and the Rev. Mr. Maclaren of Caledonia. The latter said—'It was an era, an opportunity that never the like would occur again in this place, and he besought the acting and rising generations who have grown up under the godly teaching of Mr. Denoon, in solemn and scriptural manner, to take heed lest any should come short in duties which they heard so often enforced by him whose lips are now forever sealed; and earnestly prayed that God would enable them to walk in the footsteps of their godly fathers, and to avouch the Lord God of their fathers to be their God also.' It was a most solemn season, and but few eyes were free from tears, &c. He was born near the town of Inverness, in Scotland, and emigrated to this place, with others, in 1805-6."

Le an-iochd, a's innleachd,
Rinn iad toir air le mì-ruin,
Gus am b' éigin dha'n rioghachd so fhagail.
Gus am b' éigin, &c.

Tha 'mheud 'sa fhuair eòlas,
De na meanganan òga,
Bha fo theagasg, 's fo fhòghlum,
Craiteach, muladach, brònach,
Aig fasgadh an dòrnaibh,
A's aig aicheadh gach sòlas,
Chionn gu'n tug iad an lochran as aite.
Chionn, &c.

Is cùbhraidh, milis, am faile,
Bhios dheth ainm-sa do'n aireamh,
Fhuair tric e na fhaidh,
Fo am buaireadhean laidir,
Rusgadh mealltaireachd Shatain,
'S doimhne an tuiteam an Adhamh,
'S as gach fasga', neo-thearuint' 'gan ruagadh.
'S as gach fasga', &c.

Bha 'theagasg le ughd'ras,
Agus cumhachd ga chùladh,
Chum cealg'ran a rùsgadh,
Agus peacaich a dhùsgadh,
Le géur mhothachadh drùiteach,
'S bhiodh anama gun churam,
Le an coguisibh chiùirt' air an saradh.
Le an, &c.

'N uair a dh'fhosgladh e 'bhilean,
Fo sheòladh an spioraid,
Bhidh a bhriathra' a' sileadh,
Mar bhraoin air tìr thioram;
'S bhiodh na h-anamanna tìnne,
Bha Satan a' sireadh,
Gu'n criathradh mar chruithneachd, 'nan slainte.
Gu'n, &c.

Bha a shiubhal fior-iosal,
A réir eisempleir Chriosda,
Bha e tosdach na bhriathraibh,
Neo-lochdach, a's ciallach ;
B' e 'm focal a riaghailt' ;
'S e na fhuaireadh do ghiamh dha,
Nach deanadh e striochdadh mar b' aill leo.
Nach deanadh, &c.

Ach 'se dh'fheuma' sinn pilleadh,
Agus sealltuinn le tioma,
Ris an ni rinn ar milleadh,
A mhi-shùim chuireadh minig,
Air a ghairm a bha milis,
O thrombaid co binne,
'S co géir 'sa dh'eisd sinne 'san al so.
'S co géir, &c.

Is mor aobhar ar gruaim-ne,
Nam bu léir dhuinn ar cruaidh-chais,
A liuthead ailleagan uasal,
Leis a bhas chaidh thoirt uainne,
As gach aite mu'n cuairt dhuinn,
Bha 'n spairn ann an uaigneas,
Air son anamanna bhuanachd 'sa thearnadh.
Air son, &c.

'S nach fath clisgidh a rìreadh,
An sealladh a chì sinn,
An siol urramach prìseil,
De na chruithneachd a b' fhìnealt,
Dhol amach as an rioghachd,
Le mòr an-iochd na tìre,
'San robh 'n soisgeul ré lìnnibh a's alaibh.
'S an robh, &c.

Ach eadar-ghuidh,' agus làth'rachd,
'N Ti a thaisbean gu grasmhor,
Anns a phreas, anns an fhasaich,
Gu 'n dion anns gach àit' iad,

Th'air an sgaradh o'm braithribh,
Gu 'm beannuich na dh'fhag e,
Ann an ar measg-ne de chairdean a rioghachd.
Ann an ar, &c.

Ged tha mi-rùin an t-Shàtain,
'S a luchd obair 's gach aite,
'N tòir air an eaglais a bhathadh,
Air a chreig bith's i sabhailt,
Thaobh a gheallaidh nach failnich,
Dh'aindeoin stoirm agus àrd-ghaoth,
'S geataibh ifrinn gu bràth cha toir buaidh oirr'.
'S geataibh, &c.

CUMHA TOIRT AIR FALBH NAM FIREAN.

Tha na daoine bha tròcaireach,
Carthanach, ordail, 's an tìr,
'G an tabhairt thar Iòrdain,
Gu caladh na glòire 's na sìth;
Bho gach buaireadh a's trioblaid,
Gach cruaidh-chas, di-mhisneach, a's strì;
Dh' ionnsuidh comunn a phòsaidh,
Far am meall iad mòr sholas a chaoidh.

Ach 's e tha 'g eirigh 'nan àite,
Luchd aidichidh cànranach, fuar,
Dh' easbhuidh iochd agus cairdeas,
Nan aithriche gràdhach chaidh 'uainn;
'S teirc na gearanan cràiteach,
A bhi dh' uireasbhuidh fabhar an Uain;
'S ann tha féin agus ardan,
Air sgaoileadh 's gach aite mu 'n cuairt.

An diadhachd tha 'g eirigh,
Cha 'n 'eil i a réir 's mar a bha;
Daoine siubhal le 'n réusant,
'S a saoilsinn an céill a bhi tearn't;
Air màrgaidh 's air féilltean,
Air banais, 's air féisde, gun sgath,
Bidh 'm fear-aidich, 's an t-éildeir,
Co suilbhir, 's co tréun, 's a bhios càch.

Chàill sinn fradharc a's léirsinn,
Dh' fhàs sinn bodhar, 's cha 'n éisd ris a chòir;
Dhruid tròm-chodal ar sùilean,
'S cridhe reamhar air dùnadh le feòil;
Cha 'n 'eil creideas do 'n fhirinn,
A ta gu soilleir 'g a innse le bòid,
Dh' easbhuidh ath-bhreith a's naomhachd,
Nach téid mnathan no daoine gu gloir.

Tha 'n dorch oirnn aig ciaradh,
Thainig smal oirnn, a's neul, agus ceo;
Thainig caoil' agus blianachd,
'S chaidh a choguis 'sa fianuis a leon;
An àithn' nodha thug Criosda,
Chuir sinn i air di-chuimhn' gu mor;
Le càil mhalluicht', do-riaruicht',
Nach abair gu siorruidh gur leoir.

Deir cuid anns an àl so,
Gu'n dean teachdair' gun ghras aig mor fhéum;
Breith, a's gin, agus àrach,
'S gu 'n stiùirear gu tearuint' leis tréud;
Ach 's e thuirt am Fear-saoraidh,
Ma tha agad-sa gaol dhomh a's speis,
Beathaich thusa mo chaoraich,
Agus m' uananan maotha le cheil.

Ach 's e ar cionta, 's ar diteadh,
Gu 'n dhiult sinn an fhirinn le tair;
'S na h-earalan priseil,
Bha gu faireachdach, firinneach, blath;

Bho na teachdrean dìleas,
  Bha gu minig ag innseadh le cradh,
Am mor eagal gu'n deanadh
  Ar tarcuis' am fionan chuir fas.

'S i DIANA an linn so,
  Bhi gu fasanach, innleachdach, seoilt';
Réir cleachdadh a's abhaist
  Aig gach tìm,'s anns gach ait', 's air gach doigh;
'S ma their Pol ruinn, na Padruig,
  Gur *Dé* sud nach tearn' sinn fa-dheoidh;
Bheir DEMETRIUS ard-éigh,
  "Na fagar na réubaltan beo."

Rinn na *locustan* sànntach
  Mor chreach agus càll anns an tìr;
Dh'ith iad suas gach luibh chùbhra',
  Na measan, 's na fluranan min;
Truas, iochd, agus cairdeas,
  Co-cheartas, a's gràdh, agus sith;
'S gànn tha uiread air fhagail,
  'S a chumas na bràithrean bho stri.

'S tha DIOTREPHES féineil
  Le àrdan ag eirigh an àird';
SIMON MAGUS a's DEMAS,
  Le gionach cuir eigin air càch;
'S tha na PHARISICH éudmhor,
  Aig ràdh gur e gèilleadh do 'n aithn'
Cumail dlùth ris an éisdeachd,
  Ciod air bith mar tha 'm bèusan 's an cail.

'S tha na teachdairean caoimhneil,
  Tha cumail na fianuis 'san tir,
Fo dhiteanan lionmhor—
  Gur e th' annta luchd diùbhras a's stri;
'S gur e th' annta luchd roinnean,
  Nach 'eil umhail do lagha an Righ;
'S o nach lub iad do HAMAN,
  Bidh cùirt anns gach ait' air am binn.

Tha 'n fhirinn ag innse,
  Gu'n tig lìnn anns an inntric mor fhuachd ;
Agus mealltaireachd laidir,
  Le oibreachadh Shatain air sluagh ;
Anns an saoil iad gur sar-mhaith,
  An t-seirbhis do'n Ard-righ tha shuas,
'N uair a chuirear gu bas leo,
  Chuid is dilse do chairdean an UAIN.

A's tha'n linn so air géilleadh
  Do BHAAL-PEOR gu truagh,
Le cleachdaibh mi-bhéusach,
  'S le fasanan eudaich a's gruaig ;
Tha ar n-ionagan boidheach ;
  Bha gu macanta, modhair, a's stuaim,
Le 'n trusganan sabaid,
  Nan cùis mhulaid, chraidh, agus thruais.

Is olc caradh na h-oige,
  Anns a ghinealach bhronach a th'ann ;
Cha'n 'eil smachd air an goraich,
  'S cha'n 'eil eisempleir ordail ach gann ;
'N uair bheir an t-athair na boidean,
  'S ann theid iad a dh'ol air an dram,
Gun eagal ifrinn, na doruinn,
  Na fuil a bhi 'n toir air an ceann.

Tha altairean BHAAL,
  'Gan cumail an airde gu treun ;
'S an luchd aidichidh crabhach,
  Cha'n aill leo air cach a bhi 'n eis ;
'N uair bhios posadh 'san aite,
  Fo bhratach an t-Satain bidh iad ;
A' gairm luchd misg agus carraid,
  'S luchd aotromachd neo-glan gu'm feisd.

Ach nan tigeadh ELIJAH
  A chum na tire so nuas,
A chruinneachadh Israeil,
  A dh' ionnsuidh iobairt nam buadh ;

Bhitheadh sagairteachd *Bhaal*
Fo dhimeas, a's grain, agus fuath ;
'S bhitheadh caochladh slainteil,
Air a dheanamh air abhaist an t-sluaigh.

O ! nan seideadh a ghaoth ud
Air na cnamhan tha sgaoilte 'sa ghleann,
Le anail a ghaoil-san—
A dheanadh ar n-aonadh gu teann ;
Thigeadh feithean a's feoil oirnn',
Agus croicionn min, boidheach, na daimh ;
'S thigeadh crioch air eas-cordugh,
Sguireadh fuaralachd, foirneart, a's feall.

An sin bhiodh ISRAEL a's IUDAH,
Tigh'n dachaidh o dhuthaich an naimhd',
A' guil, a's ag ùrnuigh,
Le aithreachas ciùirteach gun fheall ;
'S le eud gu bhi'n cùmhnant,
Bhiodh maireannach, dlùth, agus teann ;
Ag dearcadh gu direach,
Le 'n aghaidh air *Sion* gach am.

A's bhiodh ciobardan fallain,
Le dichioll a' fair' air an treud ;
A' teagasg le eolas,
Nan ain-eolach ghorach gun cheill ;
'S a fuasgladh gach teagamh,
Do anamaibh ceasnuight' 'nam feum ;
Ag leigheas nan leontach ;
A's aig altrum na h-oige gu seimh.

Bidh mi nis a' co-dhunadh,
O nach dean e na cuisean ni's fearr ;
'S air eagal gu'n duisg e
Geur chorruich a's diombadh an cach ;
Cha 'n 'eil tiorcadh ann duinne,
Ach toradh na tuis' theachd a mhain ;
A ghineadh creidimh a's umhlachd,
Caomh charthanachd, ciuineachd, a's gradh.

BEACHD SMUAINT' MU'N BHAS.

'S MAIRG a bitheadh na dhaormunn,
Ro dhionach mu'n t-saoghal,
Le mi-rian, agus saothair,
A's a ghiorrad 'sa dh'fhaodadh,
Sinn bhi fàgail gach maoin dheth,
Ged a bhitheamaid daonnan 'ga chàrnadh.
Ge do bhitheamaid, &c.

O 's ni cìnnte dhuinn uile,
'N uair a nithear ar cuireadh,
Bho an t-saoghal so buileach,
Nach fhaodair leinn fuireach,
'S nach dean aon ni ar cumail,
Ma's a h-aindeas no ullamh a tha sinn.
Ma's a, &c.

Oir an t-éug a tha 'n tòir oirnn,
Cha'n fhaodair léinn fhògair,
'N uair a thig e le òrdugh,
Bheir e sinn' as 'ar beo-shlaint',
Co dhiù 's aindeoin no deoin léinn,
Bho gach aighear, a's sòlas, as àbhachd.
Bho gach, &c.

Aona mhionaid no *mòmaint*,
A dhàil dhuinne cha tòir e,
Air son airgid no storas,
Mor inbhe no mòr-chuis;
Is co-ionann leis òigear,
No màighdean deas, bhòidheach,
Ris an aois a tha leòinte, bochd, cràiteach.
Ris an, &c.

'S bidh na Prionnsachan òga,
A's na Righreanan mòra,
Tosdach dìbli fo spòig-sa,

'S iad nan sìneadh gun deò annt',
'S cha lean ni riu' dhe'n stòras,
Ach ciste chaol bhòrd air a h-àlach'd.
Ach ciste, &c.

Agus léine dhe 'n anart,
Co glé-gheal ri cannach;
'S ged bu shìod i no *flannain*,
N' uair a theid i 'san talamh,
Ni na béistean a gearradh,
'S bidh i rìsde na sealladh ro ghràineil.
A's bith, &c.

Ach 's e aobhar an dùbh-bhròin,
Gu bheil sinne gun chùram,
Gun aire, a's gun smuaintean,
Mu ghiorrad na h-ùine,
Gus an tòirear gu cùnntas,
Sinn uile a dh'ionnsuidh aon làthraich.
Sinn uile, &c.

Far an clùinn sinn bhi léubhadh,
A's a' cur ann ar 'n éudain,
An cleachda bu bhéus dhuinn,
Co dhiubh is subhailc no éucoir,
Breith bheirear d'a réir, a's mar
A rinneadh leinn féum dheth 'ar *tàlann*.
A rinneadh, &c.

'N uair thig breitheamh na firinn,
Anns na neòil os ar ceann-ne,
Le glòir tha do-innseadh,
Gu mòr shòlas nam firean,
'S theid luchd dò-bheart a dhìteadh,
Gu dòruinnean siorruidh, a's nàire.
Gu dòruinnean, &c.

AM PAPA AGUS AN T-ATH-LEASACHADH.*

Tha 'm Papa agus an t-Ath-leasach'd
An so aig ceasnuchadh le geire—
Gach seol a bha iad ag leantainn,
'S mar chaidh iad seach air a cheile.

Tha punga an Creidimh 'ga dhearbhadh,
Le 'n cuid argumaidibh daichcil;
Seall fein a nis le do shuilibh,
A's faic co dhiubh tha 's an fhailing.

CHUNNAIC mise an t-Ath-leasach'd
Na sheasamh air Carragh laidir,
Air a chumail suas le freasdal,
'S eas-cairdean ag iarraidh fàth air.

" Is chunnaic mi am Pàp 'na uaimh,
'S e sealltuinn gu h-uamharra diblidh;"
Ri mheud 's nach deanadh dha strìochdadh,
Casadh fhiacla le mòr mhi-rùn:

" Bha àrmailte mòra mu 'n cuairt d'a,"
Ag gleidheadh na h-uaimh gu dileas,
A chum a Charragh a ghluasad,
Le an-iochd, cruadal, a's dichioll:

'N uair b' urrainn e cothrom fhaotuinn
Air na daoine theich o òrdugh,
Dh' fhuil'geadh iad am bàs bu phiantaich
B' urrainn 'dhioghaltas a sheoladh.

A.—" Thuirt an t-Ath-leasach'd, 's e 'g éiridh,"
'S tusa bhéist mu 'm bheil e sgriobhta,†
A bhuineadh gu naimhdeil déisneach
Ris a mheud 's nach géill do t-iomhaigh.

P.—" Is mise fear ionaid Pheadair,
Tha 'n Eaglais uil' air mo chùram;"
'S nach fheumainn trom smachd a leagadh
Air na h-eiricich chur cùl ria.

* Faic Turus a Chriosduidh, Earrann III. † Taisb. xiii.

A.—Riamh cha d' rinn Abstoil Chriosda
Dioghaltas air corpaibh dhaoine—
'S ann bha iad a' fullang gach tàire,
Chum an tearnadh a's an saoradh.

Cia mar bhiodh tu 'n àite Pheadair,
'S gu 'n d' rinn thu 'chreidimh a threigsinn ;
Nis seall ris an dara àithne,
'S chìth thu ghràin a th' ann a t-aoradh.

P.—Is mise féin an t-Athar naomh,
Os ceann gach aon a ta air talamh ;
Tha cumhachd saoraidh agus dìtidh
Air a libhrigeadh o neamh dhomh.

As deigh do neach a dhol do 'n éug,
Ma bhios a chairdean féin co tairis,
'S gu 'n toir iad dhomhs' 'n duais is còir dhomh,
Bheir mise gu glòir an t-anam.

A—O ! thusa mhealltair, leubh an fhirinn
Tha agad sgriobhta anns an fhocal—
An dòimhne anns na thuit Dibhes,
Cha toir do dhichioll-sa as e.

Cha'n ioghnadh ged dh'fhuathaich thu 'n fhirinn,
Tha 'g innse t'-innleachdaibh meallaidh ;
Le d' shannt, 's le d' naimhdeas, 's le d' mhì-ruin,
Loisg thu 'm Biobul naomh 'san teallaich.

Tha thusa cur gnàthachaibh a's fasan
An àite focal na firinn,*
'S ag radh ris na h-aineolaich bhochd,
Gu bheil e co ceart a's co cinnteach.

P.—Tha mise 'nis an ionad Chriosd—
Thug e gach riaghladh gu m' òrdugh ;
A's cha 'n 'eil aon a gheibh giamh dhomh,
Nach bi 'n cunnart pian a's dòruinn.

* Mata, xv. 3—9; Marc, vii. 3—13; Col. ii. 8; 1 Pead. i. 18.

Gach peacadh, eacoir, ciont, a's béud,
'S urrainn mi gu léir am maitheadh ;
'S bheir mi air son beagan airgid
Na màirbh a dòruinn a ghlanaidh.

A.—An robh Criosda, Abstol, no Fàidh,
'G ràdh gu 'n robh ann àite glanaidh ;
An deigh dhol a nùll thar a bhàs,
Cha 'n 'eil tairgse gràis aig anam.*

Nach dubhairt Criosd' ris a mheirleich,
D' an tug e gràs gu bhi creidsinn—
" A nochd maille riums' am Phàrras
Bidh tu tearuinte gun teagamh."

'S tu 'n t-Ana-criosd a dh' innis Pòl,
A dh' arduicheadh e féin mar Dhia ;
'S a chuireadh an aghaidh òrduigh,
A' toirmeasg pòsaidh agus biadh.†

'N uair a fhuair thusa bho 'n Dràgon,
A chumhachd, àit', a's a riaghladh,
Guineach, naimhdeil, fuilteach bha thu,
Sgrios an aireamh a bha dìadhaidh.‡

'N Germani, 's an Fhraing, a's 'san Olaint,
Cia na dhòirt thu dh' fhuil na frasan ?
Na mìltean a mhort thu 'n Eirinn !
'S na loisg thu gu éibhlibh an Sasunn !

P.—'S mise ceann na h-Eaglais naomha,
D' am buin urram, gaol, a's géill ;
'S e 'n ceannairc an aghaidh mo rians',
A thug am piantan orr' gu léir.

Corp naomh an Tighearn Iosa,
Bheir mo dhiadhachds' e a glòir ;
A's an riochd abhlan air mo mhiar,
Cuiream e mar bhiadh nam beòil.

* Eoin, ix. 4; Searm. ix. 10. † 1 Tim. iv. 1—3.
‡ Taisb. xiii. 2; Marc, ii. 7 ; Isa. xliii. 25 ; Mata, xxv. 8—10

A.—An oidhch' thug Iosa 'n co'-chomunn,
A dh' ullaich e do luchd muinntir,
Chum samhladh a chuirp 'chaidh bhriseadh.
A bhi ac' gu tric air chuimhne :*

'N abair thusa gu toibheumach,
Gu 'n d' ith e féin a chorp 's e beò—
Na gur i 'n fhuil 'bha na fhéithean,
Am fion a bha iadsan ag òl.

P.—'S toibheum a bhi do na bheachd sin ;
Nach robh Criosd gu ceart ag radh—
" 'S e so mo chorpsa tha sibh 'g ith,
Tha air a bhriseadh air 'ur sgàths'."

A.—'S mi 'n dorus, an t-sligh', 's am fionan,
Thubhairt Iosa ris an t-sluagh ;
'N robh sin ach sàmhlachan diomhair,
Air oifigibh a gniomh 's a bhuaidh.

Na Galileich bha eas-creidmheach,
Cha do thuig iad sin, thuirt Iosa ;
" M' fhuilse is deoch i gu deimhinn,
Is m' fheòils' gun teagamh is biadh i."

Mar sin tha Pàpanaich fheolmhoir,
Gun chiall, gun eolas, gun chreideimh,
Saoilsinn a chorp naomh a tha 'n gloir,
Gu bheil e dol troimh 'm beoil gu'n goile.

Thruaill thu sàcramaid a bhaistidh,
Le do chleachdadh iodhal-aodhrach ;
Chum thus' am fion bho na phobull,
'S chuir thu ann do shlugan féin e.

'S tha thu 'g radh gu bheil thu iomlan,
Coilionta, foirfe, gun pheacadh ;†
'S ma tha, ciod e t-fheum air Iosa,
Gu d' thearnadh 's gu d' dhion o cheartas.

* 1 Cor. xi. 23—28 ; x. 16, 17; Luc, xxii. 19, &c.; Mata, xxvi. 26, &c.
† Gen. vi. 5; Salm, xiv. 3; liii. 3; Rom. iii. 10—19.

Mar sin tha thus' le do bhriathraibh,
A's le d' ghniomharaibh, 's le d' chleachdaibh,
A' dearbhadh gur tus an Criosda
A dh' iarr mac Dhé oirnne sheachnadh.*

Tha do mhiorbhuile gun fhirinn,
'G innse gur tu duin' a pheacaidh ;
Le d' chleasachd, 's le d' chomh'raibh bréige,
Mealladh chréutairean mi-sheasmhach.

Nach cuimhne leatsa 'n Naomh Loretta,†
Mar thug e freagradh dhuits' 'na t'-urnuigh ;
'N dàll aig nach robh féum air leigheas,
Dh' an tug e fradharc a shùilean.

Ach is e rinn ortsa 'n t-aimhleas,
Squire Melldrum bhi co faisg ort,
A rùisg do naire 's do mhì-chliu,
Do na miltibh bha 'ga t-fhaicinn.

'S i 'n Roimh an t-striopach gun naire,
Tha 'n t-uilbheist sgarlaid aig giulan,‡
A thruaill, a shalaich, 's a dh' fhasaich,
Le mòr ghrainealachd na dùthchan :

Is chuir i air mhisg na righre,
Le fion a striopachais ghraineil ;
'S cha robh anam nach do ghéill dh'i,
Ach na shéuladh leis an Ard-Righ.

P.—Deans' air t-athais, a's bi sìbhealt,
'S sguir do dhìteadh mo chuids' mearaichd ;
Tha rud agam-sa ri innse,
Dhearbhas thu bhi clìth a' d' bharail :

Nach robh Eagalais na h-Alba
'O chiann ainmeil a thaobh diadhachd ?
'S thug an Ard-Chléir aice bhòta,
Gu tugt' dhomhs' na bha mi 'g iarraidh.

* Mata, xxiv. 23. ‡ Taisb. xvii. 2, 3.
† Faic eachdruidh beatha Eoin Knocs, leis an Ollaidh T. M'Crie.

Mar measadh iad mis' bhi dileas,
Treibhdhireach, firinneach, fallain,
Bheireadh siad iad féin fo mhi-chliù,
'S cunnart dìtidh air an anam.

Theich iad air tus o mo riaghailts',
Le daoinibh gun chiall, gun stoladh ;
Comh-strigheach, carraideach, iargalt,
Nach deannadh striochdadh a dh' ordugh.

Ach tha nis ann daoine fiùthail,
Carthannach, ciùin, agus tairis,
Fior stùaime, macanta, sìobhalt,
'S cha 'n ionmhuinn leo strìgh no carraid.

A.—'S ioghnadh leam nach 'eil ort naire,
'N uair a dh' fhagadh tu am Biobul,
'S a rachadh tu ghabhail taice, do
Dhaoine peacach, faoin gun dillseachd.

Sin a ni nach fhaod sinn aicheadh,
Gu bheil 'ur failing-ne lionmhor;
Ach 's e aont a thoirt do 'n Phapa,
Rinn follaiseach do chach ar miothlachd.

Mar bha ainmean tearc an Sardus,
A ghleidh sar-gheal an cuid eudaich—
An Alb' tha fuighleach air fhagail,
D'fhuathaich grainealachd na Béisde.

Thug thusa masladh le do bhriathraibh,
Do fhianuisibh bha co dearbhta,
'S a bha anns an t-saoghal riamh,
Bho chaidh Abstoil Chriosd a mharbhadh.

HAMILTON neo-chiontach, spéiseil,
WISHART treun, 's am firean BHALTAIR*—
Ge d' loisg thu 'n cnamhan a's am feoil,
Tha 'n anma seinn gloir fo 'n altair.

* Padruig Hamilton, Seorsa Wishart, agus Bhaltair Mill, a chaidh losgadh ann an Cill-Kibhinn.

Ach thug KNOCS dhuit saighead bhais,
A chaidh sas fo 'n chuigeamh aisinn;
'S cha d' fhuair thu leighiche no plasd,
'S cha 'n fhaigh gu brath, a bheir as i.

Ach sguiridh sinn do charraid bhriathran,
Oir cha diadhachd a bhi bruidheann;
Ach ainmichidh mi puincean araid,
'S fagam iad fo bhreith deagh bhreitheamh.

Bi'dh tusa 'g acradh an Laidinn,*
A' laideas ri iodhail bréige;
'S co dhiubh bhios tu 'g urnuigh no mionnaibh,
Cha 'n fhios do dh' iomadh tha t' éisdeachd.

Bi'dh tusa 'g urnuigh ri na mairbh,†
Aig earbsa gu 'n dean iad do chomhnadh,
Mar nach bu Shlanuighear Criosda,
A dheanadh do dhion 'na aonair.

Ach bha 'n Eagalais ag raite,
Tha Abram aineolach oirnne;‡
'S tu féin Athar ar slainte—
Aig Iacob cha 'n 'eil oirnn eolas.

Leubh thusa leabhar na slighe,
'S chi thu rithist na deich aithntean,
A sgriobh Iehobha le a mhiar,
'S a chuir e sios air na claraibh.‖

Dealbh, no coslas, no iomhaigh,
Cha dean thu do ni air talamh,
A tha anns na neamhaibh shuas,
No anns na cuantaibh am folach.

Lùbadh, no umhlachd, no géilleadh,
Do 'n Chrann-chéus', no do 'n Oigh Mhuire:
Ma gheibh thu féin e 's a Bhiobull,
Bidh mise rìs 'n sin fo choire.

* 1 Cor. xiv. 8, 9, 14—16. † Mata, iv. 10; Col. ii. 18; Taisb. xxii. 8, 9. ‡ Isa. lxiii. 16. ‖ Ecs. xx.

CUMHA DO UILLEAM MAC-AOIDH,

Fear-ceasnachaidh, an ann Sgire Chroidh, agus a'n Sgirean co'-cheangailte na Maigh agus Dhail-fhearguis, 1798. Rugadh e ann an Strathnabhar, ann an Duthaich Mhic-aoidh.

'S ANN tha na comh'ran dearbhta,
Gu bheil fearg air an Ard-Righ,
Ri ar duthchanaibh peacach,
A dhiult a theachd'rachd ro ghràsmhor;
Thug E dhachaidh uainn Uilleam,
Am flùr muileach ro àilte,
As an Eaglais is ìsle,
Dh'ionnsuidh 'n t-Shioin is airde.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh do bhraithre,
A bhi craiteach, a's brònach,
Ann an am do na cairdibh,
Theachd gu lathair an òrduigh;
'S nach fhaic iad ann Uilleam,
A ghnuis mhùileach bu stòilde;
Bu tric, air bhi dha bhi 'g urnuigh,
A bhiodh an sùilean a' dòrtadh.

B'i sin a ghnuis a bha finealt,
Suairce, sìobhalta, mòdhair;
Lan oilean a's mìneachd,
A measg gach inbhe, air a mòraid;
Ann an cumadh do phearsa,
Bha thu tlachdmhor, a's dòmhal;
Cruth co mìn ort ri maighdean,
'S am beul bu chaoimhneile còmhradh.

Ach 's i mhaise cuir Criosd ort,
A rinn sgiamhach thar chach thu;
Iomhaighs' tharruing air t-anam,
Ann an glaine, 's an ailteachd;

A' measg na b'aithne dhomh dhaoine,
Air na shaothraich a ghrasans',
Bha iad ainneamh ri'm faotainn,
Ann an gaol bha co blath riut.

Lochran soluis bha boillsgeil,
Soilleir, soillseanach, oirdheirc;
Caomh, iriosal, baigheal,
Do'n aireamh bhiodh leointe;
Duine misneachal, tréubhach,
Lan éud agus eolais,
Nach aomadh, 's nach géilleadh,
Do réusantaibh feolmhor.

Plànnt torrach 'san fhionan,
Bha gniomhach a's saoth'rach',
Aig ruith a réise le cùram,
Ann an umhlachd gun chlaonadh:
Bha do bheatha, 's do theagasg,
Agus t-eisempleir naomh-sa,
Nam mor aobhneas do'n Eaglais,
'S na'n cùis eagail dhroch-dhaoine.

Le rannsachadh domhain,
Rach' tu fo 'n ar n-inntinn,
A's bheireadh tusa gu follais,
Nithe folaichte diomhair;
Le deachdadh an spioraid,
Gu minig aig innse,
An ni nach fhaodadh sinn aicheadh,
'S bheireadh cach orra fianuis.

Ann an dréuchd an Fhir-cheisnich,
Bha thu dleasnach, a's dileas,
Aig innseadh a chunnart,
Do gach duine bho'n fhirinn;
A's air ro-mheud an eolais,
An seolltachd, 'san innleachd,
'S math dh'athineadh tu'n anail,
'S nach biodh an fhallaineachd chinnteach.

An uair a rachadh tu dh' ùrnuigh,
'S do shùil ris an airde;
Ri AINGHIL a Chùmhnaint,
FEAR-PUSDA do ghraidh-sa,
Bhiodh toradh na tùise,
Mar an driùchd tighinn a mhan ort,
'S luchd nan cridh'chan brùite,
Aig faighinn tlûs, agus slainte.

Bha do bhuadhan co ciatach,
'S co lionmhor nan aireamh,
Le maise na diadhachd,
Ag cur sgìamh air gach pairt dhiubh;
'S ge d' rachams' 'gan léubhadh,
'S math bu léir dha do chairdibh,
Gur beag 's aithn' dhomh ìnnseadh,
Dhe 'n oibre fhìnealt rinn gras ort.

Bha do bheatha co céillidh,
Co éudmhor, 's co gaolach,
Ann do dhéiligeadh cumant,
Bha thu cuimir 'measg dhaoine;
Anns gach céum dhe do *chùrsa*,
B' e d' chuspair iùil am FEAR-SAORAIDH,
A rinn gu tearuint' do stiùradh,
A steach do chùirtibh a naomhachd.

Bha t-fhianuis co glaine,
Co fallain, 's co éudmhor,
Air taobh an Fhir-shaoraidh,
'N aghaidh dhaoine mi-réusaint',
A thaobh do ghaol-sa do'n fhirinn,
A's do dhìlseachd le chéile;
Bha fear-casaid nam braithrean,
Mu do shailibh aig téumadh.

Bha luchd aidichidh féineil,
A's mic *Eli* an toir ort;
Agus Eildeirean tioram,
Gu minig 'gan comhnadh;

Ach ge 'm b'oil leis an diabhol,
'S na dheanadh an seors' ud,
Rinn PRIONNSA na siochaint,
Do dhion-sa bho'n do-bheart.

'S e aon mhìle, seachd céud,
A h-ochd-déug, a's ceith'r fichead,
Anns a deach' do thoirt sabhailt,
Bho gach gabhadh, a's trioblaid;
Mu an robh thu toirt rabhadh,
Aig sior-radh gu'n tigeadh
Trom-smachdachadh cìnnteach,
Air an linn so tha 'nis ann.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh a h-airne',
A bhi craiteach, a's leointe,
Aig a Chéile so dh' fhag thu,
Mar ri paisteachan oga;
Ach an TUITFHEAR do 'm b'abhaist,
Bhi na PHARANT do 'n t-seors' ud,
Gu'n dean dion dhoibh na *fhabhair*,
'S an toirt gu AROS a GHLOIRE.

Ach 's mithich sguir dheth mo chanran,
'S mo Dhanachd mi-ordail,
Mu 'n neach a ta 'g aiteachadh—
Pharras na gloire;
Mealtuinn comunn na Trionaid,
Air a lionadh le solas,
E bhi na fhiachanach siorruidh,
Do fhuil Chriosd a chaidh dhortadh.

A's aig ol le toil-inntinn—
Ann an rioghachd an Athar,
De'n fhion nodha nach dìobair,
Gu dilinn 'ga chaitheamh;
Air éideadh gu riomhach,
Leis an fhireantachd Fhlathail;
'S ag sèinn air a chlarsach,
'S an téud is airde 'ga tathaich.

Ach 's ann tha'n comharradh diombaidh,
Ris na Duthchanaibh dh'fhag é,
Sgirean CHROIDH a's MHOIGH—
'S mor an coir air bhi craiteach,
Air son nan lochranaibh ola,
Bha nan solus ro dhearsach,
Thaobh 's gu'n d' rinneadh droch fheum dhiu
Thug e 'n *coimleir* as aite.

'S ro shoilleir a chi sinn—
Sin tha'n fhirinn a raite,
Bhi toirt dhachaidh nam firean,
O olc na tìm a ta lathair;
'S an aite ghabhail gu cridh',
'S ar sligheachan aicheadh,
'S ann tha sinne co suaimhneach,
'S ged nach gluaisde gu brath sinn.

'S am fuighleach bochd diblidh,
A tha 'san tir air am fagail,
'S am bheil uiread a dhilseachd—
'S a dh' innseas mar tha sinn,
Le ain-iochd, a's mi-ruin,
Tha luchd diteadh 'gan sarach',
A's cuid eil' air an ruagadh,
Thar na cuaintean air anradh.

Tha ardan air eiridh,
Na slat foireignidh 's an talamh;
Tha gach brathair gu feineil,
Mealladh' cheile le curachd;
A's tha nise mic *Eli*,
An toir air spreidh, a's air fearann;
'S mar sin chuir iad gun naire,
'N deicheamh aithn' as an t-sealladh.

Tha an cumha so bronach,
'S cha cheol a tha binn e,
'S is fath corruich le moran,
Ar cor mi-sholasach innse;

'S e bhi tuireadh 'n ar n-aonair
A ni bu choir dhuinn, 's a rist'—
A bhi sealltuinn ri throcair-'s,
A b'ionad comhnuidh 's gach linn duinn.

Chum spiorad na h-ùrnuigh,
A dhùsgadh 'n ar n-anam,
'S a bhi sealltuin le dùrachd,
Ris a chuirt tha gun ghainne ;
Gu'n deanadh a ghras a chuir—
'S an aite luchd-faire,
Na lionadh a bhearn'—
A rinn am bas ann ar talamh.

MARBHRANN DO MR DOMHNULL FRISEAL.*

AIR FONN—"Cha tog mise fonn, cha 'n eirich e leam."

GED tha dillsean lan broin,
Tha 'n Ti is fearr coir,
Toirt dhachaidh gu gloir nan ailleagain ;
Rinn e sgeudachadh aillt
Le mor ghibhtean a's gras,
Nam beatha 's nam bas bha dearsachadh :
Nan rèultan glan iuil,
Bha stiuradh an curs',
A' treorachadh dh' ionnsuidh 'n t-Slanuighir—
'S gu 'n tuille dhiu luaidh,
'S mor a bhearn 's an Taobh-tuath,
Domhnull Friseal thoirt suas gu Pharras uainn.

* The following has been copied from the obituary of the *Inverness Journal*, Jan. 29, 1819:—

"Died here, on Saturday morning the 23d ult., in the 60th year of his age, Mr. Donald Fraser, teacher in the service of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. He was taken ill of a sanguine apoplexy, about two o'clock, and, although medical aid was immediately procured, he expired before three, apparently with the utmost calmness and resignation; thus obtaining what he had often earnestly desired—an almost instantaneous release from his earthly tabernacle, and an abundant entrance 'into

Bha mhor ghliocas 'sa chéill,
A's a bhreithneachadh géir,
Do dh'Eagalais Dé ro thàbhachdach,
A stòildeachd 's a chiall
A fhuair e o Dhia,
A mhaisich le iomhaigh aluinn e;

the joy of his Lord.' Being a firm believer in the doctrine of salvation by free grace, reigning through the righteousness of Jesus, he was practically 'taught to deny ungodliness and worldy lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world.' His mind, naturally acute, was greatly improved by extensive but select reading, in which, through an ardent thirst for knowledge, he indulged from very early years; and hence his views on religious and other subjects were comprehensive, clear, and judicious, which, joined to a singular spirit of humility and love, made him consulted by many to whom he was rendered eminently useful. His habitual cheerfulness—his rich, easy, native humour—and his abundant store of interesting anecdote, gave a peculiar charm to his conversation, dispelled the gloom of care, and shed the light of pleasure wherever he appeared. A cool, discriminating judgment, liberality of sentiment, and an innate love of peace directed and enabled him in a great measure, especially in his latter years, to steer clear of controversy. His affections were strong, and his friendship steady, in so far as seemed to him consistent with the law of God and of conscience. As a teacher he was uncommonly successful, and possessed the rare qualification of combining religious with other useful instruction; not satisfied with the bare routine of school business, which he prosecuted with unwearied assiduity, he eagerly embraced every favourable opportunity of impressing the tender mind with that which is the beginning of the only true and profitable wisdom—*the fear of the Lord.* Nor was the bond of union with his pupils dissolved by their removal from his immediate charge: he still continued to watch over them with all the solicitude of a father; and the numerous characters successively formed, under his tuition, during a period of twenty-five years, with very few exceptions, bear ample testimony by their conduct to the excellence of their early instruction. Not a few of them have risen to respectable stations in life; while those who occupy inferior situations have seldom failed to acquire the approbation and secure the favour of their employers. This fact is surely calculated to demonstrate the immense utility of a religious education to society at large, and to prove that though it does not always change the heart, yet it seldom fails to mould the character to usefulness and virtue; nor was the deceased, it is believed, without 'souls for his hire,' as his Sabbath Evening School was long numerously attended, not merely by the young, but by their parents and persons in all stages of life. Such a character could not but be respected; and the sense which the inhabitants of Inverness entertained of his worth, was publicly testified by the numbers of all ranks who accompanied his remains to the place of interment; the scene was not the less impressive that his scholars for this session walked be-

Bha a dhillseachd ro mhor
Ann am fòghlum na h-òig',
A' teagasg fior eolas tearnaidh dhoibh;
'S bu dearbhadh de bhuaidh
'N uair chaidh e 's an uaigh,
Chuir iad cuimhneachan buan an aird' an sin.*

'S ro theirc anns an linn-s'
Tha gabhail gu cridh',
A' chùis ghearain a dh'inns' Esaias,
Bhi toirt as an tìr
O gach trioblaid a's strì,
'S 'g an tasgaidh an sith 's an tearuinteachd;
Na fireain bha trèun
Nam beatha 's nam béus,
A' siubhail an céum an t-Slanuighir,
'S gu 'n neach anns an lath-s'
Bhi 'g eiridh nan ait',
A dh' innseas do chach an grainealachd.

Co'-dhunaidh mi 'n dàn,
'S bi'dh mi rithist mo thàmh,
Oir feumaidh sliochd Adhamh striochdadh,

tween the magistrates and the pall in the most orderly and solema manner, evincing the sorrow of their little hearts by 'the big tear trembling in the eye,' while those arrived at maturity supported the pall from the old Grammar School to the grave. They have lost a respected and beloved master—his family, an affectionate and indulgent parent—society, a benefactor—his acquaintances, a wise and faithful counsellor—the poor, a friend—and the Church of Christ, a burning and shining light."

* Alluding to the tombstone erected on his grave with the following inscription:—

"Here are interred the remains of DONALD FRASER, who was an eminent Public Teacher in INVERNESS for the space of twenty-five years. In discharging the onerous duties of his station, his constant aim was, the advancement of MORALITY and RELIGION; the one he inculcated by example; the other, with untiring zeal, convincing admonition, and pious exhortation. He died on the 23d January 1819, aged sixty years. THIS TESTIMONIAL is ERECTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF HIS PUPILS, to express their sorrow for his early removal, and their affectionate attachment to the MAN and the TEACHER. Inverness, 5th July 1819."

Fo chumhachd a lamh-s'
Tha deanamh ni 's fearr,
Ged nach tuig sinn an dràsd a riaghladh :
Gach neach a fhuair tear'nt'
A nùll thar a bhàs,
Bha na h-uile dhiu bàit am fiachaibh ;
'S tha Domhnull mo ghraidh-s',
Air na téudaibh ìs aird',
Seinn cliù a shaor ghrais a dhiol iad.

CUMHA D'A MHNAOI FEIN.

AIR FONN—"Lochaber no more."

Tha fadachd, tha fadachd,
Tha m' fhadachd ro mhor,
Aig iundrain na h-aisinn,
Bha na taice dha m' fheoil.

CHAIDH m' Sheonaid-sa dhachaidh
Dh'ionnsuidh cairtealan buan,
O gach tinneas a's euslaint'
'S o gach peacadh a's truaigh',
O gach trioblaid a's daors'
Tha 's an t-saoghal a's bron,
A dh' ionnsuidh na tìre
'S am bheil sìth agus glòir.

Tha mise lan mùlaid
Tric a' tùireadh 's mi sgìth,
'S mo shuilean a' sileadh
Le bioradh mo chridh',
Aig cuimhneachd do chéill-sa
'S do bhèus air gach doigh,
Bi'dh mis' air mo rèubadh
Eadar aoibhneas a's bròn.

Bha do bhèus-sa ro aineamh
Measg bhan a fhuair gràs,
Ann an tairiseachd inntinn
A'm mineachd 's an gradh;
Cha bu daor leat an éirig
Dheanadh rèit' agus sìth,
Bhiodh tu bàthadh nan eibhlean
'N uair a dh' eireadh an t-strì,

Tha pobull a chùmhnaint
Anns an dùthaich mu'n cuairt
Aig facinn na fàsachd
Anns an àite le grùaim;
Ceann-uidhe nam braithrean
Air a caradh 'san uaigh,
'S mis' m'aonar air m' fhagail
Measg chaich anns an fhùachd.

Tha na bochdaibh aig acan
Gu'n deach Dorcas thoirt uath,
Lamh fhialaidh na pailteas
Dheanadh sgapadh le truas;
Bhiodh do chridhe-s' air fhasgadh
'N uair bhiodh cach ann an crùas,
Gu minig ag urnuigh
Ris a chuirt a tha shuas.

Is lionmhor a ta iad
Anns gach aite de 'n tir,
A mholas gu h-arda
An gras a fhuair i,
A h-iochd a's a cairdeas
A gradh a's a sith;
Ach an t-eisimpleir dh' fhag i
Cha 'n aill leo bhi rith'.

Ged tha mis' lan fadachd
Agus m'aigne-sa leont',
A' caoidh na bha agam,
'S cùis ladarn bhi bron;

Thug Dia i gu sabhailt
Tre 'n fhasaich le cliù,
'S 'n uair thainig am bas
Fhuair i lathaireachd a ghnuis.

O thobar na slainte
'Sa ghraidh tha bith-bhuan,
Thug dhachaidh mo Sheonaid-s'
O gach doruinn a's truaigh',
Cuir na m'anam-sa chòmhnuidh
An dochas nach gluais,
'S dean mo stiùradh gu còmhnard
Leis an eòlas tha uat.

Ged tha mi nis' cianail
Lan do dh'iargain a's gruaim,
Fhuair mi da-fhichead bliadhn' dh'i
Le ciall agus stuaim,
Caomh, tairiseach, ciatach
Ann am fianuis an t-sluaigh,
Gun oilbheum do'n diadhachd
Gus na thriall i do'n uaigh.

CUMHA EILE D'A MHNAOI FEIN.

AIR FONN—"Cha tog mise fonn, cha 'n eirich e leam."

'S TRIC mi tuireadh leam fhìn,
Tursach, muladach, sgìth,
O chuir mi do 'n chìll an t-ailleagan;
Bean mhuileach mo rùin,
Chaomh, mhacanta, chiùin,
Bha tairiseach, fiuthail, baghalach;
Am beul a bha tlath,
'S an t-sùil a bha blath,
'S an cridhe bha lan do chairdeas ann;
Bu mhaiseach a rian,
Am facal 's an gniomh,
'S i carthannach, fialaidh, pairteachail.

Bidh mis' ann an cùil,
A' sileadh gu dlùth,
'S tric snidh' air mo shuil o dh' fhag i mi;
'S ged robh mi measg sluaigh,
Bidh mi aonarach truagh,
Lan turs' agus gruaim gun abhachdas:
Ach 's aoibhneas ri luaidh,
Gu bheil ise nis shuas,
Na fiachanach buan d'a Slanuighear;
Gun mhulad, gun bhròn,
Gun tinneas, gun leòn,
Fo dhion an Fhir-Phosda ghradaich i.

Ach 's mis' tha gun chiall,
'S eas-umhail mo rian,
A carraid ri Dia cho tròcaireach;
A dh' abuich le gras,
'S thug dhachaidh gu tear'nt,
Mo ghaol-sa gu aite còmhnuidh-sa;
'S a rinn fuasgaladh saor
O'n diabhol 's o 'n t-saogh'l,
O chridh' mi-naomh a's feolmhorachd;
'S o'n riaraich i lìnn,
Tha i nise gu binn,
Gu siorruidh aig seinn, 'ga ghlòrachadh.

'S ro bheannaicht' gach aon
A shealbhaich an gaol,
'S air an d' oibrich e'n caochladh tabhachdach;
Bidh iadsan gu brath,
Air na téudaibh is aird,
Seinn cliù a shaor ghrais a shabhail iad;
Ach tha mis' air na tuinn,
Gu tric air mo dhruim,
'S mo mhisneach gach taobh 'gam fhailigeadh.
Gun ghliocas, gun luths',
A dh' earbadh mo chuis,
Ris a chusbair a stiuradh tearuinte mi.

Ach sguiridh mo dhan,
Cha dean e dhomh sta
Bhi 'g innseadh mo chradh do chréutairibh;
Bhiodh dhomhsa ni b'fhearr,
Bhi umhailte dha-s',
Thug cobhar a bha cho feumail dhomh;
'S 'n uair thainig an uin'
Bha aige-s' na run,
'S rinn esan a cuis a réiteachadh,
'N uair bha i an sas
An glacaibh a bhais,
Rinn facal a ghrais a sèulachadh.

CUMHA DO SHEONAID FRISEAL,

BEAN ARAID A BH' ANN AN CUL-DAOTHAL.

AIR FONN—"Ge socrach mo leabaidh,
Cha chodal tha shuird orm."

THA Tighearn' an fhionain
A' spiònadh nam flùrain,
Nan lilighean mine
Bha finealt a's cubhra,
As a gharadh is isle,
Toirt dillsean a chumhnaint,
'S 'gan tasguidh 'na sheomair
O 'n dòruinn tha dlù dhuinn.

Bha HULDAH na duth'ch-sa
'S an fhuirneis ré tamull,
Le deuchainean ciùrtach
'G a sgùradh 's 'g a glanadh;
'S 'ga sgèudachadh finealt
Air son Rioghachd na clanna,
Th' air an eideadh gu riomhach
Leis an fhirinnteachd mhaireannt.

Na talanna lionmhor
Thug Dia dh'i na h-anam,
Cha robh iad sin diomhan
Fo dhion anns an talamh ;
Bha cridhe mar fhuaran,
Dh' fhion uasal na flaitheis,
Beul milis na firinn,
Na dillseachd 's na gloine.

A tairiseachd inntinn
A mìneachd 's a bruiteachd,
Féin-aicheadh 's fuath peacaidh,
Co' cheartas a's ciuineachd ;
Their gach aon a bha faicinn
A h-astar 's a cursa,
Gu 'm bu teagasg a cleachda,
Gus an deach i 's an ùir uainn.

Ach labhairt mu gràsan,
Agus ailteachd a béusaibh,
Cha bhi mise 'g an aireamh,
Cha 'n 'ar mi dhé 'n leubhadh ;
'S tric fhuair mi a comhnadh
'N am mo bhròin, agus m' éigin,
'S a thug i dhomh ràbhadh
Mu ni thàrladh an deigh sin.

Sud an teaghlach chaidh shailleadh
Le salainn na naomhachd,
Eadar phàranta 's chlann
Bha e gann an leith'd fhaotuinn ;
Ach 's e dh' fheumair a' radh,
Gur e gradh an Fhir-Shaoraidh
A rinn Martha a's Mari,
Agus Lasarus, gaolach.

Tha mòr ghruaim air na cairdean
O 'n la dh' fhag i an comunn,
'S cha b' ioghna' dhuinn féin e,
Nam biodh léirsinn air cunnart ;

Bhi toirt uainne nan réultan,
Bu mhòr cèill agus solus,
'N uair tha'n dorch oirnn aig iadhadh,
An-diadh'achd a's mealladh.

O! nach farsuing na bearnan
Tha air garadh an fhionain,
Na crannaibh meas a bha ailte,
Torrach, fasmhor, a's sgiamhach,
Le fògradh a's bas, tha—
Chuid a dh' fhag iad ro chianail,
Gun bhi faicinn nan aite,
Bheag a' fas ann ach crionach.

Tha 'n co'chomunn uaigneach,
A' fas fuair agus aogaidh,
'S ged tha 'n fhollais co fuaimneach,
'S beag dhe buaidh tha ri faotuinn;
'S gann a dh' fhaodair a radh,
Gu 'n a chradh sinn Fear-saoraidh,
Ged chithear 's a sgathan,
Neul a bhais ann ar n-eudainn.

Och! a nis c' uin a chi sinn
A rìs anns an aite?
Dlù cho'chomunn a's dillseachd,
Aon fhillteachd a's cairdeas;
'S gu 'm biodh anail na saorsainn,
A taomadh a mhan oirnn,
Le toradh na naomhachd,
Agus gaol do na braithrean.

RANN O'N BHEURLA.

GHUILEADH a's bhronadh an duine bochd gorrach,
'S e dearbhta nach beo e 's an fheoil ach re mios;
Ach bidh e gu gaireach, gun eagal no sgath air,
Gun fhios nach e 'n la so bheir am bas e gu crioch.

CROSS-DHAN AIR UILLEAM FRISEAL.

U AINNE thriall an réult bha deàrsach,
I s leòint', ciùirt', rinn sin na cairdean ;
L òchrann soluis a bha boillsgeach,
L àn de chaomhalachd, 's de chaoimhneas ;
E udmhor air son glòir Fhir-saoraidh,
A gus tearnadh anam dhaoine,
M ar sin shiubhail e 's an t-saoghal.

F hianuis bha fior fhallain, tréubhach ;
R oghnaich e an t-aon ni feumail ;
I s iomadh co'chomunn uaigneach,
'S foilìseachadh dhe ghaol a fhuair e ;
E udaichte le trusgan sgiamhach,
A dh' ionracas an Tighearn' Iosa,
L àn sealbhachadh glòir nach criochnaich.

Air 'n fhirean bi'dh cuimhne shiorruidh,
Iomradh cubhr' cha teid air di-chuimhn',
'N eas-onoir ged chuirte sios e,
Maiseach bi'dh air deas-lamh Chriosda.

Ma bhios coigrich ruinn a feòraich,
" Ciod an t-àit' an robh e chòmhnuidh ?"
'S e ar freagair dhoibh gu brònach,
Gu bheil neul a nis 'ga chò'dach :

Ach 's ann faisg air Tòm-na-h-iùbhraich,
A bha 'n t-Uilleam muileach, cliùtach,
'S mor a bha de mheas, 's de mhùirn dha,
Ach cha robh a réir 's mar b'fhiù e.

CROSS-DHAN AIR DONULL MAC CHOINNICH.

D o Dhia tha bas a naoimh ro phriseil,
O ir bheir 'se iad gu aros rioghail,
'N aird air sgiathaibh Ainglean theid iad,
'U s soillsichidh iad mar na rèultan,
L e fireantachd Chriosda 'g an eideadh,
L ochd na ciont' cha mhill an aoibhneas.

M ac a ghraidh le 'bhas a dhion iad—
A sheas 'nan ait', 's a phaigh am fiachan,
C liu gu brath biodh dha-sa' dhiol iad.

C huimhnich orra le gaol an t-saoraidh,
'H ug dhoibh fuasgladh o'n cruaidh-dhaorsainn.
O ! gairdeachas an aoibhneis shiorruidh,
I ongantas a choidhch nach criochnaich,
N a toilltinnich air fearg a's mallachd
N an clarsaichean ciuil, a' moladh
I onmhas do-labhairt a ghaoil sin—
C uan gu brath air nach tig traoghadh—
'H a 'm fuil 'n Uain air son a chaoraich.

An cros-dhan so rinn mi sgriobhadh
'N cuimhn' air ainm mo bhrathair dileas,
A shiubhail comhnard anns an fhirinn,
Fhad 's a chomhnuich e 's an tir so.

A's mu'n chriochnaich e choimhliong
Fhuair e mealtuinnean do mhillseachd,
Is co-chomunn a bha priseil,
'S rinn e dha na brathairean innseadh.

Rinn e 'n earalachd an tra sin,
Le dillseachd saorsainn agus cairdeas,
Ionnas gu robh cuid dhiù raite,
Gu robh e gu grad gu 'm fagail.

Ach sguiribh do chaoidh, mo chairdean,
'S umhlaichibh do thoil an Ard-righ,
Aig guidh' dheth bheartas a ghrais-san,
Gun tog e Elisha 'na àite.

BRIGH COIMH-CHEANGAILTE AINMEAN NAN DEICH PRIOMH-AITHRICHEAN A BH'ANN ROIMH AN TUIL,

Eadhon, ADHAMH, SET, ENOS, &c.—1 Eachd, i. 1.

Air do 'n duine bhi suidhicht'
An cor dubhach as truagh,
Thig sios an Dia beannaicht
A' teagasg, 's le buaidh—
Toraidh a bhais, gheibh daoine—
Tair' agus buailte',
Fois agus sòlas.

RANN.

Bha mo charaid ann an éiginn,
'S o 'n bu mhath leam a bhi réidh 's e,
Fhuair e m' airgiod 's phaidh e fhéich leis,
'S rinn e fuasgladh a bha féumail.

'N uair a thug mi dha e 'n iasad,
Shaoil leam gu 'm bu mhath an gniomh e ;
Ach 'n uair a chaidh mis' 'ga iarraidh,
'S ann a dh'fhas e coimheach iargalt.

An sin chunnaic mi mo mhearachd,
Do nach tug mi tràth an aire ;
An àit' an cairdeas a bhi maireannt,
Chaill mi m' airgiod a's mo charaid.

SORAIDH GU GILLEAN A CHAIDH AS AN TIR SO DO DH' AMERICA.

THOIR an t-soraidh-s' uam le durachd,
Dh' ionnsuidh Ghillean Chlach-na-cùdain,
Chaidh a mach o thìr an dùthchais,
A dh' ionnsuidh dùthaich an Iar.

'S e mo dhùrachd dhuibh bhi sabhailt,
O gach trioblaid agus gabhadh,
Siubhal iriosal gun ardan,
'S creideasach do chàch 'n ar gniomh.

Ma 's a math leibh a bhi sabhailt,
Bithibh cuimhneach air an t-Sàbaid,
'G urnuigh, 's a léubhadh gu crabhach,
A' toirt glòir a ghnà do Dhia.

Ach ma 's e 's gu 'n dean sibh aicheun,
Creideamh Chriosd 's an deach ar 'n arach,
Leanaidh mhallachd dlùth 'n ar sailibh,
'S cha dean àit' air bith ar dion.

RANN.*

Is aithne dhuibh féin mu thrà,
Na's urrainn mise 'g radh mu'n tìr,
An Eaglais sior dol do 'n fhasaich,
'S corruich aig an Dràgon rith'.

'S gann a dh'fhaodar reic no ceannach,
'Measg luchd-malairt air an fhéill,
Gun chomh'ra bhi aca sgriobhta,
Gu bheil iad dileas do na Bhèisd.

* This poem alludes to a certain resolution passed by the Synod of Ross, interdicting all parties from speaking to the question on Communion Fridays, unless possessed of a certificate from their pastor as to their being stated hearers, &c.

'S tha 'm fuigheall tearc th' air am fagail,
Mar dhearcan air bharr na gèig,
Aig an deach am blas a ghlanadh,
'S air na shèid e anail féin.

Gu tric nan tosd le tròm inntinn,
Smuaineachadh air lìnn a bhròin,
Air am bheil Icabod sgriobhta,
Gu 'n dhealaich o ar tìr a glòir.

'S ann an Ros a shuidh a chomhairle,
A shuidhich dòmhain an lìon,
Chum gu 'n glacadh iad na braithrean
Tha cairdeach do chaoraich Chriosd.

'S na dilleachdain 'ta air seachran,
Chum gu'n eisd iad focal Dhia,
Le an-iochd tha iad an toir orr',
O nach deòbhail iad an cuid cioch.'

Ach bha cuid na measg dhe 'n t-seòrsa,
Dhe 'n robh Ioseph 's Necodemus,
Nach d' aontaich ris a ghniomh,
'N uair a rinn iad Criosda a chéusadh,

A's cuid, mar Ghamaliel ciallach,
Aig earail gu dian gu 'n casgadh,
D'eagal gu 'm faighte 'sa chrioch iad,
Ann an aghaidh Dhé a' gleachda.

RUN HABACUIC.

GED robh am fionan gun toradh,
'S an crann oladh gun bhlath air;
Ged robh an stabull gun eachaibh,
A's a mhachair gun bharr oirr';
A's ged a bhasaich na treudan,
A's gun spreidh bhi 'sa bhathaich;
An Dia mo shlainte bidh m' aoibhneas,
A's na chaoimhneas bidh m' earlaid.

ORAN AN URRAMAICH I. M'CLELLAND,

A bh' ann an Circ-cudbright, a' dol an coinneamh a bhais.

(Bho 'n Bheurla.)*

THIG a bhais, gun ghath, thoir thairis;
Feuch! faic mo chòir—
Ann an litrichibh fola!
O laimhs' tha bith-bhuan an glòir.
Iordan, gearr do sruthain,
A's dean t-amar reidh;
Oir tha ainm m' athair sgriobht'—
Air mo ghruaidh, le 'laimh féin.
Tha mo dhearsadh ro bhoillsgeach,
'S tha aoibhneas mo chrùn—
A' cur di-mheas a's tair'—
Air glòir na dh'fhag mi air cùl.
Chi mi caladh mo dhòchais,
'S an t-sraid òr a ta finealt;
Craobh a's abhainn na beatha—
Ann a' meadhon an righ-chath'r,
'Ga mo ghairms' gu sonas,
O gach donas 's an t-saoghal.
Siubhlaibh, thruaigheanan diombuan,
Cha 'n 'eil annaibh ach faoineachd.
Fhuair mi beatha gu basachd',
A's bheir am bas mi 'nis beo;
Os ceann mo chreidimh 's mo dhòchas,
Tha mo sholas ro mhòr.
Thug a ghealladh mi gu mealtuinn,
Sin tha dhomhsa 'nis na shìth;
Toradh a chreidimh 'ga sealbhachd',
A's dùil dearbhta na crìch.

* Faic Eachdruidh beatha nan Urramaich Albannach, taobh 183.

CUIREADH AN T-SHOISGEIL.

(Bho 'n Bheurla.)

THA gairm an t-soisgeil dol mu 'n cuairt,
Is binn d' ar cluais an fhuaim a chlùinn;
Is e guth milis, leaghaidh Chriosd,
Biodh oig' gu dian 'ga chuir an sùim.

"Do 'm ionnsuidh thig a's aom do chluais,
A's éisd gu luath 's bidh t-anam beo;
Oir cumhnant siorruidh ni mi ribh,
'S cha chuir mi 'n sùim 'ur ciont' ni 's mo.

"M' fhuils' chaidh shruthadh sios gu pailt,
Glanaidh 'ur peac' a's ciont' gu léir;
Ni m' spiorad, le gabh'l, beothail, blath,
Beath' nan grais ghin annaibh féin.

"Bith'm dhuibh am ionracas, 's am neart,
A's air sligh' cheart 'ur stiuradh ni;
Gu 's an ruig sibh neamh 'sa chrioch,
A's maille rium gu siorruidh 'm bi."

Guth ait ar Slan'ear éisdidh sinn,
A' ghuidh air peacaich mhìllt' bhi beo;
Ar cnamhan tioram cuir air ghluas'd,
Le feartaibh 's buaidh do spioraid oirnn.

Cuspair earbs' d'ar 'n anama féin;
Cha 'n 'eil e fo na Ghréin ni dion,
Tha ar cridh' ploscartaich gu géur,
A chum bhi réidh re Dia an Criosd.

Is tuirseach, dubhach, leinn gu 'n d'fhuair,
Creatuiribh ar smuaintean òg;
Ach nis ar roghuinn 's tû, 's ar gradh,
Trid neart do ghràis, 'm feadh bhios sinn beo.

Creud dh'iocas mise do mo Dhia,
Air son gach tiodhlaca a's gras?
A *ghìbht* do-labhairt thug a bhuaidh,
Mhac bith-bhuan thabhairt suas 'ar 'n ait'.

FAILLTE DO MHNAOI OIG.

(XI. Mios, 1819.)

Ma fhuair thu nis' do thoilinntinn,
Feuch gu 'n islich e t-ardan,
Oir 's goirid diombuan neo-chinnteach
Uile mhilseanan nàdur.

Tha eas-shlaint' an tòir air slaint',
'S an deigh ghàire thig am bròn;
Cha 'n 'eil là dh' easbhuidh oidhche,
'S tha 'm bàs na òighr' air gach feòil.

Ach 's e bònn aoibhneis nam peacach,
Na feartain tha 'm fuil an Uain;
A mheud 's a chreideas ann trid ghrais,
Cha 'n fhaigh 'n darra bàs orr' buaidh.

COMHAIRLE D'A MHAC.

Caithriseach, faicilleach, dileas,
Gun sannt, gun innleachd, 's gun lùb,
Oibrich air do ghairm le dichioll,
'S cum an fhirinn roimh' do shuil;
Bheir thu cradh a's leòn do d' dhìllsean,
Ma 's e 's gu mìll thu do chliu—
Sin a's fearr na òla phriseil,
Na reic air son ni nach fiù.

SLOINNEADH NAN NAOMH.*

THA m' bheath' lan cunnart 's ribean tric,
Le truaigh' a's baogh'l tighinn gun fhios;
Tòrr do dh' aimhreit thuig a's uaithe,
Raon do dh' aoibhneas a's do thruaighe.

Nam shealladh féin 'san sùilean chaich,
A'm' dhoimhn' do dhiomhaireachd a ta;
'S mi ni éigin o neoni thainig,
Gidheadh gu cinnt, nam neoni tha mi.

Bha mi crùbach, dàll, a's marbh,
Seadh, dh'fhuirich mi mar sin gu dearbh;
'S cha 'n 'eil mi nis' mar bha mi 'n tràth sin,
'S cha bhi mi tuilleadh gu bràth ann.

Tha m' athair beò, 's m' athair shiubh'l e,
Chaill is choisinn mo cheann cumhnaint;
Tha m' pharantan càirdeach 's gu'n iochd,
A dh' aon inntinn 'sa chaochla beachd.

Chuir m' athair nimh bhàis 'na m' anam,
'S lamh mo mhathair mhùch i m' anail;
A bhroin a thug mo shusbain uaithe,
Gu h-aithghearr bithidh i na h-uaigh dhomh.

Ithidh mo pheathraichean m' fheoil dhiom,
Tha m' bhraithrean saltairt orm le foirneart;
Tha m' fhior dhìlsean dhomh ro chronail,
'S mo naimhdean fuilteach deanamh math dhomh.

B'urr' e dhol bho fheirg gu cairdeas,
'S gun chaochla riabh air na bha e;
Is e m' athair-sa e, ach feuch,
Is e aon mhac mo mhathair e.

* This and the following three Poems are from the English of the Rev. Ralph Erskine—see his "Gospel Sonnets."

Is mi mac a mhathair-sa gu fior,
Ach mac nach d' rug a mhathair riabh ;
'S ann air a bhreith leis féin a ta mi,
'S mic athair-sa, 's iad mo bhraithrean.

Tha mi dealaicht', gidheadh pòsda,
'N aghaidh mo thoil, 's mi uile dheonach,
'S aon sinn gun bhi réir a chéile,
Tha m' chéil' lathair, 's mise tréigte.

CEISTEAN SOISGEULACH,

NO,

"CRIOSD NA H-UILE ANNS NA H-UILE."

C.—FHIR-TEAGAISG chaoimh, cia'n t-eolas sin,
A threoraicheas gu ceart,
A dh' ionnsuidh sonas siorruidh mi,
Ann sìth ri Dia 's ri reachd ?
F.—Ma's a ceist' sin tha rireadh ort,
Dhiut innseam le lan toil,
Gur e ainm Chriosd, gun teagamh air,
A fhreagaireas gach cor.

C.—Chaill mi mo Dhia le m' pheacaidhibh,
Thug iomhaigh thlachdmhor-s' dhiom,
Och ! c'ait' am faigh mi dion a nis,
'S mo Dhia a bhi dhe m' dhith ?
F.—'S ann an Iosa Criosd na aonair,
Chuir an Spiorad Naomh 'n céill,
'S an fhuaim a ta ro aoibhneach, far
Am foillsichear dhuit e.

C.—Ach cionnas a bhios Dia naomh réidh,
Ri aon a ta co truaillt',
An deigh dhomh le mo pheacaibh, dol
Co fad air seach'ran uaith' ?

F.—Ann an Iosa Criosd bithidh e
A rìsde riut-sa réidh;
Neach anns a bheil a ghras-sa,
'S a shlaint' 'gan cuir an céill.

C.—O! cia mar gheibh mi co'-roinn dheth,
'S a chi mi gloir a ghrais,
'S mi ann an cor mi-sholasach,
An-dochasach an sàs?
F.—'S ann ann an Criosd a chìthear leat,
Fior iomhaigheachd a ghraidh,
Aig dealrachadh gu boillsgeil, na
Ghnuis chaoimhneil ghaoil gu brath.

C.—Ach c'ait' a nis an iarrar leam,
An diadhachd tha dheth m' dhìth,
'S am faigh mi e gun fhailigeadh,
Le *barrant* laidir cìnnt?
F.—Ann an Criosd an Slanuighear,
Tha an comhnuidh ann gun dìth,
Lan phailteas do dh'uil'-fhoghainteachd,
Ni cobhair anns gach ni.

C.—Ach cia mar gheibh mi tiorcadh, nis
O n' ciontaibh chuir mi 'n gniomh,
'S o n' cherruich theintich, lasaraich,
A dh'iocas ceartas Dhe?
F.—Ann an Criosd, neach a ghiulan leis
'N trom luchd an ait' a shluaigh,
Air chrann sin a bha piantachail,
Thug riarachadh, a's buaidh.

C.—Mo thruaigh'! tha m'aomadh lathail-sa,
Dol dh'ionnsuidh rathad claon,
O! cia mar théid mi fhlaitheanas
'S mi fhathast co ro fhaoin?
F.—Trid Chriosd an rathad coisrichte,
Chaidh nochda' dhuit gu réidh,
Le ordugh teann aig iarruidh ort,
Gu 'n striochdadh tu da réir,

C.—Cia choir no'n dligh' a bhuineas dhomh,
Air sonas siorruidh buan,
Air dhomh a bhi neo-fhirinneach,
'S mi m' dhìleachdan ro-thruagh?
F.—Ann 'n Criosd, an t-ainm ro ghlormhor sin,
Le coir a cheannuich sìth,
'S e 'n TIGHEARNA AR N-IONRACAS,
A's caochladh air cha bhi.

C.—Co dh'fhaodas dol a steach an sin,
Le cosaibh salach, truaillt'?
Neo-iomchuidh air an Aros sin
Gu brath cha téid neach suas.
F.—Tha Criosda 'ga do thaisbeanadh,
Ro mhaiseach le 'fhuil féin;
Tha a spiorad, 's eadar-ghuidh'-san,
'Ga t-uidheamachd' da réir.

C.—Nach faod mo spiorad fàilneachadh,
Tha lag a ghnath mar fhéur,
'S mar sin, teachd gearr de shlanuigh'rachd,
'S gu'n càill mi *fabhar* Dhé?
F.—Iosa, Tighearna t-ionracais,
Se 'n aon sin mar an céudn',
A bhios na Thighearn' nearta dhuit,
Mar a bhios ortsa féum.

C.—Nach faod àrmailt' na h-ifrinn, tha
An-iochdmhor, nimheach, fiàt,
A's naimhde fuilteach, ea-corach,
San ròd mo réub' gu dian?
F.—Tha Criosd na charaid tròcaireach,
Cuir sréin 'nam beòil, 's a rìs',
Aig tabhairt fois o dhòruinn, do
Na h-anama leòinte, sgìth.

C.—'M faod coguis, 's cionta àrd-ghlaodhach,
Mo shàrachadh 'san uair,
'S mo mhisneach, a's mo shòlasa,
Gu m' bhròn, a thabhairt uam?

F.—Ach 's urra Criosd 'ghnuis fhòillseachadh,
Le furan caoimhneil, gaoil,
'S do mhaitheanas a shéulachadh,
Le làmhaibh féin gu caomh.

C.—Ach cia mar 's urra' tròcair ruith,
Troimh' dhomhlachd tha ro mhòr,
Dheth na ciontaibh lionmhor sin, a
Chaidh ghniomhachadh le deòin ?
F.—Mar amar leis a bhruthach, anns
An siubhail uisg' gu réidh,
Tha Criosd na chlaghan tròcair anns
An còmhluich maitheas Dé.

C.—Nach faod ceartas teachd 'san eadraiginn,
A's seasamh suas gu dàn,
Ag cur an aghaidh tròcair chaomh,
A chòir a thabhairt dhà ?
F.—Phaidh Iosa Criosd an t-Ionracan,
Gach aon diubh air a chlàr,
Chaidh ceartas Dhé a riarachadh,
'S cha'n iarr e bònn gu bràth.

C.—Ach c'àit' am faic mo shùile-s', le
Deagh iùil, a's solas cridh',
Mo mhaitheanas le cìnnteas, tha
Na inntreachduinn do shìth ?
F.—Ann an gealladh saor a Chriosd sin,
Thug riarach'd le 'fhuil féin,
Is ann an sin a chì thu e,
Troimh' 'n TI a rinn an réit.

C.—Ach cia a nis mo *bharantas*,
Nach 'eil an gealladh faoin ?
Deir cabhaig, a's eas-creidimh, gu
Bheil teagamh anns gach aon,
F.—Ann an Criosd tha iad coimhlionta,
Ro chothromach a chean',
Oir annsan tha na geallanna,
'Nan seadh a's 'nan AMEN.

C.—Ach c'àit' a nis an iarrar leam,
'S am faigh mi Criosd e féin,
Le gheallannaibh ro phrìseil,
Milis, firinneach a bheil ?
F.—Tha Criosda anns na geallanaibh,
Le *barantas* ro chìnnt,
Bheir creidimh an sin coinneamh dhà,
'S bidh an co'-chomunn bìnn.

C.—'M bheil Criosda anns na geallannaibh,
'S na geallannaibh an Criosd,
O ! cia a nis mar ruigeas mi,
Air tuigsinn so bhi fior ?
F.—Tha 'fhuil,'sa spiorad naomha-san,
Aig aonadh annt' gu leir,
'Gan séulachadh, s 'gan càramh riut,
A' deanamh 'n àirde t-fheum.

C.—O'n lagh teinnteach, lasarach, tha
A' bagair corruch Dhé ;
Ciod e 'm fior dhion bhios agam-sa,
Bho h-agartas ro ghéur ?
F.—An làn ùmhlachd a thug Criosd dh'i,
'S e 's dion do 'n chiontach sgìth,
Dearc air le sùil a chreidimh, a's
Cha'n eagal dhuit a chaoidh,

C.—Ach cìa mar gheibh mi creidimh, 's mi
Làn eagail a's mi-shìth,
Creidsinn is ni nach urrainn mi,
As deigh na h-uile strì ?
F.—'S e Criosda fein an t-Ughdar aig,
'S an cliù sin buinidh dhà,
An creidimh bheir mar thiodhlacadh,
Reir fialaidheachd a ghrais.

C.—Ach c'uin' dh'fhaodas mis', eas-creidmheach,
Bhi'n dùil ri freagra' gràidh,
A's do mo leith'ds' gu'n lìubhair e,
Ghibht phrìseil sin gu bràth ?

F.—T' eas-creidimh ni e rusga' dhuit,
Ro pheacach, ciuirteach, trom,
A's reitichidh e risd an sin,
Do'n t-siol ro phriseil fonn.

C.—Ach nis nach fheumain aithreachas,
Geur fhaireachadh do m' chridh'?
Cia as a gheibh mi 'n giàs so, tha
A ghnath a' dol roimh shith?
F.—Na Phrionns', agus na Shlànuighear,
Air ardachadh tha Criosd,
'Thoirt aithreachas, a's maitheanas,
A's flaitheanas 'sa chrioch.

C.—Cia mar dh'fhaodas meall co truaillt', de
Dhus suarach mar tha mi,
Le m' smaointean làn de dh'fhaoineachd, bhi
An dùil ri naomhachd cridh'?
F.—'S e Criosd, le spiorad naomha, bheir
An caochla' sin mu'n cuairt,
Le ceum, a's ceum 'ga d' aomadh, leis
A ghaol a thug a bhuaidh.

C.—Ach cia mar ni mi'n comhnuidh, na
H-oibre 's coir bhi deant',
Tha gach là air 'n orduchadh leis,
Dhomhsa a chuir an gniomh?
F.—Bheir eifeachd spioraid Chriosda dhuit,
An toil 's an gniomh le cheil',
'S bithidh tu 'n là a chumhachd-san,
Dha umhailte do reir.

C.—Ach cia mar leigh'sear m' eucailean,
Mo chréuchda, a's mo leòin,
A ta do ghnàth 'ga m' réubadh, a's
'Ga m' chuir an éigin mhòr?
F.—'S e Criosd an neach a shéulaicheadh,
Na lighich tréun a shluaigh,
An Tighearn' ni do shlànachadh,
'S e ainm gu bràth 's gu buan.

C.—Bu chòir dhomh bhi ri ùrnuigh, a'
Sior iarruidh gnuis a ghraidh,
O! cia mar nis a shiubhlas mi,
'Sa chùrsa so le tairbh?
F.—Spiorad urnuigh, a's achanaich,
'Thoirt seachad is le Criosd;
A bheir gu saor an gras so dhuit,
Oir 'ta se ghna ro fhial.

C.—Tha obair sin na slanuigh'rachd,
Na h-obair ard ro mhòr;
Mo thruaigh'! ciod a ni mi, a's mi
Nam dhìlleachdan gun treoir?
F.—An *Alpha* 's an *Omega*, is
E Criosda féin gu fior,
An ceud neach 'sa neach deireannach,
Sin goirear dheth gu sior.

C.—Cia an steigh sin is tear'nta dhomh,
A chuir an aird' mo dhòigh,
Air eagal is gu'n dibear e,
'S gu 'm bi mi millt' fa-dheoidh?
F.—Is e Criosd am bunait' cinnteach,
'S am fior chlach oisinn bheò,
Creig nan àil 's nan lìnneachan, a's
Cha dibear e do dhoigh.

C.—'N uair tha mi dubh le truaillidheach,
Ro shalach, uabhar, bréun,
O! c'ait' am faigh mi glanadh, bho
Gach spot a's smal tha'm ghné?
F.—'S e Criosd an tobar glanaidh, do
Gach anam ann na fheum;
Th'air fhoillseachadh 'san t-shoisgeul dhuit
Gu fosgailt', farsuing, réidh.

C.—'N uair tha mo phlaighean lionmhorachd,
Le bron, 'us pìan ro ghèur,
Ciod e nith' a ni mi, na bheir
Fois agus sith dhomh féin?

F.—Tha aig an Tighearna Iosa,
Deagh ioc-shlaintean do d' leòn,
Fuasgladh do t-uile uireasbhuidh,
A's buideal dha do dheòir.

C.—Ach a bheil fois ri fhaotainn, air
Son aon tha càillt' gu tur,
Do'n neach sin a ta 'n còmhnuidh mìllt',
Gun dòchas aig, no bun?
F.—Tha Criosd o pheacadh tearnadh, a's
Esan a mhàin an TI,
Gu ruig a chrioch is iomallaich,
Ni pilleadh ort o dhith.

C.—Ach c' àite 'm bi mi tearuinte,
Fa-dheoidh o bhàs gun chrioch,
O ifrinn a's o dhòrainnibh,
Tha dhomhs' nan aobhar fiamh?
F.—O osag fhéirg a's dhioghaltais,
'Se Criosda féin gu brath,
O chorruich Dhé ni teasairginn,
Le 'sheasamh anns gach cas.

C.—Nach fhaod am bas tha nadurach,
Bhi dhomhs' na namhad mòr,
A ghrathain, agus uabhasan,
'S gach truaigh' th' orm-s' an tòir?
F.—Rinn Criosd le 'bhas do shaoradh, ann
An gaol do t-anam féin,
'S thug e 'n gath guineach, ruinn-bhiorach,
O'n namhad mhillteach, thréun.

C.—Ach cia mar 's urrainn Criosd, a bhi
Na dhion 's na h-uile trath,
Na chobhair o gach daorsainn, a's
Na shaoradh anns gach cas?
F.—Do bhrigh gur e an Tighearna.
Do 'm buin mar dhlighe gras,
'N T-UIL' ann 's na H-UILE 'n comhnuidh, 'se
IEHOBHA buan gu brath.

C.—Ach cia mar bhios e lathair, anns
Gach uile aite féum,
'Sa chobh'reas e gun fhailigeadh,
Ann coimh-lion cas a's téinn ?
F.—Do bhrigh gu bheil ainm glormhor-san,
An comhnuidh dhuinne dlùth,
EMANUEL Dia maille ruinn,
Gu maireannach, 's e chliù.

C.—An ann aige-san a mhain, a
Tha cumhachd slainte shaor,
Nach 'eil a bheag air fhagail gus
A dheanamh 'n aird' le daoin' ?
F.—Aon togair, toil, na dùrachd, na
Uiread smuaint' mhaith cuir suas,
A dh'easbhuidh Chriosd cha 'n urrainn thu,
Tha d' chomas uile truaillt'.

C.—Ach ma ni Criosd na h-uile ni,
'N toir duine saors' d' a mhiann,
A's an gabh sinn socair fheolmhor,
Gun eagal oirnn no fiamh ?
F.—Ann lasair teine dioghaltais,
Thig Criosd e féin a mhan,
Thoirt sgrios le mallachd shiorruidh, air
Luchd saltair sios a ghrais.

SMUIDEADH AN TOMBAC AIR A THIONNDA GU SEADH SPIORADAIL.

NA ghearradh 'm Plannt so sios gu t-fhéum,
Mar sin chaidh Plannt a chliù le béum ;
Chuir trocair uaith',
Air chrioch ni 's uaìsl' ;
Smuanich féin mar so le cùram,
'N uair a smùideas tu tombac.

O! 'n tig brigh a's sùgh co fallain,
O luibh coigreach, suarach, salach ;
Cia ro mor buaidh,
Blàth Iess' dh'a shluaigh ;
Smuainich féin mar so le cùram,
'N uair a smùideas tu tombac.

Tha 'n gealladh mar a phiob a ghabh'l,
'S beul a chreidimh as aig' tarruing ;
Feartaibh gràs-mhor,
Fluthair Shàroin ;
Smuainich fein mar so le cùram,
'N uair a smùideas tu tombac.

Piob gun fhadadh 's faoin bhi séideadh,
Tha gach meadhon co neo-fheumail,
Gun tein' o shuas,
Chuir gras air ghluas'd ;
Smuainich fein mar so le curam,
'N uair a smùideas tu tombac.

Tha 'n ceo dol suas mar dheatach tùis,
Mar sin biodh t-anam-sa ri urnuigh,
Le scairteachd gheur,
Dol thar na speur ;
Smuainich fein mar so le curam,
'N uair a smùideas tu tombac.

AN SAOGHAL TAIREIL, AGUS FLAITHEANAS THAITNEACH.

CHA 'n 'eil anns an t-saoghal
Fharsuing fhaoin so ge mor e,
Aon ni riaraicheas m' iarrtuis,
No ni lionas mo dhochas ;

Is e aoibhneas ni 's glaine,
'S ni 's maireannaich comhnuidh,
Tha mo smuainteana lionmhors',
Aig dian iarraidh mar co'-roinn.

'S mor mo dheidh air gu fagainn
Tir an anraidh 's an luasgaidh;
An ceol tursach 's an canran,
Tha gach la ann mo chluasaibh;
'N cois an aoibhneis is airde,
'S tric cradh agus cruadhchas;
'N uair is subhaiche gaire,
Faodaidh 'm bas bhi 'san uair ann.

Far bheil doilgheas a's daorsa,
Ghnath air saorsadh a' saltradh;
Seann lotan gun dùnadh,
'S buill' as ùr a toirt speac orr';
Stoirm a's tonnan a' bruchdadh
Orm, 's mi duint' ann an cearcall;
Mach 's a stigh a's mu 'n cuairt dhomh,
Aig sior bhualadh mu seach orra.

Far bheil uisgeachan braise
Cath ri clachaibh a's bruachan,
Dol nan sgùm anns na claisibh,
Le mor thartar gu fuaimneach;
A's neòil thorrach gu h-àrda,
Le tein' a's tairneanach béuchdach,
Aig sior thaomadh am brù oirnn,
Le uisge dlù as na spéuran.

Far bheil iolairean làidir,
Tha dol 'n àirde 'san iormailt,
Air an tilgeadh gu talamh,
Gun bhi carachd an sgiathan;
Agus sèdairean fàsmhor,
Maiseach, àillt', agus sgiamhach,
Sìnnte seargt' air an làr,
'S iad air fàs mar a chrionach.

Far bheil am peacadh, 'ni mallaicht',
Musach, neo-ghlan, a's graineil,
A rinn salach a's truaillidh
Uile bhuadhan ar nadur—
Mathar-aobhar gach buaireadh,
Olc, a's truaigh, agus anradh,
Faighinn còmhnuidh gu siothchail,
Anns an tìr le mòr chairdeas.

'S e thug oidhche tha buan oirnn,
'S a chuir uainn an la aillte,
Na féich a dhligheadh gach duin',
'S ach Dia cha b' urrainn am paidheadh;
Am fior bhuitsiche mealltach,
Tha sior ghealltuinn mòr shòlas,
A's gu 'n ni aig gu dhioladh,
Ach ifrinn, pian, agus dòruinn.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi mi-shùbhach,
'S an àite dhubhach a's bhrònach,
'S gnuis ghaoil m' athar fo sgàile,
'S fear mo ghraidh bhi air f hogradh;
'S ged a tha mi le bardachd
A cur dan ann an òrdugh,
Cha 'n acain brèige mo chradh-sa,
'S mi fad o aite mo shòlais.

Far 'm biodh agam-sa co'-roinn
De mòr aoibhneas an aireamh,
Tha gu caithreamach buadhach,
A' sèinn shuas ann a lathair—
Gun sgios a' snamh ann an cuaintibh,
De shith shuaimhneas a's abhachd,
A's gu siorruidh toirt cliù dha,
Ann a chùirtibh gu h-aluinn.

'N uair a shileas sios boinnean
De ghaol 's co'-chomuinn a ghrasan—
Air mòr shaoibhreas a's beartas,
A's beanntan creich chuirinn taire;

Crùin Righre 's Slat-riaghlaidh
  Mheasainn diomhain gun tabhachd,
Sgleò a's faileas gun susbain,
  A tha mort an luchd graidh-san.

Bu ro shubhach an uair sin,
  Anns an d'fhuair mi mòr shaorsa,
Anns an dubhairt ri Iosa,
  'S leam gu siorruidh a ghaoil thu ;
A' dlù mhealtuinn a chairdeas,
  'S a ghnuis ghraidh a tha faolaidh,
'S leaghadh sios le fior aoibhneas,
  Le mais' a's caoimhneas m' Fhir-saoraidh.

Deanadh amhlairean baoghalt
  Dh' am bheil an saoghal mar *phortion*,
Toir air saoibhreas a's beartas,
  Agus taitneasan feolmhor ;
Ach 's e na flaitheas is miann leam,
  Gnuis a's iomhaigh 'n Uain ghlormhor ;
'S gu 'm biodh spiorad na firinn
  Ann mo chrìdh' na fhear comhnuidh.

'N dùil gu 'n sèinn mi gun osnadh,
  Ann am fochair na Trionaid,
Gloir, a's cliu, agus moladh,
  A bhios maireannach siorruidh—
Their a nis ris an talamh
  Fhaoin, fhalamh, a's dhiomhain,
Slan le d'fhuath a's le d' chairdeas,
  Slan le d' ghradh a's le d' mhi-ruin.

CROS-DHAN

AIR MAIGHSTEAR UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH,

UGHDAR NAN DAIN SO.

M aighstear Uilleam Mac Choinnich,
A n duine bha feumail
I omadh bliadhna 'san Leidheas, a' teagasg an cloinn;
G ed a chuir iad e imrich
'H un a bhaile 's an Ionbhair,
'S tric a tha sinn 'ga iomradh, 'se fuireach 'nar cuimhn';
T eo-chridheach, caithriseach,
E udmhor, iriosal, dileas,
A gus cuimear 'na imeachd,
R iaraich e 'thim a la 'sa linn.

U asal, oileanach, iunnsaicht',
I onraic, deaschainnteach, cubhra,
L eis bu chaomh a bhi 'g urachd nam fann—
L eis bu taitneach gu 'm fasadh
E agal De anns gach fardaich,
A nns gach duthaich a's cearnaidh,
M easg gach sluagh, agus canan, a's cainnt.

M aiseach, urramach, direach,
A nn an teagasg a Bhiobuil,
C' uin a gheibht' air an fhirinn air chall.

C eann na coinneamh a b' abhaist bhi
H -uile seachduin 'na fhardaich
O idhche ullachaidh Sabaid;
I nnsidh mhuinntir tha 'n lathair,
N aigheachd chliuiteach do 'n al thig nan deigh air:
'N àm an glacaibh a bhais dha,
I oc-shlaint' Ghilead shlanuich,
C riosd shaor le a ghras e,
H aleluia gu brath bidh dha sheinn leis.

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

MR LACHLAN M'LAUCHLAN, TEACHER AT ABERIACHAN.

MR LACHLAN M'LAUCHLAN, the author of the following poems, was born in the neighbourhood of Inverness, about the year 1729. The family from which he was descended had for generations occupied a portion of the farm of Kinmylies, called Balauchlan; and there, as we understand, he entered upon life. In his early years he became impressed by divine truth, and was selected by the then rising Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge as a fit agent for the work in which they were engaged.

The state of religion in the Highlands was at that time very different from what it is now. There were a few, and but a few, who had felt its power. These were persons whose piety, reared amidst innumerable difficulties, was, as is ever the case in similar circumstances, of a high order; but the body of the people were sunk in heathenism. The clan system was still in full vigour, while, although Presbytery was the established form of Church government, Jacobite Episcopacy still flourished over large districts, and commanded an overwhelming majority of the population. When the subject of this memoir was about sixteen years of age, the rebellion of 1745 broke out, which ended in the disastrous defeat at Culloden —and he has been heard, in after years, detailing the scenes that met his own eye, as the wretched fugitives from that field were cut down by the English soldiery. It was immediately after this that he was selected as one of those to whom should be entrusted one of the schools of the Society already mentioned. His first field of labour was Culduthel, within three miles of Inverness; and so much energy and industry did he bring to bear on the duties he had to perform, and so high did his character stand for intelligence and true Christian worth, that after a few years' labour there, he was selected by the Society to take up what was considered one of their most

difficult positions—the district of Abriachan, on the north bank of Lochness, and ten miles to the westward of Inverness. This was for many years a nest of incorrigible smugglers. The people were neither christianized nor civilized—the three or four townships which form the community are perched in a gorge near the summit of the steep hill, which forms the north bank of the valley of Loch Ness. High mountains surround them on every side, and the inhabitants, while thus possessed of every advantage necessary for the carrying on their nefarious traffic, were almost entirely shut out from the fellowship of other men, and the influence of those principles which were then in a great measure beginning to leaven the mind of the surrounding population.

The subject of our memoir felt a strong reluctance to proceed to the occupancy of such a field of labour. There was nothing congenial in it to the state of his feelings—it demanded an abandonment of all christian fellowship, and a throwing of himself among a people who could have no sympathy with him, and among whom he looked for little success. Still he did not refuse, and although it was sometime ere he proceeded permanently to reside there, he commenced his labours, and but few years sufficed to show their fruits. He came soon to be deeply prized by the people, and ere many years passed over, the meeting house of Abriachan was the *rendezvous* of all the godly of the neighbourhood. There were not a few who walked every Lord's-day ten, even twenty miles to hear Lachlan M'Lauchlan exhort. He married twice; his second wife, by whom alone he had any family—a woman of like mind with himself, was Isabella Forsyth, a native of Croy, and one who long lived in the family of, and more than that, owed under God her soul's salvation, to the eminent Mr James Calder, minister of that parish. As an indication of character it is related that, when their only son was born, the father desired to have him called Hector, after the celebrated Mr Hector Macphail of Resolis, but the influence of the mother prevailed, and he was called James, after the no less celebrated Mr James Calder.

The influence of our author's talents and character were soon felt in Abriachan; and the results of his labours both as a teacher and exhorter or Catechist, were such as amply to vindicate the choice of the much honoured Society who had sent him. A horde of smugglers became changed into a body of respectable industrious tenantry, and among a people at first little removed from heathenism,

many gave indication of having received the word "in power." To bring about such a result, however, needed under God a man possessed of no ordinary qualifications; but, that he was one of these, the subject of our memoir gave ample evidence—"He was all things to all men, that by any means he might gain some." He had more than one kind of weapon with which to assail evil; no doubt one was prominent—the word of God, and to it he gave that place which might be looked for from a man of his deep piety and devotedness. But he was also a true poet, and many who defied his exhortations as addressed to their consciences and heart from the Divine word, trembled when they became exposed to the lash of his Satire. In this way he was instrumental in putting down many moral nuisances which then infected the country. Among these was the habit of card-playing, which was at the time universal throughout the Highlands—there were few meetings at Baptism, Weddings, or even Latewakes, where they were not introduced. In the eyes of the godly this was a national reproach, and our author was of too ardent a mind not to sympathize deeply with the failing. He accordingly took up the weapon which he knew so well to employ, and was not a little helpful in uprooting the practice, by his Satire beginning with—

"'S oil leam nach robh cluich nan cairtean,
Air a chur tur as an fhasan;
'S mor a bhitheadh a dh'fheobhas tlachd
Air gillean nam bailtean-sa thall."

Nothing grieved our author, as well as the rest of the pious people of our country, more than the inroads which unsound doctrine, and practical indifference, were making in the Church during the progress of the last century, and that more especially among ministers. To the Church of Scotland he was an attached friend—but it was to the Church of Knox and Melville, and not the church which was defaced and deformed by the influence of lay patronage. To the class of ministers called "Moderates," he was the uncompromising opponent, and had to endure not a little in consequence; while to such men as Mr James Calder, Mr Hector Macphail, and Dr Alex. Fraser of Kirkhill, he bore an affection which only such minds as his could experience. At sacramental fellowship meetings he took the lead wherever he was present; and to this his high talents, and deep Christian experience, gave him an ample title. One of his usual themes in his addresses was the low state of the Church, and

especially the unfaithfulness of many moderate ministers; and so assured was he of the feelings that existed on the part of many of these towards him, and their anxiety, if possible, to lay hold of his sayings, that his usual conclusion to such remarks—a throwing down in fact of the gauntlet—was, " 'S coma leam co mharcuicheas an t'each, no dh' innseas an sgeula." At the same time the whole of these evils he traced in a great measure to the existence and operation of the law of patronage; and his feelings on this subject are very distinctly brought out in two thoroughly poetical stanzas, in his Elegy on the death of Mr Macphail of Resolis:—

" Ged a dheanta leachd do 'n *Phatron*,
Bu truime gu mor na bh' air Las'rus,
'S a h-adhlacadh uiread a laithean,
'S gu saoilt' i bhi gabhail faileadh:

" Gidheadh 'n uair dh' eircas a Ceannas,
Bheir e aithn' an leachd-sa charachd,
'S theid *Patronachd* gus an dorus,
'S tionndaidh ceol ar bron gu moladh."

We conclude this brief memoir of a very remarkable man, by the following extracts from a letter of his, addressed to his son, the Rev. James M'Lauchlan of Moy, at the time a student of divinity:— " I say, when two things are awanting, to go along with either—the doctrine of law or gospel has little or no effect, i.e. when either wants a homely and particular application. It may be sound morality or sound gospel (even when both differ), yet so general as that attentive hearers may hear, and never be made to cry out, *What shall we do to be saved?* Secondly, when law or gospel is not attended with the operation of the spirit of Christ, what can be expected to be the consequence? . . There is no wind so proper to winnow Christ's corn as that of the Gospel; for which I refer to Matt. iii. 12; Is. i. 17. I might say a great deal on this subject; but one thing I find is, when some would maintain that never man spake like this man, yet when Christ would address himself with particular homliness, these very same lips would cry out, *Crucify him, crucify him!* And that is come on the Church of Scotland, that she is now filled with a silly general strain of preaching when and where soundest, fearing if truth is told so homely as to say like Nathan to David, 'Thou art the man,' the speaker would become a prey; and if such is the case with such as can preach orthodox law and gospel, what can be said of such as can but lecture out har-

angues that are neither true morality nor gospel? . . I think some, and no small part, of the distinction between a picture and the real being of grace, is first in the begetting, next in the birth, then in the feeding, next in the growth. . . With regard to the love of God, you do well to put that before hating sin; but I would suggest that our love is strong enough untried. It is easy to love Christ till it comes to that of bearing the cross, and it is also easier to love the cross of Christ, than love the fruit that grows upon it; and you and I have need to be jealous of our love, lest the world with its fashions, the flesh with its allurements in extenuating sin, the Devil with his temptations baiting the hook to our taste, may say, or attempt to say, of our love to Christ, or his cause, or people—'half mine.' I fear the going through our time empty-handed of this love."

The above extracts will give a better idea of the character and acquirements of the man than any thing we can write on the subject. After a long life spent in his heavenly master's service, he entered on his rest in the year 1801. His remains lie interred in the church-yard of Kirkhill.

Our author committed several of his poems to writing, but from the low estimation in which he held his own productions, a short time previous to his death he burnt the MS.; and, with the exception of Mr Macphail's Elegy, the pieces in this volume are only fragments handed down from oral recitation.

T. M'L.

CUMHA
MHAIGHSTIR EACHAINN MHIC PHAIL,

MINISTEAR AN T-SOISGEIL ANN AN SGIRE RI-SHOLUIS.

Ni sinn an cumha nach ceòl leinn,
Ni sinn gul, a's ni sinn caoineadh,
Air son Sgir' Ri-sholuis bhronach,
Mar ni lionmhorachd d' an eol i.

Ach 's e 's aobhar do ar cumha,
Ged a bhith'maid bronach, dubhach,
Thricead 's chaidh ar fagail subhach,
'S ceol na trombaid òir na siubhal.

'N uair sheinneadh an trombaid òir ud,
Le guth fallain an deagh òrdugh,
'S lionmhor anam tìnn, a's leòinte,
O Bhiobal riamh a fhuair *comhfort.*

B' e Maighstear Fachainn air ainm e,
Maighstear Mac Phàil bha e ainmeil,
'S gànn a leìthid eil' an Alba,
'S goirt an ceòl ar bròn o dh'fhalbh e.

O'n là dh'fhalbh e uainne dhachaidh,
'S lionmhor aig an dh'fhàg e acain,
'S dan leir a bhreitheanas faisg oirnn,
'S e coslach nach pill i dh'aithghearr.

'S fad' o thainig a mi-shealbh oirnn,
Ann an Eaglais na h-Alba,
Dh'fhàs diùbhrasan a's roinnean searbh innt',
'S iomadh aon deth bònn a dh'fhalbh dh'i

Tha bhuil ann gun chràdh i Ceannas,
Theirig *làmpachan* a soluis,
'S na bheil ann do choinnle glana,
Thainig iad gu tearbadh tana.

Cha beag a chùis chlisgidh a's iomnaidh,
Gu bheil a ceannas a' cur imrich,
Ciobeirean a bhàrr an ionailt',
Gun ach gànn a fàs 'nan inbhe.

Cha bheag an comharradh féirge,
Gu'n tug a ceannas air falbh uainn,
Cibeirean soilleir na h-Alba,
Mar bha o chionn ghoirid searbh dhuinn.

'S i bhuill' fa dheireadh is gòirte,
'S i bhuill' ùr a rinn ar lòtadh,
Chaidh ar spuinneadh de ar sochais,
'S chaidh ar cùis os-ceann ar n-osnuich.

Ach co idir ghabhas truas rinn?
Tha iad tearc anns an Taobh-tuath-sa,
Nach dean gàire ri ar cruaidh-chas,
Mar nach b'àmhghar dhuinn an cruadals'.

Tha cuid dhe na Cibeirean fallan,
Ged a tha an aireamh tana,
Ann an co-chuid ri ar gearain,
Bhios iad fhéin gu déurach, geallach.

Cuid eil' a tà mar mhic *Eli*,
Ghranicheas pobull o'n eisdeachd,
Ni iad gàire ri ar sgéileadh,
'S leith'd Mhaighstear Mhic Phàil 's gràin le eiridh.

Mairidh ionndrain anns an lìnn so,
Aig na Ministearaibh dìleas,
Air an *Elieser* chinnteach,
A ghleidh Céile Mac an Righ dha.

Bidh ainm-san cùbhr' ann ar làith-ne,
'S aig an lìnn nach d'eirich fhathasd,
'N uair a bhios ainm chaich air lòbhadh,
Leis nach bu chaomh riamh a leithid.

'S goirt a ni sinn guil, a's caoineadh,
Air-son Mhinistearan oga,
Leis nach bu chaomh riamh a chomhnadh,
'S an deigh a bhàis nach bi bronach.

'S dubh an comhar' air ar lìnn-ne,
O na dh'fhàs an saoineadh-s' lionmhor,
'S ma leanas a phlàighs' air sineadh,
Ni iad fasach dheth ar tir-ne.

Cha'n ioghna ged robh sinn osnach,
'S Maighstear Mac Phàil bhi na thosd uainn,
B' e fhéin Ministear nam bochdan,
'S teirc a dh'fhàg e 'n diugh a chosmhail.

Cha b' aithne dhuinn a leithid a theagaisg,
Gu bhi comhfhurtachd nan eag'lach,
'S gu bhi fuasgaladh gach teagamh,
Bhiodh air anama brùite, ceasnuicht'.

'S mòr air iònndrain an àm Orduigh,
Ann an INBHIRNIS 'san CROIDH,
'S a liuth'd àit' eil an robh a chòmhnadh,
'S iomadh neach na dheigh tha brònach.

B' iongantach a *ghibht* a bh'aige,
Os ceann a bhraithre 'san Eaglais,
Dh'fhuasgaladh gach ni bha 'n teagàmh,
Do dh'anamanna bhiodh fo eagal,

'S cha robh a *ghibht* ann am folach,
No air a tiodhlaiceadh 'san talamh,
Mo thruaighe! Sgìre RI-SHOLUIS,
'N uair tha sgìrean eile gallach.

Tha Sgire RI-SHOLUIS brònach,
'S ni sinn leatha cobhair chaoinidh,
'S nach fhaic sinn ni 's mò aig Orduigh.
Solus an Taobh-tuath a b' oirdheirc.

Ach cha b' ann a mhain mar shearm'nich,
Choisinn e cliù ann an Alba;
Bha a *phairtean* uil' co ainmeil,
'S gu'n dean àlan eil' air seanachas.

Mar 's tearc a rainig a sholus,
'S co tearc 'gam b' eòl teas a theallaich,
Do luchd a chòt' anns an fhearann,
'S tha bhuil ann, cha léir dhoibh 'n galar.

Togam fianuis anns an t-saoghal,
O na b'aithn' e measg nan daoine,
Mar robh toradh air a shaothair-s',
Nach b'aithne dhuinn riamh ri fhaotainn.

Anns an teallach-s' fhuair e glèusadh,
Fhuair e teanga dhaoine léubhant',
Gu bhi labhairt ann an *séusan*,
Ri coguisibh ciùirt' nan éigin.

'S e na fhuair e ghoil 'san teallaich-s',
Thug beachd dha air a neo-ghlaine,
A's sealladh air a thur neo-chomas,
Rinn e na Ministear fallan.

Lean am beachd-s' ris fad a bheatha,
Ged a bha a shaorsainn, leathan,
'S teirc a b'aithne dhuinn a leithid,
D'fhear-treòraich chum craobh na beatha.

'S cha bu lugh' 'shaorsainn, no eigin,
'S bha sholus mar eirigh na gréine,
'S lean e riamh air ruith na réis ud,
Le cabhag mar a Ghrian 's na speuraibh.

Lean e ruith na réis ud roimhe,
Le cabhag air fad a bheatha,
Sior dheanamh maith ann a làtha,
Do gach neach a thàrladh na rathad.

B' e sud an laghadh a fhuair e,
Anns an teallach nach robh fuar dha,
'S lean an laghadh-s' anns gach uair ris,
Gus an tug am bàs 'san uaigh e.

'S an ris a bha 'n làmh bha càirdeach,
Rinn a *dhreasaigeadh* gu h-aluinn ;
Bha e anmhuinn, lag, a's baigheach,
Bha e éudmhor, tréubhach, laidir.

Anns na h-uile *pairt* dheth *oifig*,
Bha mhisneach a réir a ghnothaich ;
Sior chuir a Mhaighstir roimhe,
Mar Mhinistear an Tiomnaidh-nodh',

B' e sud am Ministear saoth'rach,
Bha e gniomhach, cairdeach, gaolach,
'S iomadh *Daoimean* tha dheth shaothair,
Ann a chrùn a bhios na *shéul* air.

Tha cuid dhe 'n bhuidheann a chual e,
Air 'm bheil eagal agus uamhann,
Lughad 's a rinn iad dheth do bhuananchd,
Gur e thug am bas cho luath air.

'S tha cuid eile dh'am bheil clisgeadh,
Gu'n d' rinn iad iodhal an dris dheth,
Tha dol an sàs ann nan leasraibh,
'S nach tog iad gu bràth am misneach.

Tha lionmhorachd eil' a chual e,
'S a chuir a theachdaireachd suarach,
Dh' am bi bhreitheanas ro uamhann,
'N uair a thig là paigheadh n' duais dhoibh.

Tha cuid eile anns an t-saoghal,
'S tha gabhail beachd air gach caochladh,
Tha tachairt a measg nan daoine,
'S tha roimh-fhaicinn faisg oirnn baoghal.

'S iomadh caochladh, a's cùis eagail,
A thainig mu thràth anns an Eaglais,
'S i fàgarachd air a *Dreugais*,
Gur mòr cràdh a fior luchd-oideas.

O 'n là 'mhor-chradh i a Ceannas,
Dh'fhag e deagh luchd-oideachd tana;
'S na bheil ann dhiu anns an fhearann,
Mheudaich e mòr chradh an gainnead.

Ged tha Ministeirean lionmhor,
'S teirc am fior luchd-oideachd gniomhach,
Tha caithriseach gleidheadh an fhionain,
Mus bi na sionnaich 'ga spionadh.

Dh'fairich sinn mar fhiacla sionnaich,
Streap ris an fhionan, 's ga mhilleadh,
Eildeirean a bhios ri mionnaibh,
'S an luchd aidich-s', phian iad sinne.

'N là dh'fhas cuid dhe'n tigh gun chòmhla,
No gun ursainn ris an ceangailt' e,
Thainig lionmhorachd dhe'n t-seòrs' ud,
'S gann na Cibeirean gu'n còmhlachd'.

Ged tha iad gànn, tha cuid fathasd,
De luchd inns' na firinn 'san là,
Threoraicheas pobull 'san rathad,
Gu tobar a bhàthas am pathadh.

Gidheadh 'se sud aon a b'fhearr dhiu',
Chunnaic sinne riamh an Alba,
Bha e fallan ann a shearmoin,
'S bu tric air an Sgire falbh e.

Cha 'n ionghnadh a Sgìr' bhi dochainnt',
'Nuair tha Sgìrean eil aig osnaich,
Thricead 'sa bha e nam fochair,
Anns gach teaghlach air a bochdaid.

O nach fár sinn inns' gu léir dhuibh,
Liuthad *pairt* maith bha 'na bhéusaibh,
Ged a tha sinn air ar sgéileadh,
Mathaibh dhuinn co gearr 's tha sgéul-s' air.

'Se aobhar ar n-eagail 's 'ar sgéilidh,
Ma dh' fhagas a Ceannas a Chéile,
Gu'n taoghail E air falbh gu léir uainn,
Na bheil ann do choinnlibh gléusda.

'N solus mòr tha nis air falbh uainn',
'S tric a dh'innis e na shearmoin.
'N cunnart mòr anns an robh Alba,
O neòil thròm, 's o la garbh dh'i.

Cha bheag dhuinn an t-aobhar clisgidh,
Mar dh'innis è fhéin gu tric dhuinn,
O'n droch latha tha mar dhriseach,
Gu'n deach a thoirt air falbh 'nis uainn.

Mar chaidh LOT a thoirt a Sodom,
Mu 'n deach i na teine còmhla',
'S an mar sinn tha eagal oirnne,
Cha' Maighstir Mac Phail chur fò 'n fhòid uainn.

Fhad 's a mhaìr è bha è tréubhach,
Ann an *Seanadaibh* 's an *Cléiribh*,
'S thog e fianuis an *Duneidin*,
'N aghaidh *Patronachd* 'n fhòireigin.

Thug a codal tròm neo-fhìamhach
Ar mathair bhochd gu cor iosal;
'S dh'fhas an carran innte lionmhor,
An tìm a neo-chaithris mi-ghniomhach.

O'n dh'fhas na fianuisean fallan,
Bha ghiomhach 'san tigh cho tana,
Faodair a chùis a thoirt thairis,
Do léubhadh ar broin am folach.

Ged a dheanta leachd do 'n *Phàtron*,
Bu truime gu mòr na bh'air Las'rus,
'Sa h-adhlacadh uiread á laithean,
'S gu saoilt' i bhi gabhail faileadh.

Gidheadh 'n uair dh'eireas a Ceannas,
Bheir e aithn' an leachd-sa charach'dh,
'S theid *Pàtronachd* gus an dorus,
'S tionndaidh ceòl 'ar bròn gu moladh.

COR AN T-SAOGHAIL.

GUR truagh cor an t-saoghail-s',
Ach 's baoghal sin a ràite ;
'S thoir leam fhéin gur faoin
Do na daoine tha 'ga fhàrsainn—
A dhaoine tha 'ga fharsainn,
Nach amhairc sibhs' an saoghal ;
Tha 'n saoghal so co diomain
Ris an duill' air bhàrr na craoibhe.

Tha 'n saoghal so corrach,
Mar shamhla do 'n duilleag,
'N uair is leotha 'barrach,
Cha dual dh'i gum fuirich i :
'N uair is airde 'n lidhe,
Rithist ni i traoghadh ;
'S ann mar sud a tha
Do na thainig chum an t-saoghail.

'N uair is airde shuas iad,
An uachdair air gach aon ni,
Thig an rath mu 'n cuairt,
Agus sguabair iad dhe 'n t-saoghal ;
Sguabair iad dhe 'n t-saoghal,
'N aon uair is lugha 'n iomnadh ;
'S an uair a thig an sàradh,
Cha ghabh e dail mu 'n timchioll.

A cholunn sin, 'sa cholunn,
'S mairg tha 'ga do chaomhnadh,
Gur e do shannt a's t-anail
A chuir m' anam ann am baoghal :

A chois sin, a's a chois,
Is olc a chuir thu rium,
'S tu falbh air beart neo-ghlic,
Agus mise cha do dhiult.

" Cha do dhiult mi riamh
Dol an taobh bu mhiann leat fhéin ;
Cha deachaidh tu le d' dheoin
A dh'eisdeachd gloir mhic Dhé :"
A lamh sin, a's a lamh,
Cha bu tusa b'fhearr céill,
Stiùradh tu le d' chòir
An droch sheol am biodh do mhiann.

Be do mhiann a mhisg,
'S bha thu riamh ri leisg ;
Bha, 's ri gniomh ni b' mhios',
Ri failbheart fada greis :
A shùil sin, a's a shùil,
Gur truagh nach tu bha dàll,
Mas' faca tu an t-olc
A bhrosnuich sinn gu càll.

'N uair a theirgeas an deo
Bha 'ga d' chumail beo car greis,
Tuig nach e do chasan
Bha 'ga d' chumail na do sheas' ;
Tuig nach e do lamhan
Bha gleidheadh dhuit spionnadh—
Ni 'n caraich thu, ni 'n gluais thu,
Ni 'n cur thu uait iad tuilleadh.

Tuig nach e do theangaidh
Bha labhairt na bruidhne,
Ma 's i sud i agad,
Cha 'n abair i aon drànnd :
Tuig nach e do shùilean,
Bha gleidheadh dhuit fradharc ;
Ni 'm fosgail thu, 's ni 'n dùin iad,
Ach tionndaidh cul ri aghaidh.

A dhuine, na bi 'n dochas
Gur i t'fheoil is uaisle ;
Tha sinn uile do shliochd Adhamh,
'S e 'n t'aon cheard a bhuail sinn ;
'S e 'n t'aon cheard a bhuail sinn,
De 'n aon mhèinn a tha sinn ;
Is coluinn de na chré sin,
Is fheudar dhuinn ann tàirsinn.

Is fheudar dhuinn ann tairsinn,
A's màrsadh chum na h-uaghach,
Cul a chuir ri cairdibh,
'S gach ceangal graidh theid fhuasgladh :
Ach cia na bheir thu dhachaidh,
Dhe 'n chuir thu seach dhe 'n t-saoghal ?
Ceithir no cuig do dheileachan,
A's uibhir leine dh' aodach.

* * * *

Na bi mor a d' bharail,
'S na dean uaill a' d' chruinneachadh ;
Cha d'thoir cruas do bhuillean dhuit,
Aon uair thar na chaidh ghealladh dhuit.

AN SAMHLADH.

'S COSLACH mise ri botul,
Na ri tocsaid bhiodh dearr làn—
Cha 'n 'eil fhios aig fear fianuis,
Nach e fion th' anns a chlar ud ;
Ach buail breab air na tuinnseadh,
Ann am puinc nach bi araidh,
'S ma 's a mil th' ann, na puinsion,
Chi thu taosgal air clar dh'i.

LUCHD A BHEARTAIS.

Luchd a bheartais 's an anabharr,
Tha iad ainmeil air sraidibh,
Barail mhor aca fhéin diubh,
Fhad 's tha féudail a' fas doibh;
Gun chuimhn' air a ghlutan,
'N doigh 's mar thuit e o ghràsaibh;
'N uair a b' àird air a chuibhl' e,
Dh' fhag a bhùinn aig a bhàs.

'S tròm an tuiteam a fhuair e,
'S bochd 's is truagh e ri innseadh—
Dheilig ceartas an athar
Ris mar ghathanna puinsean;
Lasair iutharn mu 'n cuairt dha,
Gun dùil ri fuarachd a chaoidh as;
'S cha robh cobhair aig Abram
Gus a chàs ud a thionndadh.

'S truagh leam sibhse, luchd breugan,
Tha cuir ri eacoir a's foirneart—
Rusgadh aodann nam bochdan,
'S tròm an osnaich 'san deòir dhuibh;
Ach ge subhach 'ur diotan,
'G an cuir sios air na bordaibh,
Gheibh sibh earr aig an t-suipeir,
Nhch seas tric dhuibh na storas.

'S truagh leam sibhse, luchd eacoir,
Tha caitheamh céitein na h-òige;
Tha 'ur cùps' air a lionadh
An lamh Trionaid na glòire:
'N Ti a dh' abaicheas siol dhuibh,
An lorg miannaibh na feòla,
Gheibh sibh iutharn mar oighreachd,
'S mò craidhneadh a's doruinn.

Ma 's fear-aidichidh fior thu,
Sgur de strì, 's leig dhiot t' ardan ;
'S na toir rùm dha do mhiannaibh,
Oir is tìm dhuit am fagail :
'S ge mòr t-urnuigh 's do chreidimh,
Tha sud beag gu do thearnadh,
Dh' easbhuidh còir anns a chùmhnant
Sheulaich Ughdair na slainte.

Faic a bhean a Samaria,
Ged bu lan i do 'n phuinsean,
'N uair a chunnaic i Criosda,
'S ro mhath chrioch anns na phill i ;
Dh' iarr i deoch as an fhionan,
'S nach biodh iotadh a chaoidh oirr',
'S leis an fhior uisge shiorruidh,
Chaidh a h-iotadh a chlaoidh dh'i.

CLUICH NAN CAIRTEAN.

Is iomadh cachdan fhuair mi riamh,
Le fir fhiar a rinn mo mhealladh—
Na fir ris an robh mo dhùil,
'S d' an robh mo dhurachd a bhi fallan.

Chaidh mi stigh do thigh 'san tìr so,
Far an robh dithis bha nan sgoileir,
Mu 'n bhord nach bitheadh an Criosduidh,
Milleadh an tìm gu toilichte.

'N uair chaidh mi stigh, ghabh iad naire,
'S B'fhearr leo nach bithinn 'gam faicinn,
A's ghrad sguir iad dhiubh an trath sin,
'S gheall iad a bhi 'g aicheadh 'n fhasain.

Bha ann an sud milleadh tìoma,
A's solus diomhain 'ga chaitheamh,
A's paisg de leabhraichean Shatain
Eadar dà làimh fir an tighe.

A SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

MRS CLARK, AT TORRA-DHAMH,

IN THE PARISH OF KINGUSSIE.

MRS CLARK, alias *Bean Torra-dhamh*, the pious authoress of the following poems, was daughter of Ewan M'Pherson, schoolmaster in the parish of Laggan, Badenoch. The date of her birth, marriage, or death, we could not ascertain. By the meagre account handed down to us concerning her, we are led to understand that, like most of the children of Adam, she lived a considerable part of her youth alienated from the life of God, estranged from every intercourse with him in his saving operations—thoughtless, and regardless of her immortal concerns; but in the Almighty's good time he plucked her as a brand out of the burning. By her own account to a certain person, she stated, "I have been of a very bad and wicked disposition: therefore, the Lord was obliged to break my leg, which was the first means of bringing me to think of my sinful and lost condition. I have been almost a Jew in point of religious profession and belief—I scarcely believed that the Saviour ever came in the flesh. When awakened from my sinful lethargy and negligence, I have gone through great trouble of mind. I now saw that I was not only guilty in numberless instances of breaches of the holy law of God, but also that I had a sinful nature that loved sin, and would commit it. While I was in this state of mind, Isa. liv. 7, 8, were among the scriptures which were the means of conveying the first relief and dawning of spiritual comfort which my weary and tempted soul enjoyed—'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.'" Being loosed from the bonds of guilt, enmity, and unbelief, she attained an eminent degree of comfort and of communion with God. A worthy man, an elder in the parish, was in the habit of visiting her occa-

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sionally: one Sabbath morning, as he approached her house, being then a widow and alone, he heard the noise of her crutches in an unusual manner; by and by he pressed her to tell him the reason of such unusual noise; she said she was in some measure endeavouring to imitate David, when dancing before the ark of the Lord.

Her first productions were composed in English; but her husband persuaded her, as she was endowed with the gift of poetry, to employ it for the benefit of the Highlanders, by composing in Gaelic, which she did accordingly. By her own account she composed thirty poems; but, to the reproach of her country, for want of means she failed to publish them for the edification of future generations. It is said that the Rev. Mr Stalker, late at Rothiemurchus, had written them in MS.; if so, very probably it has been lost, or lying on some dusty shelf. About forty-seven years ago she came to Inverness, with the intention of getting them written; whether she succeeded, we cannot say.

The two following poems of hers were taken down by us from oral recitation thirty-seven years ago, from a pious girl who learned them from the poetess, in which the state of her mind is most graphically delineated.

In her latter days our authoress was blind, or nearly so, and her daughter brought her to Perth along with herself, where she died, at a pretty advanced age.

The troubles and afflictions with which she was assailed, in the course of Providence in her sojourn here below, are beautifully described in the following stanza:—

" Bha a smachdan 's a throcair
O m' oige mu seach orm;
'S e bu chainnt dhoibh le cheile,
Mi a threigsinn a pheacaidh."

Co' dhunaidh sinn cliu bean Torra-dhamh ann an briathraibh a Bhaird:—

" Na theid an rannachd duit no 'm fonn,
Cha dean e bonn ni's aird' thu;
'S maith a b'fhiu e chur an ceill,
Nam bitheadh feum do chach ann;
Bu choir do ghniomh, do chainnt, 's do chiall,
A sgriobhadh sios air papair,
'S a chuir an seomar gach mnath' oig,
Gu bhi fa 'n coir mar *phatran*."

GEARAN AIR TRUAILLIDHEACHD NADUIR.

Och a's ochan ! mo threachladh !
Mo léir-chreach ! mar a tha mi,
Dhìubhail lòin, agus carraidh,
Do 'n anam nach bàsich ;
Mi an dòruinn fo chùmha,
'S neo-shùbhach a ta mi ;
Air tulaich am aonar,
A's luchd mo ghaoil an déigh m'fhagail.

Ciod mu'm biodh tu co cianail,
Aig iargain mu d' chairdean ?
'S do *bhàrnuig'ean* lionmhoir,
Gu triall air an sailibh ;
Ged tha iadsan air thoiseach,
'S tus' a'd' bhochdan 'san fhasaich ;
Ann an ath-ghiorras tìoma,
Bidh tu cìnnteach dheth fagail.

Ach 's mòr m' fhath air bhi cianail,
Bharr air iargain mo chairdean ;
Mo ghineadh an truaill'eachd,
'S mo ghluasad bho an trath sin ;
Mo chiontana lionmhor,
Mo ghiomh, agus m' fhailling ;
Ann an cunnart mo dhìteadh,
Mar DHILEABACH Adhaimh.

Ged bha 'n dileab ud cronail,
Thainig sonas na h-aite ;
Tha do bhrathair is seine,
'Ga da shireadh gu *fhabhair* ·
Gu *robacha* riomhach,
'S crùn rioghail nach failling ;
Mar ri coir air an oighreachd,
A dhaingnich a bhas dhuit.

Ach 's e aobhar mo thioma,
Tric 's minig, 's mi'm aonar;
Mo chridhe do-lùbtadh,
Ruith dlùth a chum daorsainn;
Tha 'n seann duin' cho laidir,
'S nach tar mì dheth aomadh;
Thig sruth salach o 'n fhùaran,
'Feadh 's tha thruaill'eachd gun taomadh.

Ach 's e impidh do bhrathair,
Dhuits' gach la bhi 'ga leanailt;
'S an uair bhios 'n eallach 'ga d' sharach',
Gramaich laidir ri 'ghealladh;
Tog a chuing air do ghuaillibh,
'S bidh do bhuanachd rìs' soilleir;
Cha 'n eir' i ri giulan,
'S bheir i lùths dhuit, a's fradharc.

Meud do shonas an trath sin,
Cha tar mi 'ga shloinneadh;
Bidh t'-iodhal-aoraidh a's t-ardan,
Mar bha *Dagon* 'na bhloidhibh;
Do pheacadh-leannan an trath sin,
Ni thu fhagail ad dheaghaidh;
'S bidh tu 'g imeachd 'san fhasach,
Mar bha 'm ba-chrodh bho'n laoghaibh.

Na h-ana-mianna graineil,
Do 'm bu ghnàth leat bhi géilleadh;
Sgiursaidh éis iad as Aros,
Mar armailt' a *rheubail;*
Uile thruaill'eachd do naduir,
'S aobhar naire leat fhéin iad;
'S an uair thig gras gu bhi riaghladh,
Theid an striochdadh le chéile.

Ged tha thusa gun ghluasad,
'S do chluasan gun chlaisdeachd;
Tha do chobhair a's t-fhuasgladh,
Air guaillibh do Shlanuighear;

Cha 'n eil do smachd ach ré tioma,
Theid gu *finid* 'san fhasach ;
'S 'n uair a theid thu nùll thairis,
Bidh tu fallain 'na *fhàbhair*.

'S e gradh an Athair do-rannsuight',
A thionnsgainn an t-iochd ud ;
Gach ni gheall e bho shiorruidheachd,
Lan chriochnaich a Mhac e ;
Dh'fhag e spiorad na sìochaint',
A' toirt fianuis le 'fhocal ;
Mor bhuanachd na dileib,
Na gabh sgìos bhi cuir beachd oirr'.

Bha trì pearsa na Trionaid,
Co dian as do leith-sa ;
Chaidh 'n cùmhnant bho shiorruidheachd,
A dheanamh co seasmhach ;
Tha 'n lagh air a riarachd',
'S lan dìoladh aig ceartas ;
Tha a throcair-sa gloraicht',
A's aobhar dochais aig peacaich.

'S ann bho innleachd an namhaid,
A thainig am peacadh ;
Bas siorruidh, a's truaighe,
An gin truaillidh bha ac'-sa ;
Grad ghramaich ri Criosda,
Ma's a miann leat an seachnadh ;
A th' air a thairgse co saor,
Do chlann daoine 'na fhocal.

Ann am briathraibh a Shoisgeil,
Tha co maiseach an ordugh ;
Gach neach 'gam bheil tlachd annt',
Tarruing faisg orr' an comhnuidh ;
Le gradh a's fior aidmheil,
Cuir an taic annt' an comhnuidh ;
'S aig imeachd 'na neart-sa,
Fodh a bhratach le dochas.

Ma bhios tusa gun sabh'ladh,
Chaidh t-fhagail gun leithsgeul;
Tha *stochd* aig do rathan,
A ghnath ort a' freasdal;
Tha e comasach, deonach,
Anns gach doigh tha mar cheist ort;
'S bheir e earradh, a's biadh dhuit,
Nach crionaich am feasda.

MIANN AN ANMA BHI MAILLE RI CRIOSD.

Tha m' inntinn-s' an geall,
A bhi thàll thar uisg' Iòrdain,
Mar ri Prionnsa na siochaint,
B' e mo mhiann dol na chòmhail;
'S e cibeir na tréud e,
Bheir e féin orra faicill;
As na h-eileanan cuainteach,
Ni e 'n cuairteachadh dhachaidh,

"'S e an Ros e o *Sharoin*,
'S am Fluthair o *Iesse*
'S e Gaisgeach treibh Iudaih,"
Cha chlaoidhear a neart-sa;
'S e àillteachd thar chàch,
Thug mo ghradh-sa co mòr dha,
'S an uair bhios e as m' fhianuis,
Bidh mi cianail, ro bhrònach.

Bidh mi dubhach 'ga iarruidh,
Os iosal an comhnuidh;
'San uair chì mi na mhais' e,
Bidh mi laiste le sòlas;
'S e m' àilleagan broillich,
'S e mo charaid, 's m' fhear pòsd e;
'S e mo Bhràthair is seine,
Tric a's minig 'ga m' chòmhnadh.

'S e fear ghabhail mo leithsgeul,
'S a sheasamh mo chòrach;
A phaigheas m' uile fhiachan,
'S ni mo dhion bho gach dòruinn;
Am fad 'sa bhios mi air thuras,
Bheir e 'n *cumantas* lòn dhomh;
'S 'n uair a philleas mi dhachaidh,
Cha bhi airc aig a bhòrd-sa.

Tha mil a's bainne 'n *Canaan*,
Ged tha 'n fhasaich-s' làn croisean;
'S iomadh bruthadh air sàilibh,
'N neach is fearr gheibh an t-aisig;
Bha a smachdan, 's a thròcair,
O m' òige mu seach orm;
'S e bu chàinnt dhoibh le cheile,
Mi a thréigsinn a pheacaidh.

'S iad clann dileas a chùmhnaint,
'S géire sgiùrsas a shlait-sa;
Ach cha deallaich e chaoimhneas,
A chaoidh riu, réir 'fhocail.
'S e trioblaid na *fùirneis*,
'S bheil e rusgadh an seachrain;
Gus an iarr iad dheth thròcair,
Gun leònadh dha cheartas.

Chum 's gu faic iad an truaigh',
'San gluasad gun fhaicill;
Thig an lagh 'gan dian-ruagadh,
As gach bruach an robh 'm fàsga;
'N uair an ni choguis dùsgadh,
Le sgrùdadh géur bhéachdail,
Ni i mach dhoibh bhi càillte,
Mar tionndaidh iad dhachaidh,

'N uair bha mi am réubalt,
'Se féin a rinn iochd orm;
'S rinn mo philleadh le tròcair,
Bho sligh' dhòruinn 'n léir-sgriosaidh.

Mar amhailt' a griosaich,
A spion e mi thairis;
Bhàrr chriochan an nàmhaid,
Gu fàrdoch a chlànna.

Tha cùibhleachan ùine,
Gu dlùth a' dol seachad;
Dean mo sgéudachadh sgiamhach,
An aodach iasaid a ghaisgich;
Anns am faigh mi a bheannachd,
A cheannaich e daor dhomh;
Cha b' ann le ni truaillidh,
Ach 'fhuil uasal 'ga taomadh.

Dh' ath-nuadhaich e chùmhnant,
A's *dhubhail* e ghealladh;
'S e *Caiptein* mo shlàint' e,
Bheir le gràs mi na choinneamh;
Tha gach làtha mar bhliadhna,
Gus an criochnaich mi m' astar;
Gus am bi mi 'na fhianuis,
Troimh shiorruidheachd cuir beachd air.

Rinn Simeon solas, 'n uair
Fhuair e òg e 'na ghlacaibh;
A's le iriosiachd, dh'iarr e
Comas triall 'sa dhol dhachaidh;
Eis' a b' fhad bha mi 'g earbsa,
Tha m' shùil dearbhta dha fhaicinn—
Slàinte Dhé do chloinn daoine,
Chaidh fada thaobh uaith' air' seach'ran.

AN OIGE —Le L. M'L.

Tha mi samhlachadh na h-òige,
Ri clach mhor air airde chorrach,
Ma chuireas tu car no dha dh'i,
Ruithidh i mhan leis an torran:
Tha 'n òige ceart aon a's ionann,
Ruith, 'na deannaibh roimh 'miannaibh,
Ruith gu dlùth 'san rathad fharsuing,
Mar each gun chasadh, gun srian ann.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE LATE

MR JOHN M'KAY, AT MUDALE,

PARISH OF FARR, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

MR JOHN M'KAY, commonly called *Iain Mac Iain Mhic Raibeart Mhic Mhurchaidh*, the author of the following poems, was a highly respectable and intelligent man, of the Halmidary branch of the Clan-Abrach Mackays—he was a poet, a scholar, and a gentleman, and lived at Mudale, parish of Farr, Sutherlandshire. His son, William, married, and resided at Knockfin, in the parish of Kildonan, and was, to the best of our information, a cotemporary of Rob Doun, the celebrated bard of Lord Reay's country; so that our author must have been born upwards of one hundred and sixty years ago. He was an eminently pious man, and considered among the first-rate godly men of his day in that country, which all who read his poems may understand, although they are not at all so perfect as they would have been, had they been written by himself; but the great wonder is, that they should have been preserved orally in their present state for such a length of time.

The first of these poems was composed by him on a fine moonlight night in harvest, while he happened to be out in the fields, lying on his back, contemplating the glory and majesty of the heavenly luminaries.

In the year of the rebellion (1746), as the Sutherlandshire militia was stationed at Dunkeld, a party of twelve men had been sent to Rannoch. On the first Lord's-day after their arrival there, they enquired of the inhabitants where they would go to hear the Lord's word preached or read; they answered in a very careless manner (the most of the people of Rannoch were in a very rude and ignorant state then)—"There is a schoolmaster here called Dugald Buchannan, who is in the habit of addressing all that choose to go to hear him on the Sabbath." The party immediately went to hear Dugald; and as they had come from a country where they were all

instructed in the principles of sound religion—and some of them real Christians, who discovered the practical experience of vital religion on their heart and life—they comprehended at once that Dugald was an excellent godly man, who possessed a clear and comprehensive view of divine truths: therefore a very close and intimate friendship sprung up betwixt them, and especially with two of them, viz. Andrew and Alexander Ross, who were afterwards in the habit of visiting Dugald frequently, and when they became intimately acquainted, they were in the habit of repeating these poems to him, who was so elevated with them, that he often sang them cheerfully and with great glee; and it is said that it was these poems that moved Dugald to compose the excellent hymns of which he was the author. We beg to remark here, that perhaps there was no country in Britain where the gospel shone with greater lustre, than in Lord Reay's country, about our author's time. When Andrew Ross used to speak of Dugald Buchannan, he was wont to say, that he was as tender, kind, and warm-hearted a man, in addressing sinners from the word of God, as ever he saw or heard.

Our author composed several other poems, which are now lost. The following lines are a specimen of one of these:—

"Mar bha Iob, fior dhuine Dhe,
'N uair bha e 'n sas,
Chaoidh cha ghearain mi
Le cobhair a ghrais;
Co tairis ris an Uan,
Bha Maois fo thrioblaid bhuan;
'S theid mise troimh na chuan,
Gu tir na fois."

AN TEARNADH MIORBHUILEACH.

AIR FONN—"'Se fulangas mo Shlanuighir,
A bhios mo Dhan a' luaidh."

'S E sud an tearnadh miorbhuileach,
Rinn Iosa Mac na h-Oigh,
Air daoinibh nàimhdeil, mì-rùnach,
Leig 'iomhaigh dhiubh de 'n deoin;
Is ghabh e nàdur fior-ghlan air,
Gu dioladh anns an fheoil,
A's dh'fhuiling e 'm bàs pìantachail,
Mar chriochnuich e o thòs.

Gach aon ni rinn an Slanuighear,
Bu chàirdeas e dheth féin,
Gun neach air bith bhi toilltinneach,
Air òighreachd fo na ghréin ;
Ach comhairle ghlic na Trionaid,
'Sa chriochnuich i do réir,
Mu'n d' rinn e 'n talamh iochdarach,
No iormailtean nan spéur.

Na flaitheanas is àirde dhiubh,
Leis rinneadh iad air thòs,
Dachaidh naoimh a's aingle,
'S am bheil aoibhneas agus ceòl,
A's rinneadh solus àillidh leis,
Mar chàirdeas do gach feòil ;
Mar dh òrduicheadh leis sheasaidh e,
'S b e m feasgair an ceud nòin.

An iormailt àrd bhuan sheasmhach sin,
Leis rinneadh i na thràth,
Ris an gàirmear flaitheanas,
Far am cheil tathachadh gach néul,
A rinn gach uisge dhealachadh
'Nan suidheachadh gu tàmh,
Thug àithne dhoibh mar stadadh iad,
'S b'e mhadainn 'n dara là.

Leis chruinnicheadh na h-uisgeachan,
A chlisgeadh a dh' aon àit,
An fhairge bhuan ro fharsuing, a's
Mu'n cuairt dh'i 'n glas a' fàs ;
Rinneadh sud 'san saoghal leis,
'S gach craobh tha tighinn fo blàth,
'S gach aon luibh ghlas mar th'againn so,
'S b'e mhaduinn an treas là.

Rinneadh grian a's gealach leis,
Gu sgarachdainn nan tràth,
A's réultan glan 'nan cùrsachan,
B'es' ughdar gach ni bhà ;

Rinneadh mios' a's seachduin leis,
A's bliadhnan ceart mar b'àill,
A's laithean, a's oidhch' a dh'òrduich e,
'S b'e nòin an ceathramh là.

Rinn e gach ainmhidh gluasadach,
Th'air 'n cumail suas air tìr,
'S na cluantaibh ann an lionmhoireachd,
'S ann uaiths' tha 'n teachd-an-tir;
Rinneadh iasg nan cuaintean leis,
Mar bhiadh dh'an t-sluagh gun dìth,
A's eunlaith réir an nadur-san,
'S b'e 'n cuigeamh là an tìm.

Rinneadh duine calamand leis,
De dhus an talmhainn féin,
A's rinn e sona sealbhach e,
Na'm falbhadh e do réir,
Thug e comas cìnnteach dha, air
Gach aon ni tha fo 'n ghréin,
A's shuidhich e 'n lios Phàrrais e,
'S an t-seathamh là gun bhréug.

B'fhurasd dh'an Tı ro ghlòrmhor ud,
Ri mòmaint bhig do thìm,
Gach aon ni rinn e òrduchadh,
Thoirt còmhladh leis gu crìch;
Ach 's ann a ghabh e 'n tìm ud ris,
Chum fhirinn chuir an céill;
An seachdamh là do shaoradh leis,
Na shàbaid naomh dha féin.

Tha gach créutair tamh 'san t-suidheachadh,
'San d' rinneadh iad an tòs,
Ag cur an céill an taingealachd,
A réir an càinnt 'san dòigh,
Ach an duine meallta so,
'S ann shànntaich e le 'dheòin,
Ni thilg a mach a Pàrrais e,
'S o'n fhabhoir bh'aig an glòir.

Is shuidhicheadh 'n lios Pharrais e,
Gu h-àiteach a's gu dion,
Is rinn e 'n tòs ri Adhamh 'n sin,
An cùmhnant àraidh gniomh;
A's gheall e beath' a's fabhor dha,
A's flaitheas àrd gun fhiamh,
Mar tarruingeadh bristeadh bàsmhoir e,
Gus mheas a chnàmh le miann.

An sin 'n uair a thainig Satan,
A dh'fhios na mnà le fòill,
Am bròinn nan nathrach-nimhneach ud,
Na *shampuillear* bochd lòm;
A's chreid iad càinnt a chealgadair,
Le argumaid gun bhònn,
Ni tharruing fo phian bhàsmhorach,
Iad féin gu brath 'san cloinn.

Nach daor an ceannach ailghios e,
Gu brath bhi fulang péin,
'San teine bhios gun fhailligeadh,
'S nach teirig cnamh na béisd;
Sin cor nan daoine nadurach,
A dh'aicheun fabhoir Dhé,
Nach fhaicear am Fear-Saoraidh leò-s',
D'a fhocal naomh nach d' ghéill.

Is sinn a chleachd an t-antalachd,
Am peacadh sanntach truagh,
O d' shlighibh-sa tha sleamhnachadh,
Le cridhe meallta cruaidh;
'S ann dhuinn bu mhithich tionnda,
'S gu bheil lighich ann ri luaidh,
A bheir gu coiliont' slainnte dhuinn,
Mu'n tig am bas le 'bhuaidh.

'N uair chunnaic 'n Tı ro ghlòrmhor sin,
Mòr thròcaireach do bhi,
A chuimhnich air an t-seòrsa ud,
A dh'orduich e roimh thìm;

Rinn e an cùmhnant grasan riu,
Mòr chliù gu brath do'n Tı,
Gu'm fuilingeadh Criosd an Slanuighear,
Am bas air son an sìth.

Is iomadh gealladh firinneach
Tha 'm Biobul cur an ceill,
Rinn Dia o dhoimhn' na tìoma ud,
Dha mhuinntir dhileas féin,
Thoirt misneach agus solas dhoibh,
A's comhnadh ri am féum,
'N uair thigeadh drachdan 'n namhaìd orr',
No neart o'n nadur féin.

Gheall e 'n cridhe feola dhoibh,
Gu leon a chridhe chruaidh,
'S an cionta bha dearg mar sgarlaid,
Gu'n deant' iad ban mar chloimh,
'S gu'm maitht' am peac' ro ghraineil-san,
Le feartan bais an Uain,
Ged bu lionmhor mor ri 'n aireamh iad,
Na gaineamh bhan a chuain.

Bidh e na Dhia 's na nearta,
Do gach neach tha 'g iarraidh 'ghnuis,
'S an t-am a bhuaileas éiginn iad,
Bidh eis' ac' air an cùl;
Gheall e an t-uisge fior-ghlan dhoibh,
'S nach iotadh iad ni's mo,
A's mil a's bainne dh'araicheadh,
Le sloinneadh grais as ùr.

Bidh easbhuidh air na leomhanaibh,
A's doruinn a chion bidh,
'S na leomhainn og lan ocarais,
Ge mor an neart 'san clìth;
Ach iadsan a chaidh shoillseachadh,
A's iompachadh gu fior,
Cha tig easbhuidh thalamhaidh orr,
'S am feasd gheibh 'n anama sìth.

Is beannuicht anns an t-saoghal iad,
Na daoin' dh'an tug e'n ciall,
Le 'fhocal naomh 's le 'orduighibh,
'Chaomh throcair tha 'gan dion ;
An tìm am beath bidh solas ac,
'S iad feitheamh fos ri triall,
A dh'ionnsuidh 'n ionad ghlormhor sin,
'S am bheil ceol gun chrioch.

Is mairg na daoine mì-rùnach,
Rinn iomhaigh dhe na bhréug,
A's nach creid anns an Tı naomh ud,
Bheir libhrigeadh o phéin ;
'S a lughad 's bheir an saoghal doibh,
Do shaorsainn an am feum,
'N uair thig an teachdair uabhasach,
Gu'n toirt gu uaigh a's éug.

Na'n creideadh luchd na h-éucoireach,
Gur éiginn doibh dol bas,
A's cunntas a thoirt as déigh so,
Gu grùnnd am féich gun dail ;
Gach aon ni riamh a ghniomhaich iad,
Ged bu diomhair e o chach,
Gu'm bi iad air an soillseachadh,
'S a chroinneadh leo gu brath.

Tha 'n Tighearn tréun ro fhabharach,
Reir fhaidheadrachd o thos,
A cheil na nithe diomhair ud,
Air daoinibh crionta seoilt ;
Rinn aithnicht' iad do chiochranaibh,
Gun fhìachan air ach deoin,
Mor chliù do 'ainm ro grasmhor-san,
Dh' am buin gu brath a ghloir.

CAIRDEAS NA TRIONAID.

Is di-chuimhneach tha sinn,
Air cairdeas na Trionaid,
A dh'ullaich dhuinne Slan'ghear,
Gu'r tearnadh o phiantaibh;
An trath a dh'ith Adhamh,
'M meas araidh nach d' iarr e,
Chaidh thilgeadh á Parras,
'S o'n fhabhair thug Dia dha.

B'e deagh thoil an Ard-Righ,
'N deigh dha-san na rinn e,
Gu'n sheall e 'na throcair
Air seorsa gun toillt'neas;
Rinn cùmhnant nan grasan,
Mu 'm fagadh e caillt iad,
A's dh'ullaich e Slan'ghear,
A thainig le maighdean.

Is mor tha ri fhaicinn
De fhreasdal an Ard-Righ,
De chumhachd 's de ghliocas,
Do-fhiosraicht' r'an aireamh,
'N uair chuir e droch ainglean,
Gu craidhneadh gun tearnadh,
'S a dh'fhuasgail cloinn daoine,
O'n daorsa thaobh naduir.

B'e béus an t-seann saoghail,
Bhi daonnan ri buaireadh,
Gus na bhrosnuich iad Dia,
Le 'm miannanaibh truaillidh:
Rinn e Noah a thearnadh,
Le airc a chuir suas dha,
'S chuir tuiltean air cach dhiubh,
A bhath anns a chuan iad.

Thiormaich e an dìle
Bharr aodainn na talmhainn,
'S chaidh e mach as 'n airc leo,
Gu aiteach le shearbhant;
A's gheall e dhoibh tuilleadh
Gu'n tuiltean 'gam marbhadh;
'S bidh bhogh-sa na sheasamh
'N am frasan a's gàrbh-shian.

'S ann uaith' thainig Abram,
A's Aaron le chéile,
A's Isaac a's Iacob,
'S an da athair dhéug sin,
Aig clann Isaraeil,
Fhuair sar anns an Eiphit,
A's leig e deich plaighean
Air Pharaoh 'nan éiric.

Sgoilt e a mhuir ruadh dhoibh,
Le cruadal a ghairdean,
Thug e 'phobull fèin thairis,
'S chuir deireadh air Pharaoh,
A dhioladh a cheartais
Le freasdal gun chairdeas;
Thug e aithne do 'n choal,
A's thaom e gu'm bathadh.

'S an la thug e neul dhoibh,
A riaghladh an roidean,
Le tein' anns an oidhche,
A' soillseachd' a throcair;
Gu'n saoradh 's gu'n tearnadh
O'n naimhdibh bha'n toir orr';
'S mor oighreachd an t-sluaigh sin,
Dh'am buachaill Iehobha.

'N deigh mhiorbhuillean buadhach,
Bh'an sluagh air bheag céille,
Cha luaithe dh' fhàg Maois iad,
Na chlaon iad gu eacoir;

Rinneadh an laogh òir leo,
'S le'n deòin thug iad géill dha,
Ged 's es' a thug saor iad,
O dhaorsa na h-Eiphit.

Beannuicht' gu'n robh ainm-san,
An aimsir ar 'n éiginn,
A sheall air ar 'n imcheist,
'N uair dh' ainmich e féin oirnn;
'N tràth thug e 'n t' Uan prìseil,
Mar iobairt 'n ar 'n éiric,
'S dh' fhuiling e 'm bàs nàrach,
'N ar 'n àit' air chrànn-ceusaidh.

A's dh' fhuiling e dhochann,
'N uair chroch iad gu bàs e;
Tha e dearbhta 'sa Bhiobul,
'S air inns' leis na fàidhibh,
Mar dh'eirich e 'n treas là,
Gu deas làmh an àrd-Righ,
'S bidh eadar-ghuidh-s' seasmhach,
Chum peacaich a thearnadh.

Tha puinsion na h-aithreach,
Co starach 's co làidir,
An anam gach aon neach,
'S gach linne o Adhamh;
Cha'n fhaigh iad o'n daors'-so
Bònn saoraidh no tearnaidh,
An taobh-sa do 'n Iosa,
A chriochnaich 'na Shlan'ghear.

Tha sinne thaobh nàduir,
Làn naimhdeas an còmhnuidh,
An aghaidh an Dia sin
Thug riaghailt bhi beò dhuinn;
Tha coimhead 's a riaghladh,
'Sa biadhadh na feòla;
Is mairg sinn nach ùmhladh,
A dh'ughdair ar tròcair.

Is mairg daoin' ain-diadhaidh,
Do 'n ghniomh bhi ri eacoir,
Làn mhionnan a's bhréugan,
A's meirle cha treig iad ;
Làn iomrall a's cùilbheart,
Gun dùrachd d'a chéile,
Gun urram do'n Dia sin
Tha riaghladh gach créutair.

Ge b'e threigeadh an saoghal,
'S nach claonadh d'a roidibh,
'S a dh'fhuathaicheadh cleachdan,
Sluagh peacach gun eòlas,
'S a threigeadh am mealltair,
Le an-toil na feòla,
'S ann dhoibh-san cha ghealltuinn,
Bhi 'n teaghlaich na glòire.

'N co'chomunn ris na h-ainglibh,
Làn aoibhneis gu siorruidh,
'S an Ierusalem nuadh sin,
Far bheil suaimhneas a's siochaint ;
Sèinn ceòl a's luath-ghàire,
Am fàbhair nach criochnaich ;
Toirt moladh do'n Ard-Righ,
Gu bràth airson Chriosda.

Dean cuimhneach gach àm sinn,
Ar làmpa bhi sòillseachd',
Mu'm faighear gu baoth sinn,
Measg aireamh nan màighdean,
Rinn codal mi-thìomail,
An sìneadh na h-òidhche,
Gun ola nan lòchrain,
Chaidh 'n òrduchd' gu cràidhneadh.

An Dia sin do'n àbhaist,
Bhi pàirteachadh tròcair,
Ri daoinibh thaobh naduir,
Tha sàrachadh 'òrduigh'n ;

Dean cuimhneach air bhas sinn,
'S a dhail ri thighinn oirnne,
A's sòillsich ar 'n inntinn,
An imeachd do ròidean.

Thoir dhuinn' bhi 'gad' mholadh,
Air thalamh fhad 's beò sinn ;
'S ar 'n aimsir chuir seachad,
O chleachdainnean gòrach—
Ar taghadh dheanamh cinnteach
An tim mar is còir dhuinn,
'S bhi feitheamh ar saorsa
O dhaorsa na feòla.

ADHAMH AGUS EUBHA.

NUAIR bha Adhamh 's Eubh' 'san staid naomh,
Bha'n saoghal uil' fo'n cùram,
A's gach ni a bha fo'n ghréin,
Fo'n òrdugh féin an umhlachd,
Thainig an nathair dh' fhios na mnaoi,
O'n 's i a b 'fhasa lùbadh,
Thug oirr' gu'n d 'ith i meas na craoibh,
'S ann duinn bu daoir an cùnnradh.

'S truagh an staid gus an d' thainig sinn,
Oir 'se ar crich thaobh naduir,
Bhi dh' easbhuidh lathair Dhé nan dùil,
O'n bhris air 'chumhnant Adhamh ;
Pianadh bith-bhuan am feasd gun chrioch,
Co'ionann bìnn ri Satan,
An teine lasrach losgadh dian,
'S nach éug a bhiasd gu brath ann.

An deigh 'n tuiteam o'n staid ghlòrmhor,
'S e sheall le 'thròcair ghrais orr',
Dh'fhòillsich e dhoibh cùmhnant nuadh,
Troimh 'm bìodh a shluagh-sa tear'nnte ;

A's thug e gealladh dhoibh-sa rìs,
Mu theachd a's crìch an t-Slan'ghear,
Gu 'm bruthadh 'n sliochd-sa ceann na béist,
Ged lotadh éis' an sail-san.

Gach meadhon eile bha fo'n ghréin,
No 'n ainglean neimh ge ard iad,
Gu tearnadh anaman o phéin,
Cha robh bonn féum no sta annt';
Ach chomhairl' ghlic a tha gun chrioch,
A rinn an Trionaid ghrasmhor,
Gu'n chuir e aon Mhac féin a nuas,
Gu bhi na iobairt thearnaidh.

Sgriobh e an lagh dhoibh sios le lamh,
A's chuir air clar do Mhaois e,
A' dheanamh aithnicht' dhoibh gu léir,
Gur éis' a thug o dhaors' iad ;
Gu'n creidimh dhearbhadh ann an Criosd,
A bha gu tighinn do 'n t-saoghal,
Le losgadh iobairtibh do Dhia,
Le cleachdadh diadhaidh naomha.

Anns an am a dh'orduich Dia,
'N sin thainig Criosd 'nar naduir,
'S cha luaithe thainig e 'san fheoil,
Na dh' fhuiling toir o 'naimhdibh ;
Am measg gach fine bha fo'n ghréin,
'S e 'mhuinntir féin thug tair' dha,
Thug fuath a's oilbheum dha gu chrìch,
A chroch 'sa dhìt gu bas e.

Fhuair e buaidh rioghal air a bhas,
'S air 'n tritheamh la gu'n d'éirich,
'S bha e da-fhichead lath a rìs,
Maille ri 'naoimh an deigh sin ;
Far an robh fianaisean gu leoir,
Rinn dearbhta gloir ais-eirigh,
'S bheir e ceart bhreith air an t-sluagh,
Co cìnnt 'sa fhuair e chéusadh.

An t-Abstol tréun bha 'n cuideachd Chriosd,
An guth, an gniomh, 's an dùrachd,
'S e Peadar ghoirte dheth mar ainm,
Tha 'n sgriobtuir dearbhadh dhuinne,
An deigh dha gealltuinn os ceann chaich,
Am beath' no 'm bas bhi dlù dha,
'S ann dh' aicheadh e le mionnaibh dian,
Nach fac' e riamh le 'shùil e.

Bha Iob na dhuine dìreach ciùin,
Na ghiulan a's na chomhradh,
Thug Dia dha fianuis o bheul féin,
Gu'n robh a chéuman comhnard ;
Thainig trioblaid air bha teann,
'N uair fhuair am mealltair ordugh,
A's pheacaich e 's cha b'ann gu mìn,
'N uair mhall'cheadh tìm na h-oig' leis.

Ged bu chiùin an duine Maois,
Lan firinn agus eolais,
Gu'n pheacaich e le creidimh lag,
'N uair bhuail e n t-slait gun ordugh ;
Chum sud és' á tir Chanaan,
O ghabhail tamh ann 's comhnuidh,
Oir dh' fhan e gus an deach e éug,
Air 'n taobh sin fhéin de Iordain.

Ged a tha sinn ar peacaich chaillt',
Gun aithn', gun taing, gun eolas,
Bhitheadh na nithe-s' chum ar féum,
Nan cumta mar bu choir riu ;
Bhi ghabhail leasan air chost chaich,
'S a treigsinn baoth na h-oige,
'S ar cridhe thogail suas ri Dia,
O'n t-saoghal dhiomhan ghorach-s'.

Cuireamaid cùl r'ar barail féin,
Oir thug i éis gu leoir oirnn,
An neach is foirfe tha fo 'n ghréin,
Air meud a léirs' a's eolais,

Ged chaill e croicionn an da ghlùin,
A' cleachdadh urnuigh 'n comhnuidh,
Cha toill e bheag air lamhaibh Dhia,
Gun chreidimh dion 'na throcair.

Is fhad tha mis' an comain Dhia,
'S e bheathaich riamh o thos mi,
'Se fhreasdail dhomh 'n uair bha mi 's bhroinn,
Ma 's bithinn caillt o m' oige,
Thug sìneadh aimsir dhomh a's réim,
De deagh ghean féin 's de throcair,
'S ge olc a bhuilich mis' an tìm,
Cha b'ann a dhiobhail eolais.

Is mairg na daoine dalla borb,
Tha cuir an earbs' 'san t-saoghal,
'S nach dean e furtachd dhoibh 'san ait',
Am fagair iad nan aonar;
'N uair a dh' uraicheas orr' am bas,
Gu ceart an clar an éudainn,
Co 's urrainn tagair as an leth,
'N uair bhios am beath' 'ga sèuladh?

Cha 'n e'n cuid airgid nan cuid oir
A bheir dhoibh solas inntinn,
'N uair chì iad ifrinn bhuan fa 'n comh'r,
Gu comhnuidh ghabhail innte;
'N caraid bu deala leo 'n nadur,
Cha dean e sta le 'innleachd,
'N uair chi iad 'n Tighearn tigh'nn a nuas,
Na bhreitheamh cruaidh ro chinnteach.

Bu mhaith an caraid an sin Criosd,
A' tigh'nn a dhion an an'ma,
Is beannuicht iads' a chluinneas éis',
'N uair dh' eigheas e air 'n ainm orr';
"Sibhse riaraich mi 'san fheoil,
'S a rinn mo roidean leanmhuinn,
Thigibh nis a's molaibh 'ghloir,
Far 'n cluinn sibh ceol nan ainglean.

CEANNACH NA H-AILGHIOS.

'S daor ceannach na h-ailghios,
'Sa mheallaidh fhuair Adhamh,
Gu 'n tharruing gu brath oirnn,
  Na phlaighean nach gann;
Bhi dh'easbhuidh do ghrasan,
'San cleachdadh a b'abhaist,
Bhi ac' ann am Parras,
  Mu d'thainig an t-am.
Bha meas anns a gharadh,
Chaidh thoirmisg do dh' Adhamh;
'S e bristeadh na h-aithne,
  A dh' fhag iad co fann;
Gun tuigse gun eolas,
Gun ghliocas gun fhoghlum,
Air na gibhteachaibh mora
  Chaidh 'n tos a chuir ann.

An Dia sin tha glormhor,
Gun chrioch air a throcair,
Tha riaghladh gach seorsa,
  Tha chomhnuidh fo 'n ghrein;
'N uair rinneadh an tos leis,
Gach ni a roimh orduich,
Rinn duine 's thug beo e,
  Ann an eolas air fein;
De dhuslach na talmhainn,
A chruthaich 'sa dhealbh e,
Na uachdaran calamand,
  Air armailt gu leir;
'S bean mhaiseach 's i sgiamhach,
De aisinn a chliathaich,
A's i achfhuinneach rianail,
  'Na gniomhraibh 's na beus.

Bu tnù leis an t-Satan
An onoir fhuair Adhamh,

Bhi 'n cuirt aig an Ard-righ,
  Mealtuinn 'fhabhair 'sa ghloir;
Le mhealltaireachd chealgach,
Thug ionnsuidh a shealg orr':
Mar dh'ionnsuich e dhearbh e,
  Le seanachas a bheòil;
'San àm ud do ghéill iad,
Dh'an bhuaireadh le chéile,
Chreid tuaileas na bréige,
  A's thréig an Dia beo.
A tuiteam bu ghàrbh e,
Bàs cuirp agus anma,
'S gach tuisleadh tha leanmhuinn,
  Oir is anmhuinn an fheòil.

'S e briseadh a chùmhnaint
Leig ris an eas-ùmhlachd,
'S gach meas bha fo 'n cùram,
  Dh' am bu dùthchas bhi fàs.
Cheart aindeoin a bhùitich,
A rinneadh an tùs leis,
'S e gionach na sùla
  Dh'fhag sinn dùbailt 'sa chàs.
Gu ma beannuicht' 'na aonair,
'N Ti cheannuich gu daor iad,
Ann ròinn de na daoinibh,
  A shaor e le 'bhas;
Rinn aithnicht' a rùn dhoibh,
Air broilleach an ciùrraidh,
A's shoilleirich dhuinn e
  Ann an cùmhnant nan gràis.

Tha 'n sgeul-sa co priseil,
'S nach tarar a h-innseadh,
Le àrd no le isle,
  'N gné innleachd a fhuair—
An t-Ard-righ na aonar,
Gu tearnadh chloinn daoine,
A dh'ullaich Fear-saoraidh,
  Gu'n saoradh o'n truaigh';

'Se ghradh-sa o'n t'siorr'achd,
A shuidhich an riaghailt,
'S le 'ghliocas a riaghl' i,
  Le 'chriochnachadh buan;
'N uair chunnaic e'n éiginn,
Chuir és' a Mhac féin uaith',
A dh' fhulang a chéusaidh,
  Ann an éirig a shluaigh.

Tha 'fhocal ag innseadh,
An eachdraidh a Bhiobuill,
Dearbh cleachdadh nan linntean,
  'S na tiomanaibh dh'fhalbh;
Chuir aithnte naomh sios dhoibh,
Air na claraibh le mhèuraibh,
'S na ghràdhaicheas 'fhirinn,
  Ni i dion dhoibh a's tàirbh;
Tha cheud àithn' ag iarraidh
Gu'n Dee bhi na fhìanuis,
'S e féin a tha riaghladh,
  'S cha 'n iomhaighéan màrbh.
Tha'n dara air cùl sin,
Le bagraidhibh dubhailt,
Aig toirmeasg gun umhladh,
  No lubadh do dhealbh.

Tha 'n tritheamh ag sìomadh
Ainm naomha na Trionaid,
Gu 'n chleachdadh gu diomhain
  Le briathraibh ar béil.
Tha 'n ceathramh aig àithneadh,
Sinn a chleachdadh na Sabaid,
Ri aoradh 's ri cràbhadh,
  Re'n lath' sin gu léir.
Tha 'n cuigeamh ag ràite,
Thoir urram do d' phàraint,
'S do gach inbhe ma's àrda,
  No iosal an dréuchd.
Tha 'n seathamh ag sirreadh
Ar nàbuidh no sinne,

Gu 'n mhàrbhadh no milleadh,
Le inneal fo 'n ghréin.

Tha 'n seachdamh ag iarraidh
Ar cleachdadh bhi diadhaidh,
Am focail nan gniomh'raibh,
Gu 'n bhi riarachadh miann.
Tha 'n t'ochdamh ag àithneadh
Gun ghoid o ar nàbuidh,
Ach dillseachd a's càirdeas
Le baigh chuir an gniomh.
Tha 'n naothamh ag iarraidh
An fhirinn a dheanamh,
'S nach tugamaid fianuis,
Air a fiaradh le bréug.
Tha 'n deicheamh a' toirmeasg
Gach tnù agus farmad,
Na leasachadh saoibhreis,
Le fòill no mi-ghniomh.

Cha tig a's cha d'thainig
Aon duine o Adhamh,
Tre gin'lacha gnath'chte,
O'n trath sin nach claon;
Le tuislibh nan abhaist,
Ni 's tric na theid aireamh,
Bhi bristeadh 's e 's gna dhoibh,
Air aith'ntaibh ro naomh-s'.
Thaobh 'cheartais cha tarar,
Mac dhuine bhi tearuint',
Cha 'n fhasgadh gu brath dhuinn,
Lagh Aaroin a's Mhaois.
Gu 'm naomh gu 'n robh esan,
Ghabh mhallachd 'nar éirig,
'S a dh' fhuiling air féin e,
Gu 'threud a bhi saor.

Cha tìm bhi ri moille,
Dh' easbhuidh dìdean a bhaile,
'S fear dioladh na fola,
Na dheanna 'nar deigh.

Gach mallachd th'air aireamh,
'S an lagh 's anns na faidhibh,
Thoill sinne thaobh naduir,
  Bho thuit Adhamh a's Eubh'.
Ar dleasnasan crabhach,
Cha teasairg gu brath sinn,
Mar seas an Tì araidh,
  Le 'bhaigh anns a bheum.
Mar fhaidh 's mar shagairt,
Mar righ 's mar fhear tagair,
Gu'r saoradh o'm bagraibh,
  'S o'n agartas gheur.

'S e nadur a pheacaidh,
Tha fas ris a mheacan,
Cha tarar a chasgadh,
  Gun cheapadh gu teann;
Na smuaintean is graide,
Ged nach luaidh iad na fhocail,
Tha 'n suaineas ri 'm faicinn,
  'Nar cleachdaibh air ball.
Tha 'n cealgair le bhrataich,
A' sealg air ar 'n aitreabh,
'Se feuchainn ma's fhaicear,
  'Na dhreach e 'sàn am;
Bidh a thoillteanas duillich,
'N trath dh' fhoillsichear uil' e,
'N lathair ainglibh 's gach duine,
  'N uair chuirear air ceann.

Nach mairg iad na daoine,
Lan feirg agus saobh-nois,
Lan farmaid a's claon bheairt,
  Le aomadh gu miann;
Lan tallach a's tarcuis,
A's gearan mi araidh,
Lan ceannairc a's ardain,
  Gun chairdeas gun fhiamh;
Nach gabh ris an t-Slan'ghear,
Tre chreidimh chum slainte,

Leis na th'annt' dhe'n t-seann Adhamh,
  Nan abhaist 's nan gniomh;
Tha tairgse dhoibh fabhar,
Air teirm nan saoir ghrasan,
An dòibheartan fhagail,
  'S le 'ghairdean ni'n dion.

Nach tìm dhuinn bhi pilleadh
O ròidibh ar millidh,
Agus nadur ar tinneis
  A' sirreadh ar leòn;
A's plaigh an as-creidimh
'Gar leanmhuinn 'nar 'n aidmheil,
'S nach tar sinn bhi taiceil,
  'N ar 'n aignibh mar 's còir.
Mar thogadh an airde,
An nathair 'san fhasach,
Tha Criosda air ardach'd
  Gu bhi caramh ar leòin;
'Se sealltuinn ri 'fheartuinn-s'
A thòll sinn le 'r peacaibh,
Tre chreidimh 'na 'fhocal,
  A bheir neart dhuinn a's treòir.

Gach aon a th' air cromadh,
Ri aodainn an t-seallaidh,
Cha tar iad bhi fallain,
  Thaobh 'n eallaich tha sgìth;
Tha gearan air mòr-chuis,
'S air mearan na h-òige,
A's am buileachadh gòrach,
  Air tròcair 's air tìm;
S e 'ghealltanas dhoibh-san,
Nach meallar gu brath iad,
Ach gun ìnnsichear sabhailt,
  Iad an aros na sìth.
'S ann aig cathair nan grasan,
Tha trocair ri fharsainn,
Leis gach aon a gheibh fabhair,
  Air sgath na rinn Criosd.

Do gach aon a tha nochdaidh,
Gun fhaoilte gun socair,
Tha caoineadh 'ur bochdainn,
'S 'ur lochdan faraon;
Tha feill nan saor ghrasan
A's tairgse dhe shlainte,
Air eigheachd an trath-sa,
'S gach aite gu saor;
Ma threigear gu grad leibh
Na ceuman a th' agaibh,
'S ma philleas sibh dhachaidh,
Bho 'ur seachranaibh claon;
'S ma thig sibh gu h-ealamh,
Le ionndrainn bhi falamh,
Tha 'n neamhnuidh mhor bharraicht',
Air a follach 'san raon.

Cha 'n aideach'd gun tabhachd,
Ach creidsinn gu h-araidh,
Ann an Carraig nan ail,
Ni 'r tearnadh o thruaigh';
Am foghainn mi-thairbh dhuinn,
Cha 'n fhoghainn le dearbhachd,
Fuil ghabhair no tharbha,
Chum an t-sal thoirt uainn;
Ach fuil riogail nan lotan,
'N Uain phriseil gun spotan,
Chaidh a dhìteadh 'sa chrochadh,
Ann an dochair a shluaigh:
Tha 'g eigheachd ni 's airde,
Na dh'eigheas fuil Abeil,
An eirig na h-aireamh,
Chaidh thearnadh le 'bhuaidh.

Chlach a dhiult an luchd ceairde,
Gun churam 'ga h-aicheadh,
Ged nach bu diù leo caradh,
'S i is aird' anns an tùir.
A THI dh' fhuiling am bas,
A bha mallaichte narach,

Gun duine anns an ar-fhiach,
  Dheanadh baigh riut a' d' chùis,
Thoir dhuinne dhe d' ghrasan,
Mar bhuilich thu 'n talann,
Gu chuir ann an tabhachd,
  Chum ardach'd do chliù.
'S na treig-sa gu brath sinn,
Cho' pairtich dhe 'r naduir,
Gus an toir thu sinn tearuinnt'
  Gu Parras fa-dheoidh.

AN ACAIN.

LE M——.

'S TROM an acain so luidh orm,
  'S mi a' siubhal na fàsaich;
Cha 'n 'eil dion domh no fasgadh,
  Ann an ionad nan àite.

Thug an tuiteam dhiom t-iomhaigh,
  Thainig neul air gach buadh dhiomh;
'S mi nam luidhe am shìneadh,
  Mar dhìleachdan truagh mi.

Anns an achadh gle shalach,
  Ann a' m' fhuil air mo thruailleadh,
'S mi gun aodach, gun earradh,
  'S gaoth a's frasan 'gam chuairteach'd.

'S mi air shaod aig an namhad,
  'S nach tàr mi thighinn uaithe;
'S e gu dian cur ri àrsachd,
  Ann mo nadur tha truaillidh.

'S fada m' fhuireach 'san Eiphit,
Gur e 'n éigin tha buan domh,
Fo na h-eallacha troma
Chàraich Pharaoh 'sa shluagh orm.

Thainig smal agus neul orm,
Bha mi riamh na mo thruaghan,
Gun ath-bhreith, gun naomhachd,
Ach an taod mu mo chluasan.

Maith mo chionta gu saor dhomh,
A tha lionmhor a's uamharr,
Sin air sgàth an Fhir-shaoraidh,
Dhoirt mar iobairt 'fhuil uasal.

Dion mi, 's gleidh o gach cunnart,
Doirt spiorad nan gràs orm;
'S dean mo ghlanadh gu h-iomlan,
'N tobair iocshlaint na slainte.

Dean do ghlòir-sa mar chrioch dhomh,
Dean mo riaghladh gu gràsmhor;
'S tu an Cruith-fhear siorruidh,
Rinn 'sa dhealbh le do lamh mi.

'S moch a threig mi do shlighe,
'S gu bheil m' fhiachan gun aireamh;
Gabh ri toillteanas Chriosda,
'S na iarr aig mo lamh-s' iad.

Dean mi réidh ris 'na phearsa,
Thoir gu comunn a ghraidh mi;
Cuir an aireamh na tréud mi,
'S mise chaora bha caillte.

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

DONALD M'RAE, AT PETTY.

DONALD M'RAE, the totally illiterate author of the following poems, was born in the Parish of Petty, Inverness-shire, on the 11th November, 1756. His parents belonged to the humbler order of society; but, nevertheless, were honest. His father was a native of Glenalchaig, in Kintail. Perhaps there has not existed in any country a more remarkable prodigy of piety and genius, and it is questionable if such another instance was ever brought under the notice of the learned, tho' alas! but to excite their most poignant regret, that a mind so susceptible was suffered to pine in obscurity, without the least particle of the culture derived from education.

It might appear an absurdity to infer, that a man whose acquaintance with scripture must have been merely aural or oral, and entirely derived from memory, could acquire the might and power requisite to illustrate its doctrines with effect—yet so it is! He is alike orthodox, chaste and captivating in its application, and a profound searcher of the human heart, while the versality and vivacity of genius with which he maintains his argument, and the smooth and harmonius flow of his verses, are no less remarkable than the logical accuracy with which they are sustained, alluring the reader along without ever tiring him.

He was no less a prodigy that his faculties appeared to remain entire, altho' he was eighty-one years of age at the time of his death, than that he should have continued unnoticed, without having the value of his compositions brought to light by the clergy, or other pious individuals around him.

He earned an honest livelihood by his loom, residing as a cottager on the Earl of Moray's estate, in the Parish of Petty, Inverness-shire; and being a bachelor, had a sister, a no less sagacious and pious person, who kept house to him.

Though a highlander, his lot was cast in a part of the country so level as to be uncommonly destitute of natural beauty or sublimity; so that to the contemplation of such he does not aspire—but he is a master in taking a spiritual view of the most ordinary occurrences.

Donald M'Rae, however, by his own account, and that of others, was a wild and mischievous boy. It could not well have been otherwise, when, as he humourously related, in place of being sent to school, he was daily packed off to the parish mill with a sack on his back, to receive the gratuitous donations of such as came to grind there, or perhaps payment in kind for the labour of the loom, as is very common in country parishes—so early was his mind directed to the bread that perisheth.

On the Lord's day, when he attended the parish church, he often heard the zealous and reverend Mr John Morrison, of pious memory, lamenting the immorality, the drowsiness, and indifference to religion, that prevailed in his parish; and honest Donald looked back with amazement that he could trace no symptom of amendment from his faithful admonitions; yet it is most probable that the precious seedling of Grace was sown in his breast during the incumbency of this excellent and pious minister. It is evident, that as this humble cottager became industrious and sedentary at his lawful occupation, Divine Grace most mercifully and unmeritedly visited him; while, if he had enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, there is no calculation to what height the powers of a mind so discursive, of a memory so tenacious of its acquisitions, and of a penetration so accustomed to profound and vivid reflection, might have attained. There is scarcely an object that could fall under his observation but he musters to serve his purpose with a master's hand. He is the liberal mind that deviseth liberal things even in his poverty; while his genius pursues his expatriated countrymen to another hemisphere.

Nay, under all his disadvantages, he left behind him a sample of the piety and principles which, under the blessing of God, largely pervade the minds of many of our uneducated countrymen; but his genius and talent for narration exhibit a gift conferred on him alone, undebased by any prostitution of so high a boon to any unworthy purpose, and the more honourable to the land that gave him birth, in so far as regards himself.

Donald never was the stated hearer of either of the two last ministers of Petty, though within a mile of the church, but would to the last travel eight or ten miles cheerfully to hear the Gospel. He

was prized at the meetings of pious persons of every rank, and a welcome guest at their tables. From those means he acquired notions uncommonly just of what the providence of God was carrying on in the course of events. He was an orator in extemporaneous prayer, and an oracle in administering consolation to the afflicted, to the prisoner, and the exile—as well as in warning the sinner.

Donald had a brother, William, who was pipe-major to the 42d regiment, and gloriously fell in action in America. On being asked why he composed no elegy to his brother's memory, he replied, my brother's elegy is in better hands. No Christian soldier, restrained from so many evils to which others are liable, can go into the heat of battle, without consigning his soul and body to the gracious Saviour's care, in the event of life or death, however transient the impression; and when his memory is in such glorious keeping, would I tarnish it by any sinful effusion of mine? Death, in the performance of duty is a glorious privilege! more especially in the cause of Christian faith, and that of civil and religious liberty!

There is no man of any rank who understands his native tongue, but will be edified by reading or hearing his compositions. The pious and the wealthy of every class will assuredly countenance them, were it to bestow them on their humbler dependants; nor can they place a more valuable boon, at the same expence, within their hands.

We quote the following notice of Donald from the statistical account of the Parish of Petty, written autumn 1839:—"We can claim but one native author, a man in humble life, who could neither write nor read. He died about two years ago, at the age of four score and upwards. He was a man, although eccentric, of decided piety and genius, and much esteemed by all who knew him. His memorial on earth is a small volume of 'Spiritual Songs, by Donald M'Rae.' Although this may fall into oblivion, (a fate which good judges say it does not deserve) there is reason to believe that his record on high will be eternal."

Donald, in his younger days was for some time in service with one Mr Fraser, a pious gentleman in Petty, and being naturally of a poetic turn of mind, at times he gave scope to his fertile imagination in composing verses on the passing incidents of the day. We have heard him confess that he found it easier, at that stage of his life, to compose than learn a song. It happened that he composed a certain ditty at that period of his life, and upon its coming to Mr Fraser's ears, he reprimanded Donald by telling him—"A Dhomhnuill, cha ruig na Baird a leas litrichean a chuir rompa dh'ifrinn, a

dh'fheoraich an e am beatha an sin, oir tha iad lan di-beathaichte, oir tha iad a' deanamh ban-righrean le moladh de bhan-striopaich-ean." The pious man's reprimand had such a blessed effect upon him, that he ceased from composing songs during a period of thirty years; his first composition afterwards, was a letter to an intimate companion of his, who emigrated to America. [See his poems.]

When Petty was depopulated, and converted to monster farms, on a certain day his sister spoke to him upon the subject, by declaring her fear that they would come to poverty, when the place was clear-ed of its inhabitants; Donald answered—

"Bochdainn no uireasbhuidh cha tar iad
Thighinn gur sarach'd no gur claoidh;
Oir achadh mor an fhreasdail chairdich,
Bheir e sinne 'n aird a chaoidh."

Donald happened to be on a certain day in a friends' house in Inverness, and upon rising to view himself in a looking-glass that was in the room, a worthy man who happened to be present, asked him—"A Dhomhnuill, ciod a tha thus' a' faicinn ort fein an sin?" "Tha (arsa Domhnull), gu bheil mi breachd, gu bheil mi cam, gu bheil mi granda, gu bheil neul an aoig agus gruig a bhais orm, gu bheil bothaig seann duine, agus inntinn leinibh bhig agam."

Donald, at a time when they were intruding a minister on the parishioners of Petty, was, along with others, at the Presbytery in Inverness, and in answer to a certain question by one of the clergy, he replied—

"Cha'n fhiach a chuideachd leam deamhain,
No duine dubhailt' mu ghnothach,
Ged tha'n fheoil so air treabhadh mo dhochais."

Donald was a particular observer of the dealings and dispensations of Providence towards him, both in his temporal and spiritual con-cerns. He once happened to be on the streets of Inverness, and a wellwisher met him, who asked his horn for a pinch of snuff; the man, on returning him the horn, put some money into it, which, when Donald observed, he said—

"O 'n uair 'sa lagaich air mo threoir-sa,
Dh' fhas a throcair dhomh ni's farsuing;
Oir bidh e coimhead na mo phocaid,
'S ris na brogan th'air mo chosan."

Donald used to remark concerning the ministers that were in-truded against the wishes of the people, that the first thing they had in view was the stipend, but when they were in possession of

the stipend, the i they were in anxious pursuit of honour; but the honour, said he, belongs to the people, and they shall not receive it should they burst.

Donald, while health and strength permitted, was in the habit of engaging with Mr Davidson of Cantray during harvest time, and owing to his kind, jocose, and affable manner, his fellow labourers were very fond of him, and would always join him while he performed worship every night on the stable loft, and Mr Davidson's butler generally gave him remainders of candles for light. At the commencement of the harvest, on a certain year, Donald said to the butler—

"A Dhomhnuill Mhic Shanndaidh,
Bidh mise teann ort an cairdeas,
Ma bheir thu dhomhsa do sholus,
Na bheir car thun an stapuill;
Bha thu cairdeach dhomh 'n urraidh,
'S fhuair mi uiread 'sa b' aill leam;
Na dean doichioll am bliadhna,
Ach bi cho fiialaidh 'sa b' abhaist."

"Cha 'n urra mi," ars' esan.

"Cha'n 'eil mise sirreadh an-iarrtas,
No ni a chiallaicheas naire,
Ach mu thimchioll an t-soluis,
Bu ro thoil leam e laimh rium."

According to the custom of the fathers, Donald was exceedingly guarded, when he had an occasion to attend at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in other parishes, not to indulge in the least in anything of a secular character either going or returning. It was a customary saying of his, "The world will not have it to say, that Donald Macrae went to the communion, and has returned with a burden of the world on his back."

In his person he was considerably above the middle size; his hair originally black, andhis countenance of a dark complexion; his face much disfigured by the small-pox, by which he lost the sight of one of his eyes, and of a mild solemn countenance. Among his intimate friends he was jocular, social, and affable, and at times sharp and witty in conversation; in the latter part of his life, his company was much sought after by all who were acquainted with him. In his dress he was clean, plain, and simple, wearing a broad blue bonnet, and a blue home-made dress, over which he wore a blue great coat. In his intercourse with the world he was cheerful, frank, honest, and often jocose; yet he was very guarded and reserved in giving his opinion of men and incidents, unless to a very intimate friend—he

was always thankful for the least mercy enjoyed, and was never heard to complain of being in straits or in want. His heavenly Master, whom he served, provided a sufficiency for his wants during his sojourn here below, verifying the words of the Psalmist—"'S fearr beagan aig an duine choir, na saoibhreas mor nan daoi."

As he never mentioned the name of God but with the greatest awe and holy reverence, so he avoided introducing the holy name into his poems but by some one of his titles. He was never fond of the riches of the world, and would, in his own jocular manner, tell how he was once troubled about a few pounds of money he laid by. His anecdotes were numerous, rich, and amusing, if we could spare space to mention them. Notwithstanding his being unable to read, he kept the Word of God always in his family, where a stated prayer meeting was held. He left a revised copy of his poems, some short time previous to his death, with a friend, which accounts for the alterations and additions in the present edition. He resigned his spirit to God who gave it, and entered into his eternal rest, on the 20th Nov. 1837, aged 81 years; and his remains are interred in the church-yard of Petty, where a small tombstone points out his grave.

We shall add the following in his own nervous and expressive tongue:—

Thachair do Dhomhnull a bhi ann an cuideachd ministear araidh, a dh' fheoraich dheth, "Cia mar a bha thusa, Dhomhnuill, 'ga do mhothachadh fein an deigh do 'n Chruithear comhlachadh riut air mhodh eifeachdach?" "Bha (ars' esan), coslach ri fidhlear le fiodhal anns nach biodh ach da theud; bha mi re uine fhada a' cluich air an teud chuil, agus 's e am port a bha mi a' toirt aisde, O nam faighinn e! O nam faighinn e! Ma dheireadh sguir mi dheth bhi cluich air an teud sin, agus thoisich mi ri cluich air an teud bheoil; agus is e am port a bha mi a' toirt aisde-sa, O nan gabhainn e! O nan gabhainn e!" "O (ars' am ministear) a Dhomhnuill, tha port eile 'san fhiodhal, nan eirmseadh tus' air, a dh' fhaodas tu a *chluich* le barantas, eadhon, Fhuair mi e! Fhuair mi e!"

COMHARRADH AIR AN ATH-BHREITH.—Air dhomh a bhi beachdachadh air an obair dhiomhair sin, air nach d' rainig mi riamh a thuigsinn le lan chinnteas, eadhon, obair fior ath-bhreith, ghabh mi mar shamhladh da bhean agus trom nadurach orra; agus an uair a thainig saothair-chloinne orra, rug a h-aon diu leanabh beo, agus an aon eile leanabh marbh. Air do na mnathaibh so tachairt, agus labhairt ri cheile, mu chruaidh ghleachd agus iodhnadh breith, cho'-dhuin iad, gu 'n tug a pian, a h-eiginn, agus a h-iodhnadh breith-sa

rug an leanabh marbh, barrachd air a pian, agus air a h-eiginn-sa, rug a leanabh beo. Ma bha chuis mar sin, C'aite ma seadh an robh an t-eadar-dhealachadh ? Eadhon, ann an so : ise a rug an leanabh marbh, dh' fhalbh curam an altruim dh'i—ach ise a rug an leanabh beo, lean curam an altruim rithe. A nis, ann an curam an altruim, tha da ni a' co'sheasamh, *eagal* agus *caithris*.

AN T-UAIREADAIR.—Air dhomh a bhi 'g amharc air coimhearsnach a bh' agam, dh' fheuch e dhomh uaireadair a bh' aige na sheomair; agus air dha fhosgladh, chunnaic mi an sin cothromaichean trom a bha tarruing sios a chum an lair, agus a thaobh an cudthrom, bha diog a ghearan aig an uaireadair. An sin thubhairt mi ris, gu'n robh sud na shamhladh air suidheachadh a Chriosduidh 'na fhaireachduinn; agus air dhomh a bhi beachdadh air so, shaoil leam gu'n tarainn so a charamh ri m' fhaireachduinn fein, agus gu 'm bithinn ni-eiginn. Ach am feadh a bha mi a' beachd-smuaineachadh mar so, co a chaidh seachad orm ach crodh nam Philisteach, ag giulan lagh nam flaitheanas air feun nuadh; dh' fhag iad an laoigh, am biadh, agus duthaich nam Philisteach, agus ghabh na mairt an rathad direach air slighe tir Israeil, as an d' thainig an lagh. Mar sin, ann a bhi beachdachadh orra-san, thug mi fainear, ann an aite dhomh fein a bhi ni-eiginn, nach robh mi ni sam bith.

AN TUIREADH.

AIR FONN—" Nis therig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh tigh'nn dlu oirnn."

GED a thoisichinn tuireadh,
'S beag a b' urrainn mi 'g ràdh dheth;
'S cia mar dh' imichinn tùras,
'S ann air m' uilean a tha mi?
Cha do ghiulan mi mulad,
Mar tha m' chunnart ag radh rium;
A's le raigead mo mhuineil,
Rinn mi fuireach nach fheairde.

Mar 'eil mo mhuineas na h-eallach,
  Tha mi talach mar tha mi ;
Rinn i m' iarrtas gun tabhuain,
  'S dh' fhag i falamh de chail mi ;
Chuir i suain mi a' m' chadal,
  Ann an leabaidh na dàileach,
Gun churam 's gun tabadh,
  Chum am fadal so fhagail.

O ! an calaich mi idir,
  No an tig mi gu àiridh ;
Gu 'n bhruad'raich mi seachad
  Mo la a's mo thalann,
Ag ioman mo smuaintean
  Mu 'n cuairt air gach airde ;
Ach c'aite 'm bheil buannachd,
  'S e bhi uam an ni araidh ?

Cha do bheachdaich mi luathrach
  Air gluasad mo naduir,
'S air oibreachadh uabhair
  Mo bhuadhan neo-shamhach ;
Glan mi o'n truaill'eachd-s',
  'S thoir uam gach ni graineil,
'S na fag anns a chruas mi
  A tha dualach dhomh arach.

Ach deònaich mo philleadh
  O'n iomairt a b'abhaist,
'S o ghluasad mo mhillidh,
  Mu 'n ioman am bàs mi ;
'S O ! fuasgail mo chridhe
  O na nithe tha lathair,
Oir an uair a ni bruidheann,
  Tha i tighinn 's cha tamh i.

Nach fhad' tha mi riaraicht'
  Le iarrtas an fhàgair,
'S mo chunnairt aig brùchdadh
  Mu 'n chùis tha ro araidh ;

Bhi teannadh air siorr'eachd,
A's tìm bhi 'g a m' fhagail;
Ach duisg mi o m' chadal,
Mu 'n stad mi mar tha mi.

Faic bunachar na h-aitreabh,
'M bheil e ceart air a charadh,
Mu 'n slaod e air 'ghaineamh,
'N uair bu mhaith e bhi lathair,
'S mis' ga cumail le pròpaibh
Chum an t-socair a b' aill leam;
'S ro choslach gu 'n tuit e,
'N uair thig tuiltean a mhàn air.

Ged robh 'm bas ann mo charamh,
'S mi fhéin 's coireach le m' abhaist,
Co tric 'n aghaidh mo sholuis,
Tha mi falamh de dhànachd,
Leis na rinn mi de cheannairc,
'M fuachd so thionail e laimh rium,
Agus dh' araich e fannachd,
Ann mo bhroilleach a's anradh.

'N teid an fhuarachd so seachad?
'N tar mi aisde gu sabhailt?
Gach ni toirmeasg tha agam-s',
Thoir mi mach o'n cuid ailghios;
Dean mo ghlanadh os 'n iosal,
Aig an fhreumhach ro bhasmhor,
'S ged robh 'm shios anns an dòruinn,
Ni mi trocair de 'm fagail.

Ach cha thàr mi a leasachd',
Thaobh mo chleachdainnean gnathaichte,
Ged robh e dorch ann 'ur beachd-sa,
Tha gach focal deth dearbhta;
Gu 'n d' rinn àrsachd a pheacaidh
Mo threachla' ni 's saruicht';
'S e chuid is truim' dhe 'n diteadh,
Gu bheil m' inntinn 'ga arach.

Ma mheasas sibh faoin mi,
'S e nach d' shaoil leibh mar tha mi;
Cha 'n e m' bharail gur aolach
A th' air aodann mo ghàraidh;
Nan robh 'n lan-s' air a thaomadh,
Agus gaol ann na aite,
Bhithinn son' air mo chaomhnadh,
'S an deigh 'n saoghal so fhagail.

O! naomhaich mo bheatha
'Measg dhroigheann na fasaich;
Tha mo chunnart ro fhaisg orm,
Le m' ascaoineachd laidir:
Ma thig ni ann mo chùrsa,
Bhios ciùirteach no saruicht',
'S ann a ghoileas mo chùirtean,
A thaobh eallsgachd mo nadur.

Thigeadh còmhnadh a's fasgadh
Bho fhear na gleachd anns a gharadh,
'N uair tha 'n stoirm 'ga mo ghlacadh,
'S mi gun acairseid shabhailt;
'S e bhi 'g eirigh na aghaidh-s',
'Mhain is coireach ri m' ànradh,
Ged nach urrar a chasgadh,
Ach le smachd o na h-ardaibh.

Ach dh' aontaich mi 'n uiread-s',
Bho nach b' urrainn domh aicheadh,
Gu 'n robh saruichean duilich
Aig na h-uile bhios sabhailt;
Nam fasadh an cruithneachd
Anns a mhonadh gun aiteach',
An sin cha bhiodh mulad
Cho cumant aig Daibhidh.

'S e 'n doigh 's na ghabh mis' am facal,
Gu 'n robh m' threachladh-sa laimh rium;
Sin am freasdal a ghlac mi,
'S thug a mach o mo chàil e:

Thoir mi nise ni 's faisg ort,
Leis gach acain a's ànradh,
'S dean mi sgiobalta tapaidh,
Gus an taisg mi a' d' laimh iad.

Ma 's ann 'ghabh mi no fhuair mi,
Tha an uair so ro sharuicht';
Ma 's e d' fhreasdal-s', no m' thuaineal,
Gabh truas ri mo chànran:
Cha 'n fhiù dha do bheartas
Mise chreach dhe na b'aill leam,
'S a mheud 's a shealbhaich am breacag,
Aig do gheatachaibh pairteil.

Dean do ghealladh a dhoirteadh,
'S thoir an dochas bh' aig Padruig,*
Mar ri mìneachadh lòthail,
Ann an eòlas air t-fhàbhar;
Agus pàirtich rium dùrachd,
A's cuir lùths ann mo dhanachd,
'S na deanadh ni mo chuir sàmhach,
Gus an deonaich thu 'n t-slàn so.

Thoir dhomh mìneachadh fallain
Air an earrann-s' tha làmh rium,
'S tog mo shùil ris an t-solus
Anns an gabh mi gu slàn i,
('S nach leig dhòmh-sa bhi fuireach,
Ann an cunnart na dàileach)
'S ni i dion dhomh a's fasgadh,
Mu'n glacair 's an t-sàs mi.

Ionnsuich dhomh-san an teagasg,
'S am bheil seasamh nam braithrean,
'S leasaich rium ann an gliocas,
Gus an tuig mi ni 's feàrr e;
Thoir mi nise gu chreidsinn,
Gu bheil fois ann a phairtibh,
'S gu bheil seasamh na firinn,
Cho cinnteach 's a bha e.

* 1 Pead. i. 3

Dean-sa tròcair an fhacail,
Na fhasgadh gu brath dhomh,
'S na ghloin shùil air mo rosgaibh,
Troimh am faic mi gach gàbhadh,
Ni mo gleidheadh o bhuaireadh,
'S a bheir uam gach cuis naire,
'S a ni biadh dhomh a's caidreadh,
A bhios agam gu m' arach.

Deanadh t-fhacal mo ghlacadh,
A's mo thiorcadh o shasaibh,
'S mo chuir còmhnard 's na h-altaibh,
Leis a bhaisteadh is àirde;
Agus fuasgail mo chasan,
A's dean farsuing mo chàil leis,
A's air chùl mo thoirt troimhe,
Gu am faighinn mo shath dheth.

Deanadh t-fhacal dhomh Athair,
A's fear-comhairl' a' m' chasaibh,
Ceann-iùil anns an rathad,
Anns am faighinn na b'fheaird' mi;
Mo dhion ann mo chùisibh,
O luban mo namhaid,
A's fior chaithris na cùram,
Chuir as ùr ann mo phairtibh.

Thoir dhomh an lochran soluis,
('S dlùth teann orm an ailteachd),
Tha eadar do bhilibh,
'S e do chuid e, 's na 's aill leat;
Rinn e 'n dibearrach diblidh,
A thoirt dìreach gu slainte,
'S chuir e cuingealachd seachad,
Leis co farsuing 's a tha e.

Na leig iomradh nam bilean,
Gu 'n sirinn-s' (gu m' ailghios),
Ach fior aite do 'n t-siol-so,
Anns am fréumhaich aig m' airnibh;

Bheir a thoradh gu bliadhnail
O an fhionain is àirde,
Dhe na bhiadh tha ro thaitneach,
Leis na h-acaraich chailéar.

Ach gèirich mo bheachd-sa,
Ann an cleachdadh do chairdean,
Air comharradh a ghlacadh,
Nach toir neach as mo lamh e ;
Gu 'n tig claoidh air a pheacadh,
'S air a leth-tromaibh saruicht',
'S ma bhios e maithd' na chaidh seachad,
Caith a mach na tha lathair.

'N duine rinneadh na fhasgàdh!
Gu 'n glac mi air phairtibh,
'S gu 'n toir dhachaidh gu sìth mi,
Ris an Righ 's ris an àithne—
Gus an treiginn gach cleachdadadh
A rinn peacadh a thaladh,
'S gu feuchainn ri dùnadh
Le cliu do na h-ardaibh.

FEAR NA GORAICHE.

AIR FONN—" 'N cluinn thu dhuine, bi 'na t-fhaicill,
'S madainn na h-aiseirigh dlu dhuit."

'S DUILICH a shaoil mi an comhradh,
'S cha b' fhasa dha 'n òraid deanta,
Fònn a ghleidheadh do an òran,
'S focail anns an òrdugh dh' iarrainn.

'S còmpach dhomhs' thus' fhir na goraich,
Nam b' urr' mi do sheòladh dheanainn,
Gu'n sireadh 's gu 'n glacadh tu dòchas,
Anns am biodh tu beò gu gniomhach.

Cuir do smuaintean ann an aìreamh,
'S feuch gu 'm bi do raidean ciallach;
Sguir dhe d' amaideachd bhòrb dhana,
'S bidh do chùis ni 's fearr na 's fhiach thu.

Nach fhaic thu seasamh an fhàgair,
Anns na thar e bhi co diomhain,
Dh' fhoghainn e leis a bhi cànran,
'S dh' fhag e chuid a b' fhearr gun deanamh.

Ghluais e beagan an airde,
'S thainig e air sga nan gniomh'ra;
'S cha do chuir e dragh air naduir,
Ged tha am Faidh faighinn giamh dha.

'N uair bha gairm air trasgadh araidh,
Dh' ith e chuid gu chail a lionadh;
Dh' fhuirich e na thamh an trath sin
Dhe ni a b' fhearr dha bhi deanta.

Bu chiorramach, fuar a chrabhadh,
'S e cruaidh ann a phairtibh iochd'rach;
Chuir an leisg e fo a sailibh,
'S cha d' innis mi ach pairt dhe ghniomh'ra.

Cha d' oibrich e ceart le lamhaibh,
'S tha e fada gearr's na dh' iarradh;
Dhiult e an solus a b' fheaird e,
'S ghlac am bas e ann a liontaibh.

Nach duisg thu, nach duisg thu fhagair,
Cha 'n 'eil dail gu bhi 'na d' imeachd,
Do la 's gach tathaich 'ga t-fhagail,
'S tu dol 'mhan do thìr na di-chuimhn'.

'M bheil thusa ni 's fearr, a chealgair?
Dh' itealaich air falbh le sgiathaibh,
'S a labhar gu fileanta dana,
'S cha d' fhuiling thu do 'n aithn' t-fheuchainn.

'M fan thu 'm feasd a dh' inntinn arda?
'N dean thu uaill gu brath a briathra?
'S na rainig a shluagh air tearnadh,
Iad bhi uile bait' am fiacha.

'S cinnte mi nach 'eil thu naireach,
'S riamh nach d' rannsuich slan do fhreumhan;
Na faigheadh tu ònair, a's aite,
Bhitheadh mìr de d' chail-sa riaraicht'.

Is cunnartach t-aite laraich,
'S fhada o na dh' fhagadh shios e;
'S ged 's ioma' neach a rinn tair' air,
Tha thusa le cail 'ga fheuchainn.

'S aithne dhomh gu'n dean thu ùrnuigh,
'S gu 'n labh'r thu gu pòngail cìatach;
'S an aite gabhail ri fear-iùil,
'S ann a dhiult thu E bhi riaghladh.

'N uair rachadh tu bhruidheann air anradh,
'S tus' is crabhaich ma 's a fior thu;
Ach dheana' tu gach ni 'b 'aill leat,
'S cha 'n fhaoda cach bhi faigh'nn gìamh dhiut.

Dheana' tu peacadh a chaineadh,
Ge beag grain a ghabh thu riamh dhe,
'S ged nach d' rinn sal'char do naduir
Do thoirt 'mhan air chor 's nach b' fhiach thu.

Cha chreid thu gur ann riut a tha mi;
Dh' fholuich thu do chailean ciocrach;
Dh' fheuch thu do chomharraidhean bana,
'S ghabh thu pairt dhiu ann an ìasad.

Dh' innseadh tu naigheachd air mòrachd,
Ma thug neach an còrr de mhìagh dhuit;
Dhlùthaich thu ri taobh na feòla,
'S bidh tu 'n comhnuidh toirt a miann dh'i.

Nam biodh 'n cealgair ni bu nairich,
'S gu 'm biodh 'm fagair ni bu ghniomhaich,
Cha toil leam fhéin a bhi ri caineadh;
Feuch an tar sibh bhi ni 's ciallaich.

"Ach ma 's mise fear na gòraich,
Saoilidh mi do chòmhradh cianail;
'S air faicinn dhomh na daoin' dh' fhag thu,
Stadaidh mi mar tha mi bliadhna."

Na seas ann an sin a bhròinein,
Tha tuille 's gu leòir 'na t-fhiachan;
'S mar treig thu do ròidean doibheart,
Bidh tu shios a chòir nam pìantan.

"Cha 'n 'eil eacoir ann mo roidibh-s',
Ach criodhalas na h-òige dhiomhain;
Ciod an cron a tha 'san doigh so?
Ma sheachnas mi 'n còrr a dheanamh."

Ge mor leat-sa t-òige chairdeil,
'S t-ailghios arda tha thu lionadh,
Nach saoil thu fhéin na dhorus craidh,
Ma bheir 'm bas thu as do fhreumhaibh.

Ach tionnda rium, fhir na gòraich,
Tha tuille còmhra' tigh'nn 'm fhianuis;
Chunnaic mise fo na foidibh,
Neach co òg 's a bha thu chianamh.

'N saoil thu mo bhreitheanas àraidh?
'M bi i glan 's gach aite? feuch i,
Fhuair thu do chothrom 's do thalann,
'S leig thu mhan iad mar nach b'fhiach iad.

Is e do réusan do thalann,
'S chuir thu fada dail 's na dh' iarradh;
'S ge iomadh leisgeul chi thu araidh,
Leig dhomhs' radh gu'n d'rinn thu di-chuimhn.

Cha dean amaideachd no àrsachd,
Seasamh ann an aite dion duit;
Cha 'n e idir ciod na tha thu,
Ach an ni tha 'n àithne 'g iarraidh.

'N cuala tu mu 'n duine bhàigheil,
Cia mar dh' fhag e a chuid gniomh'ra?
Sguir e dhe 'na rudan tàireil,
'S cha bhiodh e na thràill d'a mhiannaibh.

Dh' oibrich e latha na féille,
Air faicinn dha gu 'n treigeadh tìm e;
'S dh' eirmis e air bathar cùbhraidh,
'S math a b' fhiù a bhi 'ga iarraidh.

Am faic thu 'n t-ionmhas a fhuair e ?
Thug e buaidh air socair dhiomhain ;
Ghéuraich e chàil 's a dhànachd,
Sireadh gràs a's fhuair e riarach'd.

Mheas e gu 'n robh peacadh gràineil,
'S duilich leis mar dh' fhàs a bhlianachd ;
'S ionmhuinn leis a chuid co'-bhràithrean,
'S dh' imich e 's na ràidibh iosal.

Chleachd e gu tric a ghlùinean,
'S measg na h-ùrnuigh sheall a ghrian air ;
Ghlac e caithris a's cùram,
'S ann a churs' cha robh e diomhain.

Bu mhilis leis 'm focal urail,
'N uair fhuair e o 'n chuirt a nuas e,
Bheothaich a's neartaich e dhuil-san,
'S chuir e 'n sin a chul ri miothlachd.

Fhuair e lan saorsa trid throcair ;
'N neach thug beò e tha e fialaidh ;
Shir a's rannsuich e chuid còsaibh,
Toirt 'na feòla o cuid miannaibh.

B' aithne dha gur lag a bha e,
Ach tha thaic a'n àite dionach ;
'S thug e thairis cliù a thearnaidh,
Anns an làmh a tha 'g a riaghladh.

Ghleachd e ri coilich na fàsaich,
'Ceannsachadh gach nàdur iargallt ;
Ghlaodh e air son a bhi sàbhailt,
'S tha e'n diugh co làn 'sa dh'iarr e.

Nach fhaic thu 'nis, fhir na gòraich,
Cia mar threòraich e troimh 'n fhionain,
Tha trioblaid nan daoine còire,
'S fearr gu mor na ailghios mhianna.

Nach uamharra dorch a tha thu,
Tha do namhad a' cur lion ort ;
Och ! nach duisg thu as do thaimhneul,
Air pòll do nadur tha e 'g iasgachd.

O nach eisd thu ri mo dhanachd-s',
Leis an airde th' aig do mhiannaibh ;
Eigheadh a ghuth-sa na thrath riut,
Bheir na mairbh a mach a priosan !

O ! labh'r ris le cùmhachd araidh,
Cuir olc a nadur air a bheulaobh ;
Cha chreid e duine de 'n al so,
'Se do lamh-sa bheir a nios e.

Na fag e idir mar tha e,
THUSA tha gu h-arda riaghladh ;
Tarruing a mach as a bhas e.
'S ruigeadh e air slainte shiorruidh !

Sguiridh mi nise dhe 'n òran,
Cha chuir mi tuille seòlaidh sios ann ;
Gu m' h-ann a ghlacas an tòir thu,
'S a bhios tu beò gu maith, 'se m' iarrtas.

AN CANRAN.

GED dhean mi canran air son m' anradh,
'S mise gearr a dh' iompa',
Ach 's e nach b' aill leam, gu mo naire,
'S ann mo lamh-s' tha 'n diultadh.

Ochoin ! ma ta ge b' e their cach,
Gu faighinn-s' cail gu dusgadh,
Ann an la dail, a's cothrom slaint',
Mu 'n tig an t-am gu dunadh.

Tha mi, mo thruaigh' ! mar fhairg' a' luasgan,
Thuig a's uaith' na srùlach ;
'N uair b' aill leam ciùin tha tuinn aig brùchd,
A's mis' gun iuil gu stiuradh.

Cha 'n aobhar uaill dhomh mo chuid bruaidlean,
'S mi gun bhuaidh air aon rud ;
Cha fhiu mo ghluasd' an corr de dhuais,
Ach coslas gruaim a's diombaidh.

Tha m' inntinn ghorach cruaidh an comhnuidh,
'S i gun deoin a dh' umhlachd;
'S e fath a bhroin bhi lan de 'n fheoil,
'S mar so cha toisich curam.

Tha cùid nam eolas a ghlac dochas,
'S a thug dhomh-s' an durachd;
'S mi dh' easbhuidh bheo bhi tamh nam chor,
Ciod e sin dhomh-s' an cliu-sa?

Tha 'n fhirinn ordail, 'n comhnuidh comhnard,
Ged robh 'n ceo na dhuanan;
'S e 's gné do 'n or gu 'n gleidh e dhoigh,
Ged 'rach e fo 's an smurach.

Tha 'n t-ionmhas luachmhor, 's mor a bhuanachd,
Dha-san fhuair an cuinneadh;
Ach O mo thruaighe! 'm fear nach d'fhuair,
Ma theid e 'n uaigh gun iuil air.

Nach tric mi mhan mar neach fo phlaigh,
Nach rannsuich slan a chuiltean;
Oir 's cinnt an radh gu 'n tig am bàs,
Ged chleachd mi dail a's di-chuimhn'.

Ach gné mo naduir 's coirbte dh' fhas e,
Thug gu 'm shailean-s' ciurradh,
'S tha deanamh sarach'd ann mo bhraghad,
Ged nach tar mi mhuchadh.

Mo chosan truagh aig sleamhnachd' uam,
Gach uair le failinn culaobh,
'S mi dol a mhan air meidh a bhais,
Gun fhios dhomh c' ait' an lub i.

Tha 'm breitheamh saor o'm fhuil, 's o m' ghaoir,
Ge b'e mar thaom a mhuir orm;
Ach 'se nach d' eisd mi ni tha feumail,
Chuir mi 'n éis a dh' umhlachd.

Sas gun fhuasgladh anns a chruas so,
Gu teann cha ghluais mo ruintean,
Le siol na truaill'achd ann mo bhuadhaibh,
Ghlais e suas mo dhurachd.

An saoil sibh fhéin nach mor am béud,
Le beatha stréup gun chombaisd,
A bhi gun fheum air feadh na féille,
Mar ri eacoir dhiultaidh.

Gach duine beo fo fhianuis chomhnard,
Ged nach deoin leis umhlachd,
Mach mu 'n cuairt, 's a stigh 's gach buadh,
Ged chur se uaithe curam.

Tha 'm freasdal gniomhach togail fianuis
Air gach sion tha 'n taobh muigh,
'S mo choguis féin le peanna géur,
A stigh mo chréubh air chul sin.

Thoir gu mo chéill 'n dà fhianuis ghéur-s',
O 'n 's leir dhoibh réidh mo dhu'-lochd,
'S nach dean mi céum, no smuain, no sgéul,
Nach ceart is leir dhoibh chunntadh.

Gach earail choir, 's gach fianuis mhor,
Ni 'n toir mo dheoin-sa rùm dhoibh;
O! 'm faigh mi coir air creidimh beo,
A bheireadh gloir do 'n ughdair.

Is bàlbh a tha mi, 's dorch mar b' àbh'st,
'S mo rosga 'n sàs aig dusal;
Ach ola ghràis gu 'n tig o lamh-s',
A bheir do 'n dall a shuilean.

Ach fear na féile rinn an réite,
'S nach do gheill na chrun i,
Gu 'n glan mo chreubhag o mo chreuchdaibh,
'S thoireadh m' fheum-sa cliu dha.

Tha ghlain' a's uaisl' gu mais' a shluaigh,
Aig teachd a nuas o'n ur-chrann,
O ghleachd a bhuachaill thug a bhuaidh,
'S a chaidh gu uaigh nan cuisibh.

'S e dh' eirich suas o ghlas na h-uaigh,
'S a chreach a buaidh le ughd'ras;
'S e chuir gu naire 'n duine laidir,
'S rinn e 'm bas a spuilleadh.

An t-slainte thréun gu 'n luidh ri 'm fheum,
A's nuadhachd sgéil as ùr oirr',
A's mi gun tamh aig dol mo dheann,
A dh' ionnsuidh laimh na h-uireach.

Nan cleachduinn stoladh ann a roidibh-s',
Anns gach doigh 's an siubhlainn,
Ge mor air m' fhogair dh' eireadh dochas,
'S bhithinn beo gu h-urail.

LITIR GU U—— F——.

ANN AN AMERICA.

THA Dòmhnull mar bha e,
Anns an fhasach a chòmhnuidh,
A' cur comhairle laimh riut,
Ma 's aill leat an seòladh;
Thoir mo dhurachd gu cairdeach,
'N fhear is aill leis gur beò mi;
Smuainich fhéin air mo ghearan,
'S faic mo bharail 's an òran.

Is ro chianail leam m' aigneadh,
O chionn fhada 'na m' aonar,
Ach na gabh-sa mi-thapadh,
Thu bhi tacan 's an doigh so;
Dean do dhichioll a chleachdadh
Chum 's gu 'n streap thu ri eolas,
'S bidh do shlainte ni 's faisge
Le bhi' 'n taice na 's coir dhuit.

Tha na 's coir dhuit a chreidsinn
Anns a cheiste gu h-ordail;
Thoir an aire nach teich thu,
Ach gu 'n seas thu ri trocair;
'N uair tha iarrtas an fhagair,
Faghail fardaich gu soghail,
Bi-sa cinnteach an tra sin
Gur neo-shabhailt do dhochas.

Beachdaich thus air an t-Sheanair,
Chi thu tional an storais;
A's a thaisg an so shuas e,
Far nach truaill meirg no leom 'e;
Dluthaich thusa ri chuideachd,
'N uair a thuig thu gur beo e;
A's iarr solus o 'n h-ardaibh
Gus am fas thu ni 's eolaich.

Grad dhuisg o do mhaol-snèimh,
Tha 'n saoghal-s' na sgleo'ear,
Aig mealladh, 's aig buaireadh,
'S toirt an t-sluaigh ann a roidibh;
Ni e brosgul gu cairdeas,
'S inneal bais ann a dhornaibh;
'S bidh a laghan ro laidir,
Ma gheibh e 'n sas thu 'na chordaibh.

Faic mealltaireachd beartais,
Agus taitneasan feolmhor;
A's gach saimh tha 'sa bheath-so,
Ged fhaigh thu iad comhla;
'S thu chuir cearcall mu 'n cuairt dhoibh,
Theid iad uat as an ordugh,
Oir tha tomhas de mhulad,
Gu ro chumant' an toir orr'.

'S e mo chomhairl' dhuits', Uilleam,
Gu 'm fuirich thu stoilde,
'S gu 'n cleachda' tu caithris,
('S e mo bharails' gur coir dhuit,)
Mu 'n dean mianna do bhroillich,
Do thoinneadh gu doibheart,
'S gu 'n aom iad thu thairis
Gu amaideachd dhomhail.

Mo shoraidh 's mo bheannachd,
A's taobh tairis mo chomhradh,
Dhuit fhéin 's do gach caraid,
Tha mar riut 's luchd eolais;

'S e mo dhùrachd gu maireadh
Sibhse cannach, a's ordail,
A's gu meudaich 'ur solus,
Ann an talamh 'ur comhnuidh.

'S mar sin feuchaibh gu minig,
Gu 'n iomair sibh comhnard,
Ann an guaillibh a chéile,
'S ann is feumail 'ur seoladh;
Biodh a laimh aig gach duine
Agaibh cumail 'na corach,
Le sin chi sibh 'ur buannachd,
Ma 's a sluagh a bhios beo sibh.

Cuiribh cul ris na 's miste,
'S bithibh sgiobalt an ordugh,
Le bhur leasaraibh criosraicht',
'S aobhar misnich sin dhomhsa;
Leis na h-uile ni toirmeasg,
Air an lomra' dhibh comhnard,
Leis an fhior ghearradh-timchioll,
'S ann is iomchuidh ur boicheadh.

Bithibh dichiollach, duisgeach,
Feadh nan iucan, 's nan cosan,
Air son spiorad na h-urnuigh,
Anns gach cuis gu bhur seoladh;
Géir bheachdachd le curam,
Air an umhlachd is còir dhuibh;
Oir tha gleachd air na glùnaibh,
'Na tùs air a bheò-shlaint'.

Thugaibh aoidheachd dha chéile,
('S ro fheumail an seòladh),
Gu corruich a threigsinn,
'S 'ur céill a bhi stòilde;
Le faire agus géire,
Biodh 'ur ceumannan ordail;
'S ann trid glaine bhur béusan,
A léubhair ur sòlas.

Ma ni mi anail de shaorsainn,
  Eisd a's aom-sa gu fòill rium ;
A's na cuir a' neo-bhrìgh e,
  'S leam fhein mo chuid leòintean ;
'N uair a b' àill leam an t-socair,
  'S ann tha droch rud an tòir orm ;
Cha do ghabh mi ri gliocas,
  'S aobhar clisgidh sin dhomhsa.

Nan rachad monmhor a's gearan,
  Mi-fhallain, neo-òrdail,
Chuir imrich o 'n fhearainn-s',
  Bhiodh mo bheatha ni 's sàmh'che ;
Ann an àite bhi talach,
  'S e bhi toilicht' bu chòr dhomh ;
Ach ged dh' iarrainn gu glacadh,
  'S gànn gu 'm faca mi sgòd dh'i.

O 'n uair chaidh thu a PEITIDH,
  'S beag tha seasamh rium còmhnard,
Tha mòran air teicheadh,
  'S dh' fhàg iad ceistean a' m' chòir-sa ;
Air aon taobh tha gealtachd,
  'S air 'n taobh eile tha fògair ;
'S le ro mheud mo chuid cadail,
  Chaidh mo leabaidh a òrdugh.

Ged tha m' leabaidh na claisean,
  Cha thàr mi aisde le 'm sheòltachd ;
Tha i duint' air mo ròsgaibh,
  'S dlù faisg orm an ceò so ;
Eadar uaineard mo bhroillich,
  'S gach ni eile tha 'n tòir orm,
Ge b' e tha siùd na creadhlach,
  Tha mise faighinn mo leòir dh'i.

Is ro phailt leam a tha iad,
  Ann am fasach mo chòmhnuidh,
Luchd fosgalaidh m' fhàillinn,
  'S nach cairich mo *ròban ;*

Thug coirbeachd mo nàduir
Air càch a bhi 'n tòir orm,
'S ge do sguireadh iad uile,
Dheanainn duilich mo bheò-shlaint'.

Faodaidh mise le 'm thuaineal,
Mi-shuaimhneasan lò'ail,
Thoirt dhachaidh gu m' ìnntinn,
'S mo thìnn dheanamh leòinteach;
Mo phadhaidhean mìllteach,
'Ga m' chuir clì air na 's còir dhomh,
'S gun ghnothaich aig freasdal, ri
Fàth mo theasaichean brònach.

Ged their thusa nach fior so,
Tha mis' ciallach gu leoir dhe,
Gu 'n teid duine gun chaithris,
Tric 's fhaide na 's coir dha;
Bheir buairidhean uabhair,
Air a bhuadhaibh mi-stoilde,
Iomad truaighe mu 'n cuairt air,
Thaobh truaill'achd na feola.

Ach nan gabhainn-s' ri curam,
'S gu 'n cuirinn cùl ris 'n doigh so,
'S gu 'm faighinn mo shùilean,
'S gu 'n dùnainn ri cordadh,
Cha bhiodh m' bharail co dù'-dhorch,
Mu chùise na corach;
Ach ghabhainn an fhirinn,
Mar tha i dìreach an ordugh.

Ged robh m' fhaireachdainn sàruicht',
'S agam pàirtibh de dheoirean,
'S caithe-beatha de mhìneachd,
Anns an tir 's am bheil m'eolas,
'S mi gun aithreachas ciallach,
Air son iarmaid na doibheart,
Cha 'n 'eil ni ann a' m' iarrtas,
Ach diomhan an comhnuidh.

O! an tuig a's an creid mi,
Nach dean aidmheil ni 's leoir dhomh,
No farsuingeachd bruidhne
Air na pùincibh bu choir dhomh;
Dh' easbhuidh 'm bàisteadh mar theine
Dhol troimh mo chuid feolachd,
'S beag fiù mo chuid boidean,
Ged is mor air mo chomhradh.

Bhiodh mo dhochas ni 's sàbhailt
Nam biodh 'n àithne rium coirde,
A's gu 'n deanadh i srìan dhomh,
Bhitheadh dion innt' an comhnuidh;
Cha do thàr mi co'lionadh
Le mo ghniomh'raibh o 'm oige;
Ach nan ruiginn air siochainnt
Troimh an riarachadh chomhnard.

Tha mi guidh' air 'na h-uile
A chluinneas an t-orans',
Bhi dlù ann an tagair,
Cho fada 's is beo sibh,
Air eagal na h-oidhche,
Dhearbh na maighdeanan gorach,
Bha gun ola na 'n *làmpuibh*,
'N uair a thainig am posadh.

GUS AN U—— F—— CHEUDNA.

TIONNDAIDH thus air do ghlùnaibh,
'S thoir do shùilean do'n fhoghair,
Chum 's o'n chosnadh chliuiteach,
Air gach taobh gu 'n tig roghainn;
Gu 'n dòmhluich e curam
Mu chùisean an taghaidh,
'S gu 'm bi 'ghleidheadh a's 'aobhar
Anns gach àite ri fhaighinn.

Iarr teagasg an Ard Righ
  Thigh'nn a mhan air an fheoghainn ;
Tha gu'n mhìr ann nan lamh ac',
  No gun bharr anns an t-sabhal;
Gu 'n togadh e 'n àird iad,
  O gach sàs tha 'san domhain ;
'S gu 'm biodh libhrigeadh sabhailt
  O gach namhad tha romhainn.

O ! truailleachd ar nadur,
  'S ar càileachd air breothadh,
Le ana-miannaibh graineil,
  Nam b'aill leinn an coimhead ;
Le peacaibh ar sàilean,
  A dh' fhas ann ar brothaig,
'S a reir naomhachd na h-aithne,
  Tha sinn bàite fa chomhair.

A mheinn a tha lathair,
  Tha i ardanach doilleir,
'S i lùbach an comhnuidh,
  Ris an fheoil a tha sealladh ;
Cha d'fhag i aon sìon dhuinn,
  Ann an diomhair no follais,
Agus dh' araich i blianachd,
  A's mi-riann ann ar comas.

O 'm bristear ar cordadh,
  Ris an fheoil so tha againn ;
Thug oirnne le 'doibheart
  Nach eòl dhuinn an rathad ;
Gu 'n duisg e, 's gu 'n seol e,
  Gu 'n stol e, 's gu 'm faighear,
'S o mhorachd a throcair
  Gu 'n deonuich e cobhair.

'S ann trid iobairt na réite
  A tha slaint' air a toirt,
O 'n Ti a rinn fabhair,
  'Sa chuir àird' air a ghnothaich ;

Cha robh peacadh no beud ann,
Na eacoir fa chomhair;
'S ghabh e féin ann a chréubhaig,
Na creuchdan bu mho.

Tha sealladh gu cinnteach
Aig Cedron ri fhaicinn,
Ard Cheannard ar slainte
'N cruaidh spairn anma a' gleachda;
Gun chobhair nam braithrean,
Gun fhabhair 'ga thoirt,
Ach fuachd air gach taobh dha,
A' taomadh mar abhainn.

Tha uaislean na rioghachd
Air am faotuinn ann so-an;
Na buadhan ro fhìnealt,
Nach pill gun an gnothaich;
Eadhon, ceartas a's firinn,
Agus naomhachd 'ga toirt;
'S cha 'n eisd iad ri cordadh,
Fhad 's is beo e mu 'n comhair.

'S e so reithe na fasaich
Bha aig Abraham romhainn;
A thug saorsa do dh' Isaac,
'N uair bha e sinnt' air a chonnadh;
A's ma thàras mi innse,
Tha na croinn a' dol fodha,
'S cha teid dàil anns a ghniomh-sa,
Ach am fionan so threabhadh.

'S ann thàll anns a gharadh
Bha 'n cràdh 'sam bheil roghainn;
Cha robh duine cuir lamh air,
'S bha theanntachd air fhaighinn;
Cha 'n urrainn mis' aireamh
Na bha air a mheoghair;
Ach faicibh, a chairdean,
Mar ghradhaich e 'n taghadh.

Och ! uamhas an àit', ma
  Gheibh sinn lamh ruinn a choinneal,
Gu bhi faicinn nan stràcan
  Bha teachd a mhan ann a choinneamh ;
Na cruachasan laidir
  Bha na bhraghad aig toinneamh ;
Le dubh-bhron a bhàis
  Air a charamh roimh aghaidh.

So 'n urnuigh bha saraicht',
  Chaidh ghabhail 'sa chothrom ;
Cha sheasadh sliochd Adhamh
  Ann am pairt de na chomh-roinn ;
Cha robh buill' air a caomhnadh,
  Ach 'g am faotuinn le corruich ;
'S a bhroilleach ro chaomhail,
  Roimh fhaobhair a chorrain.

O ! anabarr na doruinn
  Bh' air a doirteadh 'na charamh,
Gun mheasgadh de throcair,
  Ged is cordadh bh' air aire ;
Gun duin' anns a chomhnard,
  Dh' an seol a bhi farraid ;
C' arson a ta 'm bron so,
  A's na leontan ro chomharraicht'-s' ?

O ! athar na trocair,
  Dean mo ghoraich a mhaitheadh,
'S na thuirt mi a chomhradh
  Mu na bhron so bha agad-s' ;
A's feuch dhomh gu comhnard,
  Gur coir dhomh a ghabhail ;
'S ann an smachdachadh orduicht',
  A tha eolas an rathaid.

Ach Uilleam gabh cùram,
  'S le dùrachd bi 'g ach'nuich
Air son spiorad an dùsgaidh,
  A stiuras gu ceart thu,

'S a chumas do dhuisg thu
O dhuslainn a's airsneal,
'S a cheannsaicheas nàdur,
Ann am pàirtibh do phearsa.

Na dean monmhor no cànran,
Air son sarachd', no leth-trom;
Ach beachdaich le grain air
A nair' tha 'sa pheacadh;
'S e 'n aon ni as araidh,
'S bu shabhailt 'na m' bheachd-sa,
Gu 'n iarradh tu naomhachd,
As a ghaol a ta 'n tasguidh.

'N uair bhios tu 's na h-iucaibh,
Air do glunaibh a' gleachda,
'N sin cuimhnich do ghradh dhomh,
Ma tharas tu m' fhaicinn;
'N uair bheir spiorad nan gras
Do bhraithrean a' d' bheachd-sa,
Bi-sa cinnteach an trath sin
Gu bheil sas air an glacadh.

Gairm, fair', agus urnuigh,
Chum 's gu 'n ionnsuich thu trasgadh,
Faigh ol' ann do chruisgein,
Chum do chuirtean a lasadh;
Mu 'n teid thu do 'n fhasach
O 'n bhlas a ta blasda,
'S mu' n toir an luchd spuillidh,
Air do shuilibh-sa frasadh.

Iarr sealbh air a neamhnuid
A shanntaich an ceannaich,
'N uair a reic e gach aon ni
Leis na theann e ri malairt;
Thu dhiultadh le suarraich'
Gach buannachd ach t-anam,
Bheir sin ort anns a chruadal
Gu 'm buanaich thu fallain.

Bidh mi nise 'g co' dhunadh,
'S thoir dhomh roum ann a t-ach'nuich ;
Ged tha mi neo-fhiuthail,
Bi-sa dlu ann an tagair,
Gu 'm bi cobhair na h-urnuigh,
Air gach taobh dhomh na fasga',
A 's eadar-ghuidh na tuis', a
Bhi 'n tionnda ri m' easlaint.

GNE NA FEOLA.

Ochan i ! mo chronan, 's fhada dhomhsa 'n tim,
Ann an gne na' feola, mo a's coirde ria ;
Mise dorch an comhnuidh, dh' easbhuidh bron 'ga inn-s',
'S cha 'n 'eil ni a leon mi ach mo ghoraich fhin.

Leis co faisg 's a tha i 'n taic mo naduir sìnt',
Cha 'n urr' mi ge b'aill leam toirt an airde sgrìob ;
Nan gabh'n sealladh araidh leis an tarainn spìd,
Chithinn i mar tha i reir a cail 'sa grìd.

Ged 's i 's leannan dhomh-s', 's ge aoidheil seolt' rium i,
Cha chomh'rlinn fear m' eoluis ann am posadh ria ;
Neach a dh'eisd ri comhradh anns gach doigh le sìth,
Air beulaobh solus comhnard tha 'se comhnuidh clì.

E! cha d'fhuair mi 'fagail, 's truagh cha b'aill leam fhìn,
Cois air chois a tha sinn anns gach àit' am bi ;
Ged is cruaidh ri 'g radh e, mhill i dàil a's tìm,
'S o nach d' rinn mi h-aicheun, rinn i m' fhasach mi.

Nam bith'nn sgith dhe h-arsachd dh'i cha phaighinn cìs,
'S a tog'rean neo-araidh chur gu taire 'm prìs ;
'S mi gun bhiadh gun fhardoch thoir gu brath no sìth,
Le ceannsachd 'na paiteachd bhiodh e 's fearr na nì.

Thug i leath' gun uaineard mi 's gun chruadal strì,
Dh'fhaicinn a cuid suaimhneas 'sa cuid buadhan mìn ;
Cha'n 'eil rian no stuaimeachd innt, mo thruaighe mi !
Ach sannt, geoc, a's tuaileas, anns gach uair o shìn.

Tha i collaidh, truaillt', ma 's fior na chuala mi,
Na 's aithn' dhomh mu 'n cuairt dh'i, 's mor a h-uaill
gun bhrigh;
Null 'sa nall mar ghluaiseas, ged is uaibhreach i,
H-an'bharr, oillteil, uabhar, thig gu truaigh' 'sa chrìch.

'S rupach, rapach tha mi air mo tharrnadh ria,
Gun chomas a bhi craiteach, ged 's e 'm bas a crich;
Neach a ghibhtich slainte, gu 'n dean tear'nte mi,
Gu cinnt tha 'n duine laidir ann am fabhar ria.

Ged a gheibhinn forlach feadh gach eolas cinn,
'S ged a shiubh'lainn comhnard feadh gach rod am bi,
Ged a làbhrainn còmhradh mar na h-òrgain bhìnn,
Tha mi cinnteach feolmhor, le bhi beo dhomh fhin.

'S lionmhor, lùbhach, seolt' tha 'n t-orans' aic' gun sgios,
"Cha mhis' ach thus' tha feolmhor, 's a rinn roic gun
Dh' iarr i 'na luchd eolais uibhir feoirnein cli, [dith;"
'N t-sail a tha na coir cha 'n aobhar comhradh i.

(Slaint' a's beatha deonuich dh' an duine choir 's gach
linn, [ri inns',
Dh' an deanadh fheum ni 's leoir, 's nach biodh an corr
Mar cholman a ta chomhnuidh feadh nan cos 's nan glinn,
Smeuraich e chuid leontain, 's e fo bhron le 'thinn.)

Rinn i fuaim 's a gharadh le ceol arda binn,
Chum i 'n aird' a clarsaich feadh gach al a's linn;
Cha dean bruich no fasgadh car ni 's fearr i 'n tim,
Toic a's meas is fearr le ged robh 'm bas a ris.

Sealamh pairt de naduir, 's corach ard' a brigh,
Modhair mar a b' abhaist cha ghabh taire ria;
Blas, a's dreas, a's ailghios dh'i nan taradh i,
'S e bhi mor is aill le anns gach ait' am bi.

Nan rannsuichean a doigh'n nis nam eolas fhin,
Measg gach aois a's oige chithear moran dh' i;
Le guailleachan de mhor-chuis dhoirt i sud a grid,
Tha clachan crich an ordugh 's fhada coir 's an tir.

Sios no suas gan treoraich mi air toir mo shith,
Mach na stigh mar 's eol dhomh, 's i mo chomhluich i;
Sud a mhill mo dhochas, 's a dh' fhag mo chomhradh
Ged chainein i 'n ordugh, cordaidh sinn a ris. [clì,

'S citeach, roideil, buaireant i s' gach uair a chi,
Ghabh aideachd mu 'n cuairt dh'i co bhios shuas ach i;
An rud a ni mi luaidh 's an beag mo' thruaigh'! leam fhin,
Le cuid tuaileas uaibhreach chuir i fuachd 's an tir.

'S cunnartach mo roidean, 's ioma' lon 's am bi
Neo-gheardaicht' an comhradh, ged nach comhnuich tìom;
Ach nan gabhainn seoladh, 's gu 'm bu toigh leam sith,
'N sin mo pheaca' leannan bheirinn thairis i.

Fhir a tha gu stròghail 's a rinn bord gun dì,
Aig leasachadh ri sòlas far 'm bu choir dhuit strì;
O na threig thu eolas ann an cordadh ria,
'N sin an cois do dhoibheart, thig do bhròn a ris.

'S brùideil, mùcail, feolmhor, leoir a thabhairt dh'i,
Chunnaic mì luchd comhnuidh dh'easbhuidh còir air sìth;
Iad gu sùnndach, bosdail, cridheil, mor mar chì,
'G abachadh gu dòruinn, 's aca ceòl 'nan spìd.

Faicibh brigh an dànachd-s' nis ma thàras mi,
Dh'fheuchainn do na cairdibh chum 's gu 'm fag iad i;
Gach duin', bean, a's pàisde, th' ann a mànran ria,
Mar Iesebel do 'n Fhaidh, chuir i mhàn a linn.

Co measg an t-shluaigh so nach gabh duais no brìb,
'S sheallas geir mu 'n cuairt dh'i, 'n uair tha 'm fuaim ro bhinn;
Chuir i blas an uachdar leis na bhuadhaich i,
Dh'fholaich i cuid truaighean, 's chuir i suas a phìob.

Ged a thuirt mi 'n comhradh, 's beag mo choir air sith,
Ach dh'fhaodainn-sa bhi eolach o'n là thoisich i;
Tilleadh ann a ròidibh, 's a cuir fo le stri,
Ach 's ann a tha mi feolmhor, le mo ghòraich fhin.

AN GEARAN.

'N UAIR a bha mi òg, 's mi aotrom,
Ruith mi ghaoth le saod gun chaithris ;
Ach a nis, o dh'fhas mi aois-mhor,
'S ann tha 'n saoghal dha mo tharruing.

Saoilidh cach gu 'n d' fhuair mi maòin,
De rud nach fhaodadh a bhi 'm folach,
Ach 's coslach e ri tuaileas fhaoin,
Oir 's ann a chaochail e gu talach.

Tha beathaiche àllt' air tigh'nn o'n aonach,
'S na fir chaoil air feadh an fhearainn ;
Dh' fhag iad mi gun bhiadh gun aodach,
'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi bhi gearan.

Bha mi uair-éiginn a's shaoil leam,
Gach olc gu 'n saodaichean uam baileach,
Ach eadar sannt, 's na theann ri caobadh,
Rinn iad faoin mi ann mo bharail.

Tha droch-mheinn chaithriseach nam aobhar,
'S mo ghnè gu 'n thaoisinn e le ghalair,
Gu naimhdeil, innleachdach, mar dh'fhaod e,
Thuaileas thaom e ann am charamh.

Air uairibh oibrichidh e laidir,
'S air uairibh 's abhaist dha bhi carach ;
Thruaill a's shalaich e mo nadur,
'S droch 'ga chàramh ri mo sholus.

Gu lùbach, fealltach, rinn e tàladh,
'S dh' inns' e 'n ràite dhomh mar charaid ;
Ach thuig mi bhi air culaobh ailghios,
Uighearachd nach tàrar aithris.

Saoilidh mi nan d' fhuair e 'n sàs mi,
Mar a b'aill leis ann an cabhaig,
Gu 'n deanadh e gu teann mo sharadh,
'S bhithinn craiteach ri mo mhaireannt.

Ge rapach, scalpach, chur e chàrr orm,
Bidh e mànrann rium mar chaileag;
A's cuis ni 's maslaiche ri 'g raite,
E faotuinn fardach ann am fhaireachd.

Luchd aidich tha 'g earbs' ann nan saoth'r,
Tha mis' mar neach fo dhaorach mar riu;
A's dheanainn cuis air taobh a chlaonaidh,
A cheart cho aotrom ri fear dhiubh.

Tholl na sionnaich air mo raointibh,
'S air gach taobh dhomh bha luchd meallaidh;
Bu trocair leam-sa math a dh' fhaodta,
Ach fhuair mi caonag a bhi folamh.

'S cunnartach an t-ardan cealgach,
'S innleachd mhairbhteach ann am falach;
Chuir còtan air a dh' isleachd ainmeil,
'S shuidh e seanagaidh aig mo theallaich.

Bha e dhomhsa thaobh mo leanabachd,
Mar nabuidh leanmhuinn aig mo dhorus,
Gun sion ri 'g radh de nithe cearbach,
Ach ri seanachas 'ga 'n ar garadh.

'N trath nach d'fhuair e chuis mar dhearb,
'S gu 'n d' thainig searbhas ann a charamh,
'N sin dh' eirich e gu corrach feargach,
Ann a gharbh dhreach a's 'na earradh.

'N an deanainn cleachda ceart de m' arm,
'S mo chuis a dhearbhadh le fior chaithris,
Chithinn cunnart mar fhear fairge,
Ged tha mi falbhan air an talamh.

Cuidich leam 'n trath ni mi eigheachd,
Tha mo chréuchdan 'g iarruidh cabhaig;
'S furtaich orm an am na h-éiginn,
'S olc an seideadh th' aig mo theallach.

'N trath dh'eireas rium-s' an aing'achd òillteil,
'N dorch an eacoir 's an luchd fanoid;
O! marcaich thus' air cùirt nan spéur,
'S dean-sa tréun mi anns a charraid.

Nis gu 'n gleidh do chumhachd fĕin, mo
Chridh' 's mo bheul dhomh mar bu mhath leat;
Fhuair mi garbhlach fo mo chéumaibh,
O nach géillinn dha mo sholus.

Gné na feola tha i roideil,
'S ormsa dhoirt i 's mi gun chaithris;
'S nis cha tar mi chum na beoth-shlaint',
Leis an fheoladar tha mar rium.

Cha 'n 'eil agam creidimh tearnaidh,
No sion a'm lamh de math an airidh;
Nan tairainn dealachadh ri goraich,
Dheanainn trocair dhe bhi folamh.

Ma shaoileas sibh gur dorch an rait',
'S nach tug mi slan i chum an t-soluis,
Ma chomhlaicheas e ribh mar bha mi,
'S ann is cairdich bheir sibh bharail.

'N eacoir fholaicht' ged is nair' e,
Thiodhlaic mis' i mhan as m' aire;
Ach dh' eirich na mairbh-so 'n uair thar iad,
'S chuir iad m' ardan chum an doruis.

Air chùl na bh' agam chiontaibh basail;
Dh' eirich pairt rium nach robh tairìs;
Taibhseachan is nithe graineil,
Nach 'eil araidh dhol dh'an aithris.

Chuir iad crith air m' earbsa laidir,
(Theich mo dhanachd 's thainig eallach),
Oir rinn na taisg mo chur fo chnaid,
'S cha robh mo shlainte mar bu mhaith leam.

Fhuair mi naigheachdan gun aireamh,
'N trath bha sas orm ann am imeachd;
Dh' eirich an tacharan le 'phaipeir,
'S rinn e lan mi dhe na mhearachd.

Dh' iarr na drùidhichean an sas mi,
Le buitseachd thlath dhorch dha mo mhealladh,
Agus mheudaich iad mo chréuchdan,
'S mi nam fheumanach air glanadh.

Och, mo thruaigh' ! mar tha mi 'n déigh-laimh,
Dhe ni 'ta féumal tha mi folamh ;
'S léir dhomh iomalach de m' eacoir,
Ach an éigheachd so cha toil leam.

Tha 'n rathad beannaicht' 's e ro chéutach,
'S uaisle réidh ghlan th' air an talamh ;
'S e olc mo ghiulain a's mo chéuman-s',
Chuir na h-éibhlean so a' m' charamh.

'Mar so their mi ma's a fhéudair,
Cha d'fhuair mi réidh na bha air m'aire ;
Ach fear mo ghalar-s' thuig e 'n eigheachd—
'M fear dha nach leir e biodh e farraid.

Mor bheannaicht' gu 'n robh fear na reit',
A phàidh an eiric a bhios maireann,
A chum mo thuigs' agus mo cheill rium,
Measg gach eiginn a chaidh tharam.

Ochan ! och ! gun agam beul,
A's teangaidh threun gu dhol a dh'aithris,
Cliu an Ti nach d' rinn mo threigsinn,
Oir chi mi fhein gur math an airidh.

Iongantas nach tar a leubhadh,
Leis an treud tha air a ceannach,
An Ti air an d' rinneadh an eacoir,
Gur e fein tha deanamh ghlanaidh.

Coisrig mi le fuil an reitich,
A's stiuir mo cheuman-s' ann an glaine,
A's dean mo shaoradh o gach eacoir,
'S gheibh thu fein an cliu 's am moladh.

O ! cuir binneas ann mo theudan,
'S gleus mo chlarsaich gu bhi barraicht' ;
Cuir onair, a's urram, a's geill dhuit,
Ann mo chreubhag ri mo mhaireann.

FHIR UD THALL.

'S ach fhir ud thall nach tar thu nall—
Ciod e do thamh mar tha thu?
'S an lagh co teann 's nach math e planc,
Nan tigeadh ceann na dailcach.

'S E m' roghainn fhìn a measg gach sgios,
Gu 'n chreid thu mi nam dhànachd,
An fhirinn sgriobht' le 'n tharainn-s' inns',
Gu 'n leig thu dh'i tighinn làmh riut.

Ged chaith thu tìm ri t-ailghios clìth,
Ri cuir o phrìs do thàlann,
'S ged dhean gach ni de mhiann do chridh',
Mar dhuine bruidhnidh 'm bàs riut.

Is breitheamh Dia co glan an gniomh,
Co còmhnard rian 's co àraidh;
'S air son mar thoilich thu gach miann,
Thig thusa nios gu làthair.

Amhairc thairis air gach brùid,
'S gach éunlaith ciùil 's a gharadh,
A dh'imich 's nach do mhìll an cliù,
Ach dhuinn tha chùis so nàireach.

Gach luibhean cùbhr' ri àm na driùchd,
Gu stèideil, ùrail, aluinn,
Le 'n còtaibh ùr a's aoidh nan gnùis,
Aig sèinn air cliù nan àrdaibh.

Cha d'iarr iad dùais na lùigheachd bhùan,
'S nior chuir iad suarrach dàmhair;
Ach d'fhas iad suas gu dreachmhor ùain',
Réir 's mar a fhuair iad aithne.

Nach tric a fhuair thu roghainn bhuannachd,
'S cuid dhiu ùamhunn làidir;
Ach thilg thu uait iad mar bu dùal duit,
'S sheol thu 'n cùan a b' àbhaist.

Feuch an gluais thu feadh do smuaintean,
'S faic do shnuadh 's a sgàthan;
Ach och, mo thruaigh'! 's fhada uaith' thu,
'S thu gun luaidh air tàladh.

'N sluagh a dh'aom gu toirmeasg claon,
'S gach miann ri 'n taobh 'g a'n àrach;
'N tràth dh'fhalbh an neart 's an cliù 's am maon,
Ghabh 'n co' luchd saothraich gràin dhiù.

Gach uile sligh' 'ta 's an t-saoghal,
Ach a h-aon tha 'm bàs annt';
Ged fhaic thu sòlas ann nan craos,
Tha olc na shaod a' fas dhoibh.

Nis fearr na tìm tha 'n rathad min,
'S e suilbhear, priseil, araidh;
'S gach doilgheas agus aobhar sgios,
'S ann tha iad fillt' a'n nadur.

Nach fhaic thu féin ri mais a chéum-s',
A sheachainn stréup a's àrsachd,
A's astar réidh na ghabh ri céill,
Dh' an t-saoghal féin 's ro nàireach.

Tha 'n t-sligh' dhireach, farasd' imeachd,
Uasal, fior-ghlan, sàbhailt;
'S bu co sona mi ri fear 's an tir,
Mur bhith gu 'n shin an t-àrdan.

An dean thu stri gu dhol a dhith,
'S rigleidheadh sith ri t'-ailghios;
Ach anns an spids' cha ruig thu tir,
Or bha mi fhin mar tha thu.

Am fas thu cruaidh mar innein fuar,
Gun fhiamh a' d' ghruaidh no naire;
'N tig slaint' air chuairt gu seirm a' d' chluais,
'S an tilg thu uait' le tàir' i.

Nach gabh thu truas ri t'-athair suairc,
'S na bòidean cruaidh fo'n d'thainig,
Le mhionnaibh sùain gu 'n inns' e 'n duais,
Air chùl a ghluas'd 'ga t-arach.

'S do mhathair mhin o'n dheobh'l thu chich,
'S o'n d'fhuair thu mir 'n uair b'aill leat,
Mar rinn i stri 'gu d' thoirt gu sith,
An leig thu dh 'i bhi naireach.

Biodh t-fhuil fadheoidh air d' cheann-sa sheòid,
'S a mheudachd mhòr thar chach ort;
Mar lion an fheòil thu le cuid ceoil,
Bidh ris do bhron ro chraiteach.

Gun iarrtas bheo 's tu lag gun treòir,
Ro chli a' d' dhoigh le t' àbhaist,
Gun mhath a' d' sheòrs' ach seachran ròid,
O thuit an tos a'n Adhamh.

Ach fhuair ar sinnsearra o'n Triath,
Lan neart a's ciall a's pàirtean,
'S bu cheart cho tréun e ann gniomh,
'S gu 'n chuir e fiamh air Satan.

Bu shona chomunn 's e gun fhiamh,
Na righ gun ghiamh 's a gharadh—
Gach ainmhidh umhailt dha 's gach ian,
Cho fad' 's a riaghl' e sabhailt.

Gach uile bheartas fo na ghrian,
Bu leis ann tim gu slan e ;
'S e laidir acfhuinneach 's gach miar,
A réir 's mar dh' iarr an aithne.

Gach eacoir, galar, agus pian,
Anns a chraobh gu dian an saradh,
A dh' easbhuihh 'n duine dhol de rian,
O sin a nios cha d' thar iad.

Ach och gu bochd gu 'n reic e chiall !
Le sluigeadh miachd dhe 'n ardan,
Le 'r dhorch'naicheadh e féin 's a shiol,
Le luchd de mhianna graineil.

Ghlac an innleachd e le dheoin,
Bh' aig fear nan sgleò le 'raiteachd,
'S dhoirt e uilc air de gach seòrs',
A stigh gu seòlt g'a airnibh.

Tha farmad mi-runach fo 'sgoid,
Air ris an t-seors' mar thar e;
'S e cleachdadh nimh ri ceann nam beo,
'S e sin an còmhnuidh 's fearr leis.

'S aithne dha o chaill e chòir,
Nach ruig a bheò air fabhar;
Ged robh aing'achd naimhdeil dha mar leon,
Cha 'n urr' e deò dh'i fhagail.

'N aghaidh neimh tha chorruich mòr,
'S a ghniomh mu 'n t-seors' aig Adhamh,
'G a'n sìuthad ann an creathall sgleò,
Mu 'n tig iad beò bho 'n nadur.

'N ceartas glan cha d' eisd r'a leòm,
Ach thilg o ghlòir gu sas e;
'S ged b'aill leis teicheadh as o bhròn,
Ge b'oil le dheòin cha tar e.

Nach faic thu nis' co mòr 's tha 'n leòn,
Co domhain fo 's chaidh 'm fagail,
Le gabhail mearachd ann ar còir,
'S an fhirinn chòmhnard aicheadh.

Mar so d'fhas am peacadh ann ar coir,
Lion e gach cos a's pairt dhinn,
'S gach uile thruaigh' tha tighinn ar rod,
'S ann air a thoir-sa tha iad.

An can thu nis tre mheud do cheo,
Nach leatsa bhreoit' th' aig Adhamh;
Dhe d' cheuman craisg 's dhe t' fhosgladh beoil,
Tha mo a's mor de'n fhaileadh.

Tog do rosg a's faic do sheol,
Gur meas air dhoigh nam bas e;
An Ti thug dhuinne beath' a's lon,
Gu 'n chur ar féoil gu tair' e.

Dh'fharraidean ceist riut air an doigh-s',
A's inns' dhomh chomhnard pairt dh' i—
Na chaill an lagh gu tur a choir,
Air son am beo 'g a t-fhagail-s'?

Ach chuir thu 'n cothrom fo do bhrog,
Gach roghainn mhor a's fabhar;
'S a dh'aindeoin comhairlean de 'n t-seors',
Tha thusa 'n comhnuidh laidir.

Tha 'm bas co mall aig teachd gu d' laimh,
'S gu 'n saoil thu meallt' gach raite,
Mu 'r tig thu nall theid Eise nùll,
'S gheibh thusa roùm na t' aite.

Gun aite dion dhuit fo na ghrian,
'N taobh thall do rian cha tar thu;
Cha teich thu céum o'n t-suil tha géir,
Cha 'n fholaich beinn no bas thu.

'N seann saoghal féin chaidh seach an céill,
Le deanamh réidh na b'aill leo;
A's o nach d'eisd iad guth no sgéul,
Chaidh sin gu léir am bathadh.

Bha daoine Shodoim mo a's stroghail,
Anns gach dòigh le 'n abhaist;
Le anabarr lòn rinn saimh dh' an fheòil,
'S ann bha iad beò dh' an ailghios.

O! nach diomhair ghleidh e mhéur-sa,
A ghluais gu rianail araidh;
O'n tuil, 's o 'n éug, 's o 'n teine spéur,
Thug e do'n bhéinn 's do 'n airc iad.

'N uair thainig sios an lagh o'n Triath,
Do Israel cian 's an fhasaich,
Is beag nach d' aom iad as an ciall,
Na bha aig sliabh Shinai.

Ma tha co géur ann lagh 'na leubhadh,
Ciod aig féill 'ga phaidheadh?
Ach ùamhas oillt chaidh thar gach sgeul,
'S cha 'n urrainn beul de 'n raite.

A chruitheachd shuas 's na tha bhos de shluagh,
Nan robh iad cuairt 'san t-sàs so,
Nach éigh iad luath tog dhinn a chùal,
Cha 'n ar sinn gluas'd gu brath foidhpe.

An saoil thu sheoid air meud do spors,
Nach am gach goraich fhagail,
'S gu 'n iarrt' am beo tha 's fearr nan t-or,
'S gu 'n rachadh 'n fheoil-so aicheadh.

A nis na saoil gu bheil e faoin,
Cha mhath e maoin no fardain;
Fear-saoruidh caomh gu 'n phaidh e daor,
As leth gach aon a thearnar.

O! 'n Réult Ghlan ùr a sheas nan rum,
Gun ghruaim 'na ghnuis ach cairdeas,
'S a chuir a ghualain ris a chùis,
Ged bha iad bruit' a shailean.

Tha 'n lagh co lom 's e 'm bas a gheall—
Cha ghabh e 'm mol mar phaidheadh;
'S mar d'fhaod e 'n agair anns gach bònn,
'S ro thròm a bhuall e 'n ràthan.

Bha stòirm gun truas tigh'nn air mu 'n cuairt,
'N a phearsa bhuail gu sàraicht';
'S na srutha ruadh o'n aonach shuas,
Nach urrar luaidh nan aithris.

Bha 'n fheirg 's a ghruaim ris b' àirde fuaim,
'S na tuinn a b' ùamhunn ránaich;
Géir cheart as cruaidh b' ro òillteil snuadh,
Air son a thruas ri bhràithribh.

Gun innse sgeòil air meud a bhròin,
Bu tric a dheòir nan àite,
'S e fhuair e bho' gun truas ri bheo,
'S gach gath 'na fheoil gus 'n bhàsaich.

Nis cluinn le d' chluais mar dhiultadh truas,
Do cheann nam buadh 's e sàraicht';
Na nithe balbh air toirt gu gluas'd,
'S luchd fochaid thruagh ri càineadh.

O! fhir na suain nach gàrbh an uair,
A's mairbh na h-uaigh 'g a fàgail;
Cir chrith an talamh 's thainig gruaim,
'S na creagan cruaidh gu 'n sgain iad.

A's chaidh e stigh do'n dùthaich fhuair,
Thoirt leis na buaidh a b'airde;
Ceart mar a rinn an Airce truaigh',
'S i measg an t-sluagh nach b'abhaist.

O mo thruaighe! mar tha mo chruas,
'S nach d' rinn an uair so m' fhàsgadh;
Gach ni toirmeasg truaillt' thilgeal uam,
'S nach d'thoirinn luaith gu bràth orr'.

Ged robh agam teangaidh luath,
A's béul nach cualas àicheadh,
Cha 'n innsinn dhuit gu siorruidh buan,
Ro mheud an luach chaidh phàidheadh.

Nis c'ait' an teich thu gu do réir?
Dha t-fholach féin mar b' àill leat,
Oir mar do chaomhainn Eis e féin,
Thoir thusa géill nach tàr thu.

Gheibh fear an uilc a lanachd duais,
'S gach neach chuir suarrach fabhar—
'S na h-uile ghluais gu h-aingidh truaillt',
Mar teid am buain de naduir.

Ma bha co cruaidh air mac nam buadh,
Am breitheamh 's uaisle pairtean,
Ciod e co truagh 's a bhios an sluagh,
Tha teicheadh uaith-s' tha grasmhor.

Feuch an tar thu ann do chuairt,
Bhi toirt do chluais do 'n aithne;
Oir 's tearmunn 'fhocal anns gach uair,
'S a bheir le buaidh gu slaint' thu.

Ged chluinn thu 'm fuaim 's ged dhean thu gluas'd,
Cha 'n urr' thu 'n duais so phaidheadh;
Gu cinnt' tha 'shluaghs' am féich gach uair,
Gu siorruidh buan d'a ghras-san.

Fear-saoraidh beo 's e sheas an coir,
Thug iad o 'n fheoil 's o 'n nadur,
O shannt, 's o gheoc, 's o anamiann' roic,
Ma 's biodh iad fo nan traillibh.

Le 'ghaol nach tréig 's le thruas ri 'm féum,
A's iad gu léir 's an lathaich;
Ach ghlan gach créuchd le fuil a chléibh,
'S an éiric rinn e phaidheadh.

'S e 'n t-Athair siorruidh rinn a mhiorbhuil-s',
Tre ghliocas diomhair araidh—
Le 'chumhachd gaoil 'ga 'n deanamh saor,
'S e féin co naomh 's a bha e.

Tha cheartas glan mar ghrian gun ghrùaim,
'S tha fhirinn shuas ro aillte—
'S e lan de fhianuisean mu 'n cuairt,
'S a riaghladh bùan 's gach aite.

Ach ciod a shaoil leat mu 'na chéill ?
'S nach d' fhuaradh béul do 'n raite;
Leig ruidh dha throcair chum am féum,
'S a bhuadhan céum ni 's airde.

Is Eis' am parant d' am bu léir,
Ro mheud an fheum a dh' fhasadh;
Rinn tri pearsaibh slan dheth fein,
Le cumhachd a's eud gu tearnadh.

Rinn e duine lan de cheill,
'G a chuir le speis 'sa gharadh;
'S air faicinn aonarachd leis fein,
Rinn e gu reidh na dha e.

Cha d' rinn e mhiorbhuil mhor so shuas,
No bhos 's na gluas'dibh araidh,
Ach air fein Ard Righ nam buadh,
'S air 'n duine thruagh a d' fhag e.

Is uamhunn eagail e gu leir,
'S a neart 'sa chumhachd dearbhta;
Tim a's bith-bhuantachd 's gach creubh,
Ri 'ghairdean treun an earbsa.

Nam faiceadh tu 'm fior iomal fein,
De mhorachd threun mar tha e,
Cha b' urrainn duit a chuir an ceill,
No 'n deicheamh ceum deth aireamh.

Tagh a nis a mach dhuit fein,
Co aca ceum is fearr leat,
'N teid t-ana-mianna leat gun eug,
Nan dean gu leir thu 'n aicheadh.

Cuir olc do shuil a mach o d' rùn,
'S an fheoil cuir dlù gu tair' i,
A's cleachd thu fein gu fearail cruaidh,
Dh' fheuch 'n toir thu buaidh air ardan.

Na can nach urrainn duit 's na geill,
Gu 'n fhios nach reidh dhuit slainte,
Oir bha iad ciorramach gu leir,
Nam bheil 's an treud is airde.

Am breitheamh treun cha d' rinn e beud,
Air neach rinn ceum 's an fhasach-s';
'S ro shoilleir reidh gur glan e fein,
O fuil gach creubh a bhasaich.

AM FEAR AIDMHEIL GUN DIU.

THA amhgharan duilich 'san fheill,
Aig gach duine dha fein gun cheannach,
Nan cleachdta iad ceart anns gach ceum,
'N sin chluicheadh gach teud gu beannachd.

Chunnaic mi tuaileas o'n de,
Duin' ann an streup air amaibh,
Le diomadh 'na ghnuis airson feum,
'S e glacht' ann an srein aig mealladh.

An saoil thus' an sabhailt dhuit fein,
Gu 'n cleachdadh tu eis le d' thallach;
'S gun cuir thu ri rathad na treud,
Gach gleadhraich gun cheill tha 'n d' theallaich.

Cuir seachad do shuarraich gu leir,
Ciod e fo na ghrein th' air t' aire?
Oir 's fearr a bhi toilicht' no treud,
A's oighreachd do spreidh 's do thalamh.

Tha 'n duine mi-thoilicht' na ghrain,
'S e talach na thraill neo-thairis;
Tha iunndrain a dh' easbhuidh a sath,
Cha b'aithne dhomh slan an galair.

Ach cheadaichinn sin anns' gach ait',
Do dhuine fo charr bhi gearan;
Tha ghne air a truailleadh le lath'ch,
Nach toir uaith' barr ach carran.

A saoil thus' am buainear gu brath,
Toradh ni 's fearr air talach,
Air sannt, a's air farmad, ach bas,
Ged chuireadh iad barr a 's t-earrach.

Sannt cha d' fhuair e a shath—
Ach gun gleidhear o chail mo charaid,
'S o fharmad an deamhan gu brath,
Tha lionadh an ait' le carraid.

Nach neonach an riaghladh is aird',
Tha giulan le pairt 's iad starach,
A' diultadh an ionmhas is fearr,
'S iad 'g iarraidh an sath do Mhamon.

An duine gun toinisg 'na thrìall,
Cha tug e bho chìan an aire,
An solus is gile na ghrian,
Gu 'm faic e chuid giamh 's a charachd.

Choisich e solus gun diù,
Anns na chleachd e chuid mùig a's talaich,
Leis am faiceadh e caimein 's gach suil,
'S an t-sail ann a run am folach.

Bidh cleochda de 'n aideachadh fhuair,
Duint' mar bu dual ga fholach,
Leis am meall e an sgillinn bho 'n truagh,
'S gu 'n toir e mu 'n cuairt dha mallachd.

Cuir sgillinn nan lub fo do shail,
Oir cha bhi i 'na t'-fhardach fallain;
A's iarr gu 'm bi d' mhianna an sas,
Ma's dean iad gu brath do mhealladh.

Tha 'n daighear gun churam a dhail,
'S e 'g iarraidh gach fath gu dolaidh;
Ach duine tha dìreach na ra'id,
Bidh chreideas gu brath na eallach.

Nam faiceadh tu saighdear air gearrd,
Ruagadh a namh'd cha tairis,
Ach armachd tha gleusda 'na lamh,
'S e cleachdta 'san am ri caithris.

Ma 's bochdainn no dosguinn thar chach,
Do phost-sa an drasd le barrand;
Teicheadh le gealtach ge b'aill,
Cha 'n urrainn, 's cha tar, 's cha 'n amais.

'N uair tha stuaimeachd mo thruaigh' an sas!
'S i duint' air gach lamh le ainnis,
An iuchair thug buaidh anns gach al,
'S i dh' fhosglas gu cairdeach dorus.

An cluinn thu fhir aidich gun diu,
Gun fhios domh nach tu mo charaid,
Ged fhagainn gach neach ann an cuirt,
Bidh mi nis teachd as ur 'ga t-fharraid.

Cha shaoilinn-s' ged fhaigheadh tu speis,
Gu 'n deanadh tu feill ni b' fhallain;
'S gu 'n chaithris air teallaich do ghleus,
Bidh onoir dhuit fein air t'-aire.

Oir chunnaic mi duine bha geir,
'S is gann gu 'm bu leir dha fhaileas;
Bha e arda 'na bharail 's na cheum,
'S e moiteil as fein le 'sholus.

Chuala mi meirleach o chian,
'S ghoid e 'na bheul leis solus;
'S an solus a dh' fheuchadh dha ghiamh,
Cha d' fhuiling e riamh e mar ris.

Thoir thusa an aire dhuit fein,
A's cuimhnich gur feumail caithris;
An duine chi cunnart 's gach ceum,
Bidh e glanadh gach beud o dhorus.

Faileadh an teine 's na smuid,
A rinn thu le culchaint do charaid;
Ma rinn e do gharadh gu cubhr',
Thig aimhleas mu 'n chuis nach toil leat.

An tomhas a rinn thu de thair',
'S a thug thu do phairt gun fholach,
Bi cinnteach mar lion thu an clar,
Gu 'm faigh thu e lan 's e barrach.

Ma their thusa gur cruaidh leat an cas,
Their mise gur sabhailt glanadh;
'S nan tuigeadh tu chuis mar a tha,
Cha chluinnte gu brath thu tallach.

O gu 'm faighinn mo chéill!
'S gu 'n cùnntainn gu géir ri m' fhaireachd',
Air eagal gu 'm maithinn dhomh féin,
'S gu'n rachainn a' d' dhéigh gu starach.

'N trà tharlas tu 'n cuideachd gun ghràs,
'N sin smuainich gur feàirrd thu caithris;
'S maraon ann an cuideachd ni 's feàrr,
Ma 's fhaic iad gu bràth thu carrach.

Ach nise fear cuidich nam beò,
Gu 'n dean m' anam a's m' fheoil-sa ghlanadh,
Air eagal 's gu 'n dean mi gu leòir,
De ainm a bhi beo 's de mhealladh.

Is fiachanaich siorruidh 's gach àl,
Na h-uile fhuair slaint' a mhaireas;
Bho 'n Cheann a thug buaidh air a bhàs,
Tha furtach a ghnàth ga tharruing.

RANN*

Theireadh iad rium an tus mo latha,
Gur mòr a bh' agam ri àiteachd,
Ach nis o'n chaidh e seachad ri'm thaobh,
Cha'n eil lan an duirn an drasd ann.

* Spoken extempore in the Church-yard of Petty, at the funeral of a young lad.

AN STORIDH.

AIR FONN—"O bu mhaiseach, glan, finealt,
Ar ceud sinnsir' 'sa gharadh."

Is ro bheag leam mo chùram,
'S mi bhi tùsachadh stòridh;
Is ro choslach gu 'n ciùrr mi
'N dream a dhùraicheadh beò mi;
'N uair a sheall mi gach taobh dhomh,
Nan iarrainn rùm chum na còireach,
'S ann a fhuair mi mo lùchairt
Air a muchadh le mòran.

Cha b'e fòirneart no éiginn,
A rinn mo dhéigh-lamhs' ach gòraich,
'S a bhi dh'easbhuidh na céille,
Dh' fhàg an éis mi o m' òige;
Mi bhi 'g oibreachadh eacoir,
Anns gach céum dheth mo ròidean,
Nis tha m' chruas air a réisgeadh,
O nach géillinn do sheòladh.

'S iomadh comhairle fhuair mi,
'S chuir mi suarrach ni 's leòir dhiubh,
Agus dh' àirich mi tuaileas,
Ann mo bhuadhaibh gun eòlas;
Cha do chleachd mi mo réusan,
Ris an fheum sin bu chòir dhomh,
'S mi 'nis dh'easbhuidh na h-éifeachd,
Dheanadh féum ri mo bheò dhomh.

Ach a nis ma 's a fhéudair
Dha mo threigsinn o chòmhnadh
'S gur ceart a bhreith thaobh m' eacoir,
Mo chuir fhadheoidh chum na dòruinn,
Far am bheilear ri béucaich,
'S nach sguir na h-éibhlean de ròsdadh,
O! 'n sin thoir teangaidh bhlasbhéumaidh,
As mo bheul-sa ma 's dòirt i!

Rinn mo nàimhdeas ro phéin dhomh,
Dh' fhàg e iosal mo dhòchas,
Agus m' aingidheachd ro dhion,
Allaidh, fiadhaich gu dòirteadh;
Ged a rachainn 'g an spionadh,
Aig gach tìm mar bu chòir dhomh,
Cha 'n fhaigh mis' as am fréumh iad,
Ged a réub iad mo chòmhfort.

Tha agam rùm gu bhi cianail,
Nam b'e 's gu'n leubhainn mo chòmh-roinn,
Bhi 'measg dheamhnaibh a's griosach,
Thaobh an riàn anns na threòraich;
Ach bhi 'n aghaidh an riaghlaidh,
Tha glan riamh agus còmhnard,
'S i so méin is mo pian leam,
A tha shios anns an dòruinn.

O! am faod mi bhi 'g iarraidh
A ghaoil nach riaraicheadh òr e,
No uile ghealach an t-saoghail,
Ged a thaomadh i stòras,
A's gur airidh air fhaotuinn
Am fear a shaothraich gu brònach,
'S a dh'oibrich lan shaorsainn
Do na maothranaibh leòinteach.

Ach tha 'n t-àite ro phianail,
Tuille 's lionta de dhòruinn,
De sheann nàimhdeas ro iargalt,
'N aghaidh 'n Triath a thug beò dhoibh;
Nis gach peacadh a riaruich,
Gu milis, fialaidh 'nan ròidibh,
'S miosa thoradh na ghriosach,
Gun uirread fréumhaig de shòlas.

Ma 's e ionad mo dhuil-sa,
Dean gun suilean gun sròin mi,
Gun chluasan gu eisdeachd,
A's gun bheul ann nan còmhradh;

Tha mi sgith dhe na bhéucaich,
A rinn eibhlean gu leòir dhomh,
A's mo scàldadh gu diomhair,
Cuid a thìoman de m' bheò-shlaint.

Fhuair mi laitheanan lionmhor,
'S mòran tìm a réir òrdugh;
M' òige chaith mi gu diomhain,
'S air m' aois cha 'n fhiach a bhi còmhradh;
'N fheoil so lean i ri h-iomh'achd,
Maith cha dean i, cha deoin leath',
Is cinnteach seacharan dian
'Bhi 'g iarraidh rian ann am roidibh.

Dhoirt uilc ann mo shaothair,
'S iad fo 'n chaothach gu ròbadh;
A's am breitheamh cha d' thaom e,
'Chorruich fhaobh'rail gun trocair;
Chi mi nise gur saor e
O gach aon de na leointean-s',
Ach nan tàirinn dheth fhaotuinn,
Ghoidinn gaol do na Mhòrachd.

Thabhair suidheachadh ùr dhomh,
Anns a chombaist tha 'n ordugh,
Ma 's bi h-aon th'anns a chùmhnant,
Dheth mo thaobh-sa ro bhronach;
No thug creideas o thùs dhomh,
Ged nach b' fhiù mi dheth oirleach,
O! gibhtich dhoibh 'n dùrachd
Anns gach cùis tha nan dochas.

Nis na gàirdeanan fialaidh,
Gu 'n dion mis' o luchd toireachd,
A's o chunnart mo mhianna,
Tha ni 's lionmhor na 's eòl dhomh;
Ann mo bhùadhaibh mi-rianail,
'S aig mo fhréumhaibh mi-ordail;
Ma theid mo shoaradh o'n t-siol so,
'S e miorbhuil de 'throcair.

Mòr bheannaicht' gu siorruidh,
Gu 'n robh Fear riaghladh na còireach,
Airson fathast nach d' dhiol e,
Ged is lionmhor mo dhoibheart;
Ach an t-ullachadh diomhair,
Rinn an Trionaid o'n thoisich,
Gu 'n robh soilleir nam fhianuis,
'S gu'n dean mo lionadh le 'sholas.

A réir riaghailt na firinn,
Dean mo shìneadh ri dochas,
Gu bhi faicinn na Trionaid,
Anns gach tìm air an doigh sin;
Na tha 'n aghaidh an rian so,
Dean a spionad a' m' chòir-sa,
'S deonaich amanna ùraich,
Theachd as ùr gu mo chomhnadh.

Mar tha 'n sgriobtuir ag ràidhte,
Bidh gach tiodal slan ann an ordugh;
Ach àrd onoir o'n t-siorruidheachd,
'S leis an Triath-sa le coir iad;
An làmh a tha deanamh
Nan gniomharan is neonaich,
'S e a dh' oibrich gach miorbhuil,
O chian agus trocair.

'S e am focal an riaghailt,
Ullamh, fialaidh gu seoladh,
Is ro chinnteach gur biadh e,
Agus ciàll gu bhi stolda,
Solus slàn do 'n fhior iarmad,
A tha 'g iarraidh na coireach,
Agus lochrann cliuiteach,
Leis an siùbhlair gu comhnard.

Tha e airidh ri iarraidh,
'S e 'm bail' dion o luchd toireachd,
Ionad fasgath ro dhiongmhalt,
O gach sian agus doilinn;

Agus gearasdan làidir,
A tha sàbhailt gu comhnuidh,
Ged rach na spéur as an àite,
Chaoidh cha an fhailinn e feoirnein.

Ged a bhith'maid 'san fhàsach,
Far na shàraicheadh moran,
Triall 's ag imeachd mar thàrar,
Dh' easbhuidh àite gu comhnuidh;
'N uair a thig e gu càirdeach,
Gus an àit' 's am bheil foirneart,
Ni e neartmhor a's làidir,
Na fànn mhàgranna bronach.

Ged a sheasadh luchd diùltaidh,
Mar an t-ùmaidh gun eolas,
'S esan sèideadh mar thrompaid,
Air gach taobh dhoibh nam beo-shlaint;
'N uair a dh' urraich's e cùiseil,
Leis an ùghdaras lothail,
'N sin tuitidh Iericho dhùinnt',
Mar an t-ùrlair tha comhnard.

Gur e 'm focal a thùsaich,
Air an t-sùil chur an ordugh,
'S gach ni cruthaicht' 's na dùile,
'S esan b' ùghdair dhoibh còmhladh;
Theid e stigh anns na cùiltibh,
Aig an dùradan bhronach;
'S e co mor a's co clùiteach,
'S gu 'n toir iùl do 'n fhear ghorach.

Chualas cìnnteas mu 'n Chàraid,
Bhi 'sa ghàradh a chomhnuidh,
'S iad làn sonais a's fàbhar,
Le fior shlaint' a's mor sholas;
Ach air briseadh dhoibh 'chùmhnaint,
Bha luchd spùillidh an toir orr',
A dh' fhag folamh gach taobh iad,
Dheth gach dùil 'san robh comhfort.

Leis an leagadh ro thàireil,
  Thionndadh àilghios gu bron dhoibh;
Dhùin gach dorus air fàbhar,
  'S nis tha 'm bàs ann an toir orr';
Chàill iad sochair a ghàraidh,
  Anns am fàsadh am beo-shlaint';
'S nis tha trioblaidean cràiteach,
  Tighinn gu làthail nan codhail.

Ged bu mhor air am fàbhar,
  A's ge b' àrd air an solas,
Thug an leagadh a mhàn iad,
  Gu bhi bàite le 'n eolas;
Rinn droch anail an Dràgoin,
  Am fagail nan deoraibh;
Oir 'se briseadh na h-àithne,
  Lion gach pàirt dhiubh le doibheart.

Dh' fhas an gnè ann am fuairead,
  'S thainig truaill'eachd gu doirteadh,
Orra steach ann am bùadhaibh,
  'S a cuid trùaighean 'gan sgrobadh,
'S iad nan luidhe nan tuaileas,
  Och mo thrùaighe gun dochas!
Air call an coir de gach beannachd,
  A fhuair iad roimh' gu h-ordail.

Ach thainig focal na réite,
  'S ghabh cnamhan, féithean, a's feoil air,
Chum an rathad a réiteachd,
  'S am faigh féumanaich trocair;
Phaidh an rathan fior éudmhor,
  An lan éiric gu comhnard,
Gus na fiachan a dhioladh,
  'S ann a thriall e gu bronach.

'S anns an fhalaimheachd chiuirteachs',
  Cha 'm fear-iuil air an toireachd,
'Sa thug dhachaidh an spuilleadh,
  As an duthaich dhubh bhronach;

Na bha ceartas ag iarraidh,
Fhuair e riarachadh comhnard;
Is ro chinnteach an gniomh so,
Gur e 'mhiorbhuil bu tos dha.

'Ach na buadhan tha dìreach,
Ro ghlan, firinneach, comhnard,
A' cur an fhalaimheachd sgìth-sa,
Ann an imeachd an t-sheoid so;
O na rinn ar céud sinnsear',
Briseadh millteach air solas,
Leis an staid 'm bu ro isle iad,
'S ann a dh' inntrig a roidean-s'.

Anns a gharadh aig Eden,
Bha ar seanair an tos ann,
'S an Tı so 'n stabul Bethle'm,
Co beag 's gun threig an tigh osd E;
Anns an fhalaimheachd éiginn-s',
Bha a chéuman gu comhnard,
Gus na phaidh e dhoibh 'n éiric,
Le 'fhuil gu léir air a doirteadh.

Bidh mi nis a' co'dhunadh,
Thoir dhomh rum ann an eolas,
Air-sa riaraich a chunntas,
Fo an diumadh bu domhail;
Thug a dhruim do'n luchd bualaidh,
A's a ghruaidhean do dheoraibh,
'Sa ghabh 'n eallach a b' uamharr,
Air a ghuaillibh 'na bheo-shlaint'.

FREASDAL.

Bochdainn no uireasbhuidh cha tar iad,
Thighinn gu 'r sarach'd no gur 'claoidh,
Oir achadh mor an fhreasdail chairdeich,
Bheir e sinne 'n aird' a chaoidhch.

Is fasaidh 'n dubh'r th' air ar la,
'Na lochran soluis ré na h-oidhch',
Air chor 's gu'm faicear leinn an lamh,
Bha stiuradh Iraeil 'n am an tèinn.

NA MAIGHDEANAN.

Air Fonn—" 'S mi 'm shuidh aig an uaigh,
Ag amharc mu bruaich."

O mo thruaighe! gun chéill,
Leis an tuiginn an éis,
Ciod d'fhag mi 's gach ceum gun luths;
'N uair bu mhath dhomh bhi gleust,
Gu h-acfhuinneach treun,
'S ann choidil mi féin mar bhrùid.

Fhir a bheachdaicheas geur,
Gabh aire dhiot féin,
Agus rannsuich do chéud-fath dlu;
'N sin chi thu gu reidh,
Gu ro challdach am beud,
Ged chuir thu mo sgéul-s' air chùl.

Bha ar sinnsear o chian,
Fo chumhnanta gniomh,
'S a gharadh bu bhiadhchar cuis;
Gun uireasbhuidh ciall,
'S iad laidir gun ghiamh,
'S an aithne na dion mar thùr.

Nan d' fhuirich iad blath,
Fo riaghladh na h-aithn',
Cha bhiodh uireasbhuidh cail no luths;
'N sin d' fhasadh an slaint',
'S cha d' thigeadh am bas,
S bhiodh an comunn mar bha air tùs.

Faic Eubha 'san t-sliabh,
Réul bu mhaisich fo 'n ghrian,
'S a fear-bainns' ann an rian deas ur;
Na h-oighe ghlan fhior,
'N uair thorraicheadh a miann,
Le focal nam bréug 's le suil.

Mu'n d' ghineadh na h-ail,
Ghabh seilbh innt' am bas,
Faic am mealladh a tha 'na duil;
'N uair dh' iarr i ni b'fhearr,
'S ann thuit i gu tair',
'S a cuid truaighean ag fas ro chiuirt'.

Thus' tha togair a radh,
Nach fhior dhomh an raidht',
Feuch a's rannsuich a phairt gu cul;
'S e m' bharail-s' an traths',
Nach d' ghineadh na h-ail,
'N uair rugadh leath' 'm bas na bhruchd.

Air briseadh dh'i 'n aithn',
Chaidh 'n luchd-spuillidh na dail',
Gus na lionadh le nair' a gnuis;
'N sin bu truagh dh'i mar bha,
Le mein iargalt na grain,
Bha gach cuisle dh'i lan gu 'n cul.

'N uair thruailleadh a cail,
Rug i peacadh nan ail,
Mar ghaineamh air traigh gu dlu;
'S nis tha sliochd ann an sas,
Air an lionadh o'n sail,
Gus an ruig iad am barr le muir.

Cha 'n e m' aoibhneas an traths',
Bhi toirt 'n spotan an aird',
Na gus 'n deanair le cach tarcuis;
Ach bhi sireadh gun dail,
Gun soirbhicheadh gras,
Gus am faicear ni's fearr 'san run.

Faic Muire 'na h-ait',
Glan, uasal na cail,
'S a fear-bainns' air a sgath gun iul;
'S i na maighdean mar bha,
'N uair a rugadh leath' slaint',
Mar tha 'm focal 'ga radh o thus.

Cha b' aithne dh'i riamh
A fear a thaobh miann,
Gus an d' rugadh leath' Triath nan duil;
Mor bheannuicht an céill,
A dh' ullaich o chéin,
'N duine ghlac ann an sréin a bhruid.

Ghabh 'm focal so feoil,
A's cnamhan a's bron,
'S e gun talamh na choir, no smuir;
'N lan diomhaireachd mhor,
Ceann-feadhna nam beo,
Dh' am buin onoir le coir a's cliu.

'S ro phrìseil ri luaidh,
Corp rioghail nam buadh,
'S e gun duslach de shluagh na muir;
'S a chreag a bha uaigh,
Far 'n choidil e suain,
O nach buin e aon uair do 'n uir.

'N trath bha Adhamh gun ghiamh,
'S e bu nadur do 'n Triath,
'N uair thainig e sios nan cuis;
Air dol dha 'nam pairt,
Fhuair e buillean nan ail,
A's duthaich a bhais roimh' shuil.

Rinn e 'm focal na chot'!
'S ghabh e deise do 'n fheoil,
Mar chleachd e a dhoigh o thus;
Sior chogair ri cluais,
Aig feuchainn ri buaidh,
'S e leigheas gach truaghan bruit.

Nach fhaic thu an rian,
Mar chaidh cheud té a' ciall,
Gun dh' fhuiling an Triath gu chliu;
Glan mhaighdean cho fior,
'S gun d' rugadh leath' Grian,
Thoirt solus gu triall dh' an dubhair.

Mor bheannuicht' gu sior,
Gu 'n robh 'chomhairl' o chian,
A shuidhich air gniomh co bruit';
'S nach deach as an t-sliabh,
Gus 'n d' thug e gu crioch,
An obair bu chianail curs'.

O'n shaltair e 'm bas,
Thug e 'n uaigh gu bhi tair',
'S leis iuchair gach cas, 's gach cuil;
'S gach neach leis an aill,
Air 'n cuireadh gu slaint',
Tha 'n éiric lan phaight' gu cul.

Air dhomhsa bhi 'm féich,
'S mi fad ann an éis,
O! freagair dhomh m' fhéum as ur;
Is tiorc mi gu tréun,
O'n olc th' ann mo chréubh,
Mu 'n téid mi do 'n éug fo run.

'N uair bhios m' naimhde ri béuc,
Guineach, aingidh gu lèir,
Mar chleachd iad iad féin o thus,
Cuir-s' m' armachd air ghleus,
'S fearr tuiteam no géill,
Ged robh 'm baiteall ro oillt' gu chul.

Mo chridhe 's mo bheul
Gu cumhachdach gleidh,
'S gach ball dhiom dean reidh ri d' chuis;
Air eagal 's gu 'n seid,
Na goilean so fein,
A mach a mo chreubh nan smuid.

Ach 's mis' tha gun sta,
Nam loidearan tair',
Ann an cunnart a ghna gach taobh;
Air mo thruailleadh gach la,
Le mèin iargalt na grain,
Ge b'e mar tha cach an duil.

Tha gach neach fhuair gras,
Mar phreas air a bhlair,
Ri theine mar bha air tus;
O! 'n riaghladh is aird',
Gu robh ann a phairt,
'S cha chaith e gu brath ni 's mo.

Gorm le 'dhuilleag fo bhlath,
Thaobh co diomhar 'sa tha gheard,
Ged tha 'n lasair ri earr gach taobh;
'S ann leis mhiorbhuil a ta,
Teachd o'n uachdaran ard,
Nach do loisg e gu lar na smur.

O! naomhaich mo bheul,
'S cuir mo spiorad air ghleus,
A's teannaich gach teud as ur,
Chum gu 'n seinn mi gu reidh,
'S gu h-urramach treun,
Ard onoir dhuit fein a's cliu.

LITIR GU A—— C——,

Ann an America.

'S ach Alastair Chlàrcaich,
Gabh gu h-araidh gu d' bheachd e,
Ge b'e taobh anns an tar thu,
Thig am bas mar a chleachd e;
Creid thus' ann do pairtibh,
'S dean a thaladh gun easbhuidh,
Gu bheil breitheanas araidh,
Aig an al so ri sheasamh.

Ge fad thu o do chairdibh,
'S gun do bhraithribh 'ga d' fhaicinn,
Dean do dhichioll gu spairneil,
Ri do shlainte bhi faisg ort;
Ged nach léir dhuit an traths' e,
Theag' gu'm fas e a' d' rasgaibh,
Gu bheil gaireal aig nadur,
Ann do bhraghad 'na leachdaibh.

Na dean monmhor an anradh,
Ged robh 'n sarachadh streasal,
Ach le iochd agus cairdeas,
Gabh gu baigheil ri freasdal;
Cha dean talach ni 's fearr thu,
Ged tha nàdur a streap ris;
'S ged robh beartas mar 's aill leat,
Na dean ailghios a chleachdadh.

Tha stuaimeachd 'san ait'-so,
Uasal, araidh nam bheachd-sa,
Ged is suarrach aig pairt i,
'S i is fear na bhi reasgach;
Cha dean i thu sabhailt, ach
Tha i lamhail gu smachdachd,
A's thoir thusa dh'i 'n fhardach,
'S bi 'ga taladh ni 's fhaisg ort.

Faic miorbhuil na fasaich, chaidh
  Milltean shasachd gu 'n taitneas,
Le cuig arain a's da iasg,
  Bha aig garlaoch am pasgan;
'N uair a dh'ith iad na b'aill leo,
  Chaidh na dh' fhag iad a ghlacadh,
Agus lionadh an airde
  Cunntas araidh de bhascaid.

Ro chuimte ris an fhas so,
  A tha nadur an fhocail,
Tha e rumail a's pairteil,
  Toirt an sath do na h-acraich;
Ma gheibh thusa gu brath e,
  Bidh an raidhte so ceart leat,
Agus chì thu air fhagail
  Mor lanachd de phailteas.

O 'n uair 'sa dh' inndrig Adhamh,
  ('S air feadh gach al bhios ri fhaicinn,)
'S e am focal a dh' araich,
  'S a thug slainte gun airc dhoibh;
Nis an cumhachd is airde,
  Gun dean ar caramh na fhasgath,
Ciod bhios againn le fhagail,
  'S ciod a dh' fhag sinn le ghlacadh?

Faic-sa focal an Ard-Righ,
  Gu an d' fhas e na ghaisgeach,
A's na dhuine ro chairdeach,
  Teachd a mhan do shluagh crasgach;
Gus an tearnadh e pairt dhiubh,
  'Gan taladh mar a chleachd e,
A's 'gan toirt gus an aite,
  'S nach bheil aileadh de pheacadh.

O! tiucainn thusa le nadur,
  Gu fabhar a ghaisgich,
Le ar guailibh gu h-araidh,
  Ris gach plaigh chuireadh as duinn;

Le olc ar cridhe 's ar pairtean,
'S na dh' fhas oirnn de leth-trom,
'Gan sgaoileadh gun aicheadh,
Fo laith'reachd a rosgain.

Bidh mi nis a' co' dhunadh,
An lan duil gur a h-ait leat,
A bhi cleachdadh do ghluinean,
Le do dhurachd a ghlacadh;
A's ma thig amanna uraich,
'Ga d' ionnsuidh gu taitneach.
An sin thoir mis' air do ghiulain,
Chum duthaich na pailteas.

TEAGHLACH A CHREIDIMH,

AGUS

TEAGHLACH AN AIDEACHAIDH.

Ged dh'innsinn mo bharail,
Co chanas gur fior i;
Tha luchd sgéulachd an tarruing,
'S iad a' farraid mu 'n iarpuis,
Gun iochd do na bhraithribh,
'S chuir cairdeas a 'm fianuis,
'S iad a' tional na carr,
'S 'ga toirt do'n raidhte gu fialaidh.

Tha teaghlach an Aidich,
O chionn fhada mi-ranail,
Le cogul a's carran,
'S talamh clachach gun fhréumhaibh,
Le dris agus droigheann,
Dh' fhas co leathan 's co lionmhor,
'S gu'n d'rinn mealltaireachd beartais,
Sluagh a ghlacadh gu iarraidh.

Ged fhuair sinne aithne,
Chaidh a fagail air di-chuimhn',
Le nithibh ni b' fhearr leinn
Bhi teachd 'n airde 'nar fianuis;
An saoghal tha lathair,
Faotuinn aite gu miadhail;
'S mar so innsidh ar 'n abhaist,
Gur e nadur tha riaghladh.

Tha aon ni ri acain,
'S e mi-thaitneach ri fheuchainn,
Bhi 'n gaor cach a chéile,
Mar gu 'm b' fheumail an gniomh e;
'S e riaghailt an fhocail,
Bhi ait agus tiorail;
Ach 'se nis tha 'san fhasan,
Gur e 's fhasadh bhi iargalt.

Ann an cuisibh is math leinn,
Cha mhòr an solus a dh' iarrar;
Labhairt sìth ri ar 'n anam,
'S ris a bhaile mhi-dhionach,
A' dearbhadh gu 'm mair e,
'S cuisibh barraicht' le siothchainnt',
'S sinn mar shiol mùill air 'n talamh,
Lan carain a's siolaig.

Cha 'n urrainn 's cha tar mi,
Ged a b'aill leam a dheanamh,
Dhol a stigh chum nam pairtean,
'S am bheil nadur co gniomhach;
An solus air airdead,
Nach leig do 'n aithn' bhi riaghladh,
Tha e dorch mar is fearr e,
Anns gach ait' anns am feuch e.

Tha 'n spiorad aig Cain,
Faotuinn ait' anns na tiomaibh-s',
Gleidheadh spotan an cach,
'S air na sraidibh 'g am feuchainn;

Gun ghradh anns an nadur,
'S cinn laidir gun sioladh,
'S ann an aite bhi tairis,
'S ann tha ardan a' meudachd.

'N duine shaoil leam-s' a bh' agam,
Gu taitneach, 's gu ciatfach,
'S ann a dh' imich e seachad,
Mar an asal tha fiadhaich,
Air son nach toirinn-s' an onoir,
Tha chùis ni 's dona na 's miann leis;
'S cha robh mi féin ann an cothrom,
Le conas a's diorras.

Cha tig dhomhsa bhi casaid,
Air 'gheug is seachduidh 'san fhionan,
'S mi féin na mo bhabul,
A dh' fhear aidich tha crionadh,
Gun chùram gun tabadh,
'S ro lag ann am iarrtuis,
Leis a ghné tha cuir as domh,
Bhi gun chasgadh 'na gniomh'raibh.

B'e fasan a bhràighe,
'S cha robh eacoir na dheanamh,
Dhol do'n ghleann leis an fhéudail,
'N uair a ghéilleadh an t-iosal:
'M bi an cleachdadh so réidh dhuinn,
'N uair a thréigeas ar tìom sinn,
Dhol do neamh gu stéudail,
Le tréudaibh de mhianna?

Es' rinn 'mhachair 'san fhasach,
'Chruitheachd ard agus iochdrach;
'Sa dhealbh sinne gu h-àraidh,
De 'n studh de 'm b' àill leis ar dheanamh;
Ma ni faileas an àird' e,
'S gu'm bi e pàidht' ma's a fior dhuinn;
C'arson a bhuin e co sàruicht',
Ri 'Mhac gràdhach gu dioladh?

Cha 'n 'eil uachdaran fearainn,
  Ma's a fear e tha ciallach,
A ghabhas mòll air son earrais,
  O neach a thional an sìol leis ;
O na 's aithne dhà 'n talamh,
  'S e cothrom a dh'iarr e,
'S mar fhaigh e pàidheadh de 'n toradh,
  Cha bhi e toilicht' no riaraicht'.

Es' a chruthaich na nithe-s',
  'S tha nis 's a ris 'gan riaghladh,
Le anabarra gliocais,
  'S esan ghibhtich ar cìall dhuinn;
'M bi 'e riaruicht' le bruidheann,
  'S gur e 'n cridh' tha e 'g iarraidh;
'S là mòr aige tighinn,
  'S an dean e aithnicht' gach diomhair.

Cha 'n 'eil cleachdaidhean sàbhailt,
  Aig pairt anns an tìm so,
Mar goid iad o chàch e,
  Air sgàth 'n deanamh sgiamhach;
Cha leo féin e le tearn'teachd,
  'S ni mò dh' fhàs iad 'nam fréumhaibh,
Ged tha comhraidhean àraidh,
  Aig an ardan 'ga fheuchainn.

Tha teaghlach a chreidimh,
  Ro bheag ann a fhianuis;
'S iad féin ann an eagaibh,
  Le eagal nach fhiach iad;
Gheibh iad plùchdan a's cnapan,
  Mu 'n seach anns an fhionan-s',
Air chulaobh ghné chrasgaich,
  A tha aca fo 'n ciochaibh.

Tha ac' naimhdean ri faire,
  'S iad a' tarruing 'sa spionadh,
Mac 'sa stigh mu 'n a bhaile,
  Sior thional nan giamhan;

An creidimh tha fallain,
Gheibh e carraid ri dheanamh,
O'n uair thainig an solus,
Rinn am folach a réubadh.

O thainig beò ann nan caramh,
Chaidh 'n cuid barailean sìar orr',
'S an eacoir nan sealladh,
'G an tolladh 's 'gan riachadh;
Gach céum ann nan coiseachd,
Ro loisgeach 'san tìom so,
'G an ciùrradh gun fhios ac',
'S an t-eas creidimh 'g am pìanadh.

Anns na laithibh chaidh seachad,
'Se 'n gin maslach-s' bha riaghladh,
Eas-creidimh na maidne,
Chur e chadal co lionmhor,
Ann an creathall am barail,
'S na sìth mheallaidh ri 'm miannaibh;
Ach tha e nis leo mar mhortair,
'N tràth bhios dus dheth 'nam fianuis.

O 'n uair dh 'fhosgail gach tobair,
Ann nan togairibh iochdrach,
'S iads' an sàs anns an eabair,
(Co a fhreagras an iarrtuis?)
Leis na mhìll iad gun teagamh,
Gach ni fhreagradh gu ciatfach;
Ged is mor air an eagal,
'S e an creidimh a dh' fheuch e.

Creidimh gun eas-creidimh,
Cha'n eil eagal no fiamh air,
Agus faodaidh e codal,
Cheart cho fada 's is miann leis;
Ach 'n uair tha séisd ris a bhaile,
'Ga chur thairis gu fhréumhaibh,
'N sin an creidimh crion bha 'm folach,
Theid e 'n tarruing 'san iorghuill.

Faic na gillean ro araidh,
Bh' ann am Babilon iarrgalt,
Dol a stigh chum na h-amhuinn,
Cha b' urr' iad radh gu'n robh sion ac',
Gun fhios ac' an trath sin,
Ciod a bha aig am fréumhaibh;
Ard cheannard nam braithrean,
Rinn a lathaireachd-s' dion dhoibh.

Oh mo thruaigh'! gu bheil mar riu,
Cuid a bharailean iargalt',
'N uair tha 'n creidimh 'na chabhaig,
'Gan tarruing gu siochaint,
Air a dhruim anns a charraid,
'G eiridh eallamh 's 'ga fheuchainn,
'N sin tha naire nan caramh,
Nach do ghabh iad na rian e.

'N creidimh bh' aca 'sa mhadainn,
Gu h-acfhuinneach fialuidh,
Chionn an fheasgair 's co lag e,
'S gu bheil e 'n airc' bhi 'g iarraidh,
Blath analachadh ùra,
O 'n chuirt a tha riaghladh,
A bheir neart agus lùths' dha,
Anns gach tùirn tha ri dheanamh.

Biadh a chùirp anns an fhasaich-s',
Mar fhuair e aithn' tha e deanamh,
Meachar blasdal gu arach,
Aig sliochd Adhamh ge lionmhor;
Ach beatha 'n anma neo-bhasmhor,
Ni 's ro araidh ri h-iarraidh,
'Si lan deas air dòigh ghrasmhor,
Leis an lamh a ta riaghladh.

'S e is gné dha na chreidimh,
Bhi toirt doille gu deuchainn,
'S bhi deanamh dorchadas soilleir,
Leis a choinneal 'ga feuchainn;

'S bhi toirt cusbair 'san t-sealladh,
Tha comasach fialluidh;
'S a bheir slainte gu somalt,
Dha sliochd na foille nach b'fhiach e.

Faic an t-aran tha sabhailt,
Mar rinn na h-airde na bhiadh e;
Air a thaoisneadh gu craiteach,
Ann an sgala na deuchainn;
E air fhuinneadh le anradh,
Air bòrd nan saruichean iargalt;
'S air a' ròsdadh gun chairdeas,
Ann an amhuinn an diolaidh.

Seallamh cinnteas an Athar,
A gheall 'san la gun deanadh
E ceann na h-aithreach a bhruthadh,
'S eiridh shubhach le 'ghniomhraibh;
E mar fhirinn dh' an duine,
'S e lan chuimir mar bhiadh dha;
'S tha nis an nadur an arain-s',
Slainte mhaireas gu siorruidh.

Ged tha 'n creidimh so 'm folach,
Chithear 'fhaileas ma's fior mi;
Tha e na lòchrann soluis,
Anns gach baile 'm bheil frìamh dhe';
Blas na rioghachd is toigh leis,
Bhios e tarrüing 'sa feuchainn
'S chuir e sìnneadh gu glanadh,
Anns gach anam is beul dha.

Cuirear earbs' ann an caraid,
Ged robh e fad as na criochaibh;
Leis an dichioll bu mhath leis,
Toirt an aire d' a iarrtuis;
Nis biodh gach duine le 'sholus,
Ullamh, eallamh gu fheuchainn,
'N e so creidimh bhi falamh,
'Sa bhi 'n tarruing 'ga iarraidh.

Tha cusbair gun mhearachd
  Roimh aghaidh 'n fhir ghniomhaich,
Tha glanadh na fearainn,
  'Sa tional na spionaig;
A' cur siol ann am barail,
  'S is stòirm mar ris le dèuchainn,
'S e gun obair dha 'chreidimh,
  'N trath thug e stigh e fo'n t-sioman.

Oh! gu'n siolaidh'r mo bharail-s',
  O na bhroighlich mi chiallach,
Ma 's a dean mi fior ath-bhreith,
  Dhe 'n ni nach seas ann a fhianuis;
Mise buailteach do mhealladh,
  'S dha sin aithris gu beulach;
Ach biodh gach aon air an caithris,
  Aig rannsach'd barraicht' mo sgialachd.

Na h-uile dhuisgear o'n cadal,
  Ann an leabhuidh 'n cuid miannan;
'S ro sgaoilteach a's farsuing,
  Air na th' aca de ghiamhan;
Chunnaic cinnteach le 'n rosgaibh,
  Gur mi-cheart na chaidh dheanamh,
Aon aiteal gu 'n taitneas,
  Cha 'n 'eil aca ri fheuchainn.

Tha ac' faireachdainn chraiteach,
  Ann nam pairtibh os iosal;
An cuid naimhdeas ro bhasmhor
  Tighinn an airde nam fianuis;
A's an amaideachd dhana,
  A dh'òl gu laidir 's gu miannach;
Mar ri 'n eucoir 's ri 'n arsachd,
  Tha nis air fas dhoibh nam pianadh.

O thainig solus na h-airde,
  A mhan air an gniomh'raibh,
Leis am faic iad gu h-araidh,
  Na bha nadur a' deanamh;

Nis aobhar na naire,
  Goil an airde nam fianuis ;
Leis mar shalaich an lathaich,
  'N uile phairtean gu diomhar.

Bhreith is rioghail 's is barraicht',
  'S th'ann an gloin' air a deanamh,
Tha 'na gné a bhi caithris,
  Os ceann 'teallaich mhi-rianail ;
Cha bhi i riaruicht' le barail,
  Oir tha meallaidhean lionmhor ;
Bidh i tric ann an tarruing,
  Ris an t-solus 'ga feuchainn.

O 'n uair 'sa rugadh an t-ògan-s',
  Tha bhreith fheòlmhor ro ghniomhach ;
An seann duineròideil,
  'G agair còir air na criochaibh ;
O thionnda' mhanas gu bròn dha,
  Chaidh fhois 'sa còmhfhort a riachadh,
'S a nis tha 'innleachdain tòireal,
  Aig an òrdugh gu iasgachd.

Tha e 's miosa na bha e,
  Thaobh 's nach tar e bhi riaruicht',
Seideadh anail na h-abhaist
  Air an nadur gun sioladh ;
Am meirleach ro dhana,
  Thug am bàs air co lionmhor,
A' goid na h-inntinn, 's ga taladh
  Anns gach ait' anns am miann leis.

Ged tha stròilich a chleachdaidh-s'
  Ro fhaisg air a cliathaich,
Cha tar e gu blas-sa,
  Thaobh an smachd tha o'n riaghladh ;
Ged nach eòl dh'i gu 'n sgriobhadh
  An dearbh fhirinn is miann leath',
Gidheadh tha sineadh a taitneas,
  Mar tha 'm focal 'ga iarruidh.

Seallamh Ioseph 'na imeachd,
'N trath rinneadh stri ris gu miothlachd,
An aithne gun sgriobhadh,
Glan direach 'na fhianuis;
Faic a bhreith tha o'n rioghachd,
Gu bheil i finealt ri feuchainn,
Agus seasaidh i dileas
Ann an tiomaibh na deuchainn.

O 'n uair 'sa dh' fhoillsich e rosgan,
Ann am maise na Trionaid,
Cha 'n arrar a chasgadh,
Tha dol a mach ann a ciocras;
Cha leòir leath' gu 'm faic i,
'S cha bhi taitneasan riaruicht',
Gus an ruig i air fasgadh,
Na h-oibre cheart a tha criochnaicht'.

Bidh aice buairidhean làidir,
'S gheibh i sàruichean lionmhor,
'S cuid a thrioblaidean cràiteach,
Agus 's feairrd' i na lion iad;
Mar tha choinneal na h-àillteachd,
'N uair tha 'n smàladair giar oirr',
Mar sin tha ise 'san fhàsach-s',
Sior fhàs anns na sìontaibh.

Cha 'n àill le bhi tàireil,
Air an fhàbhar is cianail;
Gach uile thròcair a's chàirdeas,
Ann a laimh tha iad miadhail;
Chuir i faireachdainn chìuirteach,
Air a culaobh a' fianuis;
'S a nis comhar' as ùr dh'i,
Chum a cùram a lionadh.

Leis na chi i neo-sheasmhachd,
Tha cuid eagalan lionmhor;
'S cha 'n 'eil aobhar na gealtachd,
Ro bheag ann a fianuis;

Cha tog i a teisteas
O theagasg nan gniomh'ra;
'S ann dh' ionnsuidh na foirfeachd
Tha 'h-aindeiseachd ag iarraidh.

'S e spiorad na breith so,
Am fear-tigh' tha na fianuis,
'S ann uaith' dh' fheumas i fhaghail,
A' toirt troimhe 's an fhionain-s';
'S ann ris a mhain tha i feitheamh,
Gu deanamh glann ann na h-iarrtuis,
'S os ceann gach uile mheadhon,
'S es' tha gleidheadh a biadh dh'i.

Dh' iarr i eòlas a ghaisgich,
A tha beartach a's fialuidh,
'S tha deanamh firean de 'n *bhastard*,
Bh' ann an cleachdaidhibh diolain;
'S ni gach gealladh chaidh ghlacadh,
Thoirt a mach as am freumha;
'S bheir bainne fior-ghlan an fhocail
Gu taitneach fo cheath dh'i.

Cha 'n 'eil a gaol leath' soilleir,
Ann an coinneamh na b' fhiach dh'i;
'S ann tha smal air a sealladh,
Agus boinnean do dh' iadach;
Air son nach tar i bhi somalt,
Ann a comas 's na ceud-faidh,
Gu lanachd na h-urram,
Thoirt dh' an urra' ni dion dh'i.

Tha i uasal na *diet*,
Slaint' a's beath' 's e h-iarrtas;
Uile thaitneas an t-saoghail-s',
'Na sealladh 's faoin iad gu riarachd;
Ged fhaigh i na neamhan,
Gu tamh 'n réite 's an siochaint,
Cha 'n urra' i bhi riaraicht',
Ach leis a mhèin tha 'san Trionaid.

Ged tha na comh'raidh so ainneamh,
'S air an aithris gu cianail,
Saoilidh mise gur beannuicht'
'N neach dh' an aithn' iad gu ciallach ;
'S a tha faicinn nach airidh
Iad air anail dhe 'n iarrtas ;
'S tha toir na h-onoir gun fholach,
Dha-san cheannaich o chian iad.

Och ! a's ochan ! mar tha mi,
Ann am fasach an spionaidh,
'S mi falamh de 'n raidhte,
Bha mi radh ribh a chianamh ;
Oh ! nam faighinn o fhabhar,
M' uile phairtean a shioladh,
S gach buaidh dhiom gu h-araidh,
Bhi toirt gradh dha gu siorruidh.

LITIR GU D—— H——.

A MHAIGHSTIR HIDE, 's math do spìd,
Ma tha thu strìgh ri slainte ;
Le cùl ri eacoiribh na tìr,
'S gach ni gun bhrìgh a's àrsachd.

Ach iarr an lanndaran 'san laimh,
A shireas teann do phairtean ;
Oir tha fear 'm folach anns a ghleann,
'S cha mhor nach meall e 'n t'àl leis.

Ach feuch an rannsuich thu gach àm,
A nùll 'sa nall do bhraghad ;
Ma tha e folach fo do laimh,
Cha bhi 'na thamh ma thàras.

Oir tha e cularach na thriall,
'S tha ghibhtean lionmhor pàirteil ;
A's ni e procait ma's a fior,
'S e toirt a bhiadh do'n àrdan.

B' innleachdach a bha e riamh,
'S bha aige lion 's na h-àlaibh ;
'S e cur a dhubhain anns a bhiadh,
Is deis gu miann a thàladh.

Cuiridh e aingidheachd air ghléus,
Cha téid e ceum as àicheadh ;
'S tha innleachd eil' aige fo sgéith,
Dha fholach féin mar thàras.

Bithidh e 'g obair air do chùl,
A's roimh do ghnuis gu 'n nàir' air ;
'S ma dh' aithnich thus' e ann a rùn,
Theid esan thaobh gu fàgach.

Bheir brosnachadh gu peacadh gniomh,
Gus an glac le miann an sàs thu ;
'N sin sgeig a's dìteadh ort gu 'n dean,
Se so a rian a's abhaist.

Bheir gealach mhòr an t-saoghail bhreagh-s',
A mhais' a nios gu d' ailghios,
'S e cur a mhiar air muin gach giamh,
Ma's dean thu sian de thair air.

An seann mheirleach fada liath,
Cha 'n fhac thu riamh bheir barr air ;
Oir ghoid e solus leis na bheul,
'S an solus fior cha 'n aill leis.

Bheir e misneach nach bi gann,
A's gheibh thu sannt gu h-arach ;
Tha seòrsa dealaradh 'na cheann,
A's bheir e laimh air cràbhadh.

Ni e miodal riut gu suain,
Toirt mealladh truagh mar fhabhair ;
A's ann do chràbhadh fada buan,
Is e bhi fùair is àill leis.

Bheir e 'n sgriobtuir dhuit as ùr,
A's olc na rùn mar b' àbhaist ;
'S ma ghabh thu mìn e air a thaobh-s',
Tha 'n sin a chùis mar b' àill leis.

Ni e tarruing ort gu dian,
Gu aoradh fialaidh àrda ;
'S gun aobhar dhuit bhi ceannsachd miann,
Na deanamh srian de 'n àithne.

Bithidh e suidheachadh a lion,
Le dath co breagh 'sa thàras ;
Rinn Ieroboam aoradh fial,
'S bu pheacadh deant' na bha dhe.

Ma ghlac e t' iarrtais aig an tiòm-s',
Theid esan shniomh do pairtean,
Le monmhorachd a's frionas ciar,
Nach fhaigh thu nios na b'aill leat.

Bhi air do ghlùnaibh aig a rìan-s',
Bidh fabhair deant' do nadur ;
A's e cur t' fheolmhorachd am meud,
Air chor 's gun lion i t-fhardaich.

Their e riut gu beulach mìn,
C'arson bhiodh t-iobairt craiteach,
Tha thu co math 'sa tha 'san tìr,
Nach fhaic thu sith do nabuidh.

Ma bheir thu smuain air sgath na h-uaigh,
Mar neach air chuairt 'san fhasaich-s',
Their esan riut gu h-aibeal luath,
Gur fhada uait-s' an là sin.

An coslach math gun dean e strìgh,
'S ri peacadh sìth ma tharas ;
'S e dearbhadh dhuit gur breith e rìs,
'S gum bi thu cinnteach sabhaìlt.

Ach feuch gu 'n duisg thu as do shuain,
'S gu 'n seall thu suas ri fabhair,
'S gu 'n iarr thu 'n t-olc so thogail uait,
'S gach uile smuain ni thaladh.

Oir a bhreith 's grinne tha 'san tìr,
'S ro phailt dh'i sgios as ànradh ;
'S ma tha i barraicht' ann am brìgh,
Tha 'm peacadh rìreadh graineil.

Oir fior eaglais a chath 's na strìgh,
Gur tric 'san tìr-s' i saruicht';
Ach tha 'n eaglais dha 'n tug e bhuaidh,
Gu sabhailt shuas 's na h-airdibh.

Tha 'n fheoil ri ceannsachadh a' d' rùn,
A's miann do shùil ri aicheadh;
A's caithris shùrdail air an tùr,
Gu teicheadh dlù o'n ardan.

Thu féin a ghearradh dhe 'n t-seann fhréumh,
'S do chuir 'san rian tha sabhailt,
No slainte chosnadh le do ghniomh,
Cha 'n fhaigh thu deant' gu brath e.

Cir 's ann mar so tha mis' an dùil,
Mu 'n t-sluagh is ciùirtich canran,
Mur fhaigh iad cobhair o na chùirt,
Tha iad 'sa mhuir mar bha iad.

Ach ged tha 'm peacadh ann nan cùis,
Gidheadh nan rùin cha b' aill leo;
'S tha aobhar ciuil ac' air an taobh-s',
Ged mòr a bhrùth e 'n sailean.

Smuainich ort gur lag do chùirt,
'S nach mor air luths do phairtean,
Gu nadur a chur air do chul,
A's tearnadh ùr ri fabhair.

Nach fhaic thu 'n duine thuit na bhruchd,
Gu leòinteach, ciuirteach, taireil,
Gun chomas cos no laimh no luths,
'S e bruit' am measg nam meirleach.

An Lebhiteach cha ghabh ri chuis,
'S cha 'n sagairt 'n taobh a b'aill leis;
Ach smuainich thus' gur ard air cliu,
An neach a thusaich slainte.

Bha 'n lotan salach agus dubh'r,
Ach ghlan e 'n ciuirt gu cairdeach,
A's rinn e an altrum le muirn,
Ach dh' fhag e 'rùm na fhasaich.

Nach fhaic thu nis cha leòir na fhuair,
Ach 'g iarraidh uaith' 'na b' fhèaird' iad;
'S ciod fhios do'n tha nan culaidh thruais,
Nach tig e 'nuas mar b'abhaist.

Air faicinn dha mar bha an sluagh,
Mar naoidhean truagh air fhagail,
Anns an achadh fo na ghruaim,
'N sin leagh a thruas ri 'n caramh.

Mòr bheannuichte gu robh as ur,
An neach a thùsaich fabhair;
A's abair thusa maille riubh-s',
Gu 'n robh a chliu ni 's airde.

AN COIMHEARSNACH.

AIR FONN—"Cha 'n 'eil anns an t-saoghal,
Fharsing fhaoin so ge mor e."

NAM biodh coimhearsnach agam-s',
'S gu 'm bu taitneach leis cairdeas,
'S a theannadh dàimheil am fagus,
Le bhi 'g acain mar tha mi;
'N sin dh' fheuchainn mar b' fhasa
Ioma cleachdadh neo-shabhailt,
Ann mo shealladh-s' tha maslach,
'S bhithinn ceart ann am pairt dhuibh.

Cha shaoilinn e ceart dhomh
Bhi ri tartail no càineadh,
No feuchainn le tarcuis
Taobh rapach mo bhraithrean;
'S gun teannain ri caobadh,
'S ri cuir daoine gu nàire,
'S gu 'n cuirinn clùd air mo mhasladh,
Gun aon fhocal a radh ris.

Cha'n òr nam bheil bùidhe,
Ma's a cùbhaidh mo ràidhte,
'S air dh' an fhirinn na breitheamh,
Cha 'n uighean na's bàn leinn;
Fuaim ard ann am bruidheann,
'S beag a ruigheachd air tèarnadh,
A's sinn cho socrach suidhicht',
'S ged a bhitheamaid sabhailt.

Faic gluasad a pheacaidh,
Gu 'n d' rinn a chleachdainnean sàradh;
Tha e naimhdeil dh' an fhocal,
'S e toirt feachd ann a raidibh;
Chuir e 'n ordugh 'dheoch chodail,
Mar bu taitneach le nadur;
'S chuid is boidhche na thaisgeachd,
Bheir e seachad gu pairteil.

Tha 'n seann duine th' agam-s',
Ris a chleachdadh a b' abhaist,
Toirt air adhairt a dhrachdan,
'S a cuir ceal air a chrabhadh;
A' togail aitreabh dealbhach
Air a ghainmheach is taireil,
'S cha 'n aill leis a rannsachd,
Gus am falbh i na caithleach.

Gheibh mi chead chum an aoraidh,
'S gach oidhearp thréubhach de chrabhadh;
'S bhi anns gach meadhon gu stéidheil,
Gus na céumaibh is airde;
Cha mheas e na eacoir
A bhi béumadh nam braithrean;
'S a bhi sgapadh 'sa réubadh
Na tréud feadh na fasaich.

Goididh esan an fhirinn,
'S ni e strigh ris an ardan;
'S bheir e comhairle mhillteach,
Leis gu h-inns' ann an cairdeas;

A chleas a rinn e le mi-run,
  Chuir orm fhéin e le tàire;
Air chùl fanoid a's dìteadh,
  'S beag nach sìn e ri càineadh.

Ged a thionail thu dìreach,
  Uile sgriobhaich an àit'-sa,
'S an toirt leat ann an cinnteas,
  Chum firinn a' ràidhte;
Ged ghabhadh iad saothair,
  Ri sgaoileadh air pàipeir,
Cha 'n urr' iad gu dìlinn,
  Uile innleachdan aireamh.

Tha'n ràidhte so cinnteach,
  Ged nach innsinns' do chach e,
Gu bheil peacadh 'san tir-so,
  Ro shithicht' ri nàdur;
Cha'n urrar leam innse,
  Co millteach 'sa tha e,
Oir dh'innis an fhirinn,
  Gu bheil innleachdan bàsmhor.

'S ann an so a tha 'm miostadh,
  'S aobhar cinnteach na nàire,
Bhi a'm bruidheann 'ga dhìteadh,
  'S ann an inntinn 'ga àrach,
Bhi 'ga altrum gu sìobhalt,
  'S beag strìgh ann 'ga àicheadh,
'S gun bhi creidsinn da rìreadh,
  Gu'n a mhìll e mo shlàinte.

Nach fhaod 'uaineard neo-dhileas,
  Bhi ri tìoman am bhràghad;
Toirt orm chreidsinn le cìnnteas,
  Gach ni gu 'm bi sàbhailt;
Gàrbh thonnan a's sgrioban,
  Agus dìteanna laidir,
'S gun tàirbhe 'san t-strìgh so,
  Ma tha mì-run 'ga àrach.

Ach 's strìgh dhligheach leam féin e,
Bhi am firinn ag àicheadh,
Na h-uile thoirmeasg am Biobal,
'Ga chuir dìreach gu tàire;
'S cur an guailean nan imeachd,
'N aghaidh miannan an nàduir;
'S a tha cleachdadh an dichioll,
Air son sìth ris an àithne.

Mo thruaighe! mar thachair,
Mo laigse bhi làidir,
'Si acfhuinneach sgairteil,
Gu taitneasaibh nàduir;
M' aghaidh ri m' chulaobh,
Gu brùideil mar b'àbhaist,
Agus ro bheag do chùram,
Gus an urlar so fhàgail.

Tamh an inns' mi mo threachladh,
Theid mi leat ma's a h-aill leat,
Gus am feuch mi dhuit ceart e,
'S an tuig thu focal mo dhanachd;
Tha agam gné tha crasgach,
Nach gabh aiteal dhe'n aithne,
'Sa blas 'n aghaidh mo thaitneas,
'Si tarsainn as o na b'fheaird' mi.

Cha bhròn leam mo mhulad,
'S cha chradh guineach mar tha mi,
Air mo chliathaich 's air m' uilleann,
Ged nach tuigear le cach mi;
Mis an coslach fear tùrais,
'S cha'n urrainn dhomh aicheadh;
'S agam cail 'sam bheil cunnart,
'G iarraidh fuireach mar tha i.

Nach meas thu 'san eacoir,
Neach nach eisdeadh ri fabhar;
Ach am folach na réubalt,
A measg ghéugan a gharaidh;

'S nach sireadh gu céumaibh,
An tréud a tha sabhailt,
Ach ga bhiadhadh gu tréubhach,
Le anail féin mar a b'abhaist.

Ged bu dorch leibh na focail-s',
Shaoilinn ceart dhomh a raidhte,
Cha'n 'eil iomaduidh cùram,
Air neach mu dhùthaich na h-airde;
Tha agam smuaintean neo-luthmhor,
Mu chùisean mo shlainte,
Agus mheudaich mo seachran,
A' deanamh dachaidh 'san fhasaich.

Mar tha 'n spal anns an fhigheadh,
Tha mo chridhe am bhraghad,
Null 'sa nall anns an t-sligh',
Mar èun tha tighinn 's nach tamh e;
Gus am faigh mis' an nigheadh,
Fhuair a bhuidheann tha sabhailt;
'San fhior atn-bhreith 'san uidhe,
Cha dean bruidhean ni's fearr mi.

'S ann mar neach ann am bruadar,
Tha mo bhuadhan-s' 'gan arach;
Toirt orms' chreidsinn gun gluais iad,
'S iad gu suain ann nan aite;
Gun eagal gun ùamhas,
A' slugadh uairibh na daileach;
'S a nis 's coslach gur tùaisleas,
A th'air chuairt ann mo bhraghad.

Och! a's ochan! mo thruaighe!
Mar chuir mo thùaineul an sas mi,
Gun chomas air gluasad,
Ach 'g am uaineard 'san lathaich;
Co as a thig truas dhomh,
'S gun thòill mi gruaim air na h-airdibh,
Le m' inntinn ro uamhraidh,
Ruith air chuairt anns gach aite.

So an galar a thaom oirnn,
Mar chineadh daoine 'sa gharadh,
'Sa robaig ar maoin uainn,
'S e co faoin ann ar pairtibh ;
Gun ochan ! gun chaonnaig,
Ma dh'fhaodas mi raidhte,
Chuir spiorad an t-saoghail
Fo 'n daorach sliochd Adhaimh.

Ged tha mis' air mo mhealladh,
Ruith faileas gun tabhachd ;
'S gleidheadh còmhfort a mhaireas,
Far nach fhaigh mi gu brath i ;
Gidheadh tha inntinn ro thairis,
Aig a Cheannard 'se cairdeach ;
'S le sin cha dùin mi mo bharail,
Ris 'n fhear d'fholuich a thalann.

So an rathan is finèalt,
Nach d'rinn mi-ghean ri paidheadh,
'Sa cheannaich an dibearrach,
O'n diteadh bu chraitich ;
'S ann troimh shaothair-sa dìreach,
Tha sìth agus tear'nteachd,
'S chuir e sìneadh gu 'fhirinn,
Anns gach cridh' anns na thamh e.

Ach gheibh mi'n guth so gu h-iargalt,
O fhianaisean laidir,
'N uair a theirgeas an tiom so,
Nach bi sion dhomh do fhabhair ;
Ach their mi so anns an fhionan-s',
'S gu'm bu lionmhor an raidhte,
Mòr bheannuicht' gu siorruidh,
Gu'n robh'n Trionaid is airde.

AN LUIREACH, AGUS NA CNAMHAN TIORAM.

GED a thoisichinn air ràinn,
'S ro aogaidh fann mo dhuil ris,
A thaobh gach faoineachd tha nam cheann,
Cha 'n eirich leam ach dùrdan.

Tha agam coiseachd nach gabh tàmh,
A' toirt air àm mo lùths' uam,
A null am port nach tig mi nàll,
Gun bhònn a' m' laimh dhe 'n chuinneadh.

A bhi co iosal ris a chlann,
Le caithris theann mo ghiulain;
A's air a bhaigearachd gun tamh,
Ach 'se mo chàll cha diù leam.

Mo thruaighe! 'n siol 'san robh am bàs,
Air feadh gach àl gun churam,
Gu bheil e agam-sa sior fhas,
'S cha toir e bàrr ni's cùbhra.

Bha 'n inntinn dhiomhain riamh mar tha,
Aig spionadh trath na h-ùmhlachd,
Mar éun aig itealaich gu h-ard,
'S nach gabhadh tamh 'san dùthaich-s'.

Na tràthan suidhicht' rinn i fas,
Le smuaintibh tair a's uspairn;
Cha d'fhag i ni a dheanadh slaint',
Oir rinn i 'n t-ait a spùinneadh.

A dh'easbhuidh treibhdhireas a's gradh,
Tur falamh chàil 's de dhùrachd;
Chuir dòchas fealls' mo chuis gu dail,
A's luidh mi mhan 'san smùrach.

'S ro chunnartach a chùis mar tha,
Gu bheil mi fas ni's brùideil;
Oir saoilidh cach gu 'n d' fhuair mi gras,
A's mis' a' tamh nam dhùran.

Gach eacoir rhapach th' air mo sgath,
Thug mis' am bàs le 'n giulan ;
A's thiodhlaic mi iad fo mo shail,
An cladh na dail 's na di-chuimhn'.

Ma thainig diteadh air mo ràth,
'S gu'n thar mo chionta dlu rium,
Tha seòrsa aoraidh ann mo ràidht',
Chuir as mo laimh mo dù-lochd.

Is coslach mi ri madadh tàir',
Le lotaibh grannd a' bùraich,
Ach le a theangaidh a rinn slan
Na leòin a ta 'ga chiùrradh.

Tha comharradh eile agam nach fearr,
'S e ann mo chàil gu lùbach,
Ma theich an saoghal dhe mo sgath,
'N sin fasaidh m' aghaidh mùgach.

Is ged a dheanainn còmhradh tlath,
'S a chuir fo sgail ro chùiseil,
Aon duine slan cha tuig mo dhàn,
Ach daoine tair' neo-fhiuthail.

'S ro choslach mi ri òighibh baodh,
Gun oladh tamh 'nan crùisibh ;
'S a nis air chul na bha mi 'g radh,
Tha mi gun deis' a phùsaidh.

Tha 'n deis' a rinn mi mar a b'abh'st,
Cha 'n 'eil i 's fearr na duthchas,
Oir o mullach gu mo shail,
Cha deanamh 'n aird' de chlùdain.

Oir chruadhaich i na cochul teann,
Air nach dean amhghar drughadh,
Mar luireach chath nach tugadh taing
Do fhrasaibh luaith' a's fudair.

Ach chuala mi mu mhac na straichd,
'N trath phill e 'n aird' do'n luchairt,
Gun d'fhuair e sud a chulaidh b'fhearr,
'N uair thug e 'chail do dh' umhlachd.

O! gu 'n còmhlaich riums' an Triath,
A ghabh o chian fo churam,
Bhi toirt gu ceann an obair chriocht',
'S gun spion e dhioms' an luireach-s'.

An neach is maisich tha na ghrian,
'S mar lasair dhian a shuilean,
Gu'n tachair rium gu h-aoidheil fial,
A's leiginn dhiom an dùrdan-s'.

'S e dhaingnich cumhnanta nan gras,
A dh'aindeoin dearmad 's cuilbheart;
'S na h-uile cheannaich e le 'bhàs,
Cha leig gu brath dhe 'churam.

Le 'Spiorad taisbeanadh a thruas,
Ge tric a fhuair e 'n diultadh;
A leaghas sios an cridhe cruaidh,
'S bheir leigheas buan do'n mhuireach.

Tha 'fhocal cumhachdach mar bha,
'N uair thig e mhan gu h-urail;
An cribealach gu 'n dean e slan,
A's bheir do 'n dall a shuilean.

Ge b'e mar chaitheas mi mo la,
'S ged chuir mi dail an curam,
Cliu a's onoir buinidh dha-s',
Roimh 'n leagh a mhan na duilean.

Co a chuir comain air a laimh,
No dh'iarr 'san am an dusgadh?
Nach cnamhan tioram iad 'sa ghleann,
Gun ghuth nan ceann no duil ris.

Nach cnamhan seachduidh iad mar bha,
Ro iosal tair gun iuil ac';
'S am feòil air claonadh chum an lair,
Air ruith a mhan na smuireach.

O! faic co uamh'raidh 's a tha 'n gleann,
Gun sion 'nan laimh ni cuis dhoibh,
Iad sgiotach sgaoilteach feadh nam beann,
'S na h-uile cnaimh dhiubh ruisgte.

An laimh 'san cas gun fhios dhoibh c'ait',
Gun chean, gun chail, gun durachd ;
Gun uiread alt dhiubh ann na ait',
No smior gu 'm fagail urail.

Ach cluinn ri ughdarras na h-aithn',
Rinn cnamhan marbh gun luths annt',
Le feòil, a's uilt, a's craicionn slan,
Gach cnaimh ri cnamh dhiu dhluthadh.

'N uair shéideadh orr' an anail bhlath,
Tha 'n fhaidh'daireachd a' giulan ;
'N sin sheas iad suas nan armailt aillt,
'S do'n h-airdibh buinidh 'n cliu so.

'N uair fhuair iad so a mhéin a b'fhearr,
'N sin ghabh iad nair' a'n uspairn ;
'S air faicinn doibh a chuis mar bha,
Cha b' iongnadh iad fas ciuirteach.

Gu cinnteach 's neo-ghlan leo an lamh,
Gun earbs' ac' ann le 'n du-lochd ;
Le 'n cridhibh stigh, 's le 'm beul do chach,
Cha bhi iad mall 'ga rusgadh.

Ach ged tha aca galair gràin,
Toirt orra ghna bhi ciuchran,
Gidheadh tha 'm beò nach fhaigh am bàs,
A' gabhail tamh 'nan cuirtibh.

Gu 'n eirich onoir dha ni's aird',
Thug o na bhàs gu dluth iad ;
'S a chuir an òrdugh iad chum slaint',
'S nior ghabh e grain dhe 'n cuisean.

O tarruing leat do phobull graidh,
'N sin laimh air lamh gu surdail ;
A's togsa suas gu daingean tear'nt',
An t-ionad taimh aig Iudah.

An tréud ro bheag a th' agad ann,
Thoir dhoibh gun tamh an durachd ;
A's dealraich orr' le boillsgeadh blath,
Bheir air a ghleann gun duisg e.

An sin bidh 'n sluagh air féilltibh slaint',
Ag iomlaid lamh do chuinneadh;
'S thu féin a' cumail suas an càil,
Gun sguir a' targse cliu dhuit.

Ach 's riobach luideach mi 's gach ait',
Gu dian ag caramh chludan;
Ged tha mi faicinn snuadh a bhais,
Cha 'n 'eil mi taladh curam.

Cha 'n fhiù mi uatsa freagradh graidh,
Ach 's aithne dhuit m' uil' ionndrainn;
Air sgath na fola 's am bheil slaint',
Thig thus' a mhan le ughd'ras.

A's O mo Thriath! na tilg mi dhiot,
'S mi aosmhor, liath, gun churam;
O'n 'se do rian bhi leigheas ghiamh,
Le sin thoir dhiom mo dhu-lochd.

Na bi feargach ris na tha,
Ach tre do bhas thoir duil dhomh;
Oir c'aite 'n teid mi leis gach cas,
Ach fo do lamh 's do shuilean?

Gibhtich t' fhocal dhomh gu brath,
'S do fhreasdal caraich dlu rium;
A's bi dol romham anns gach ait',
A's dean-sa tearn't mo chulaobh.

O! Thus' a bhuadhaich air a bhas,
'S a ghabh ri anradh dubailt;
A nis na ghluaiseas air an lar,
Gu 'n seinn gu h-arda cliu dhuit.

'S tu chuir do ghualainn ris a chas,
A thaobh do ghradh a's t' umhlachd,
Dha d'bhuadhaibh glan-s'nach maitheadh strachd,
'S nach cuireadh dail 's an fhuirneis.

O! 'n rathad glan 's e dìreach tear'nt',
Uasal, sar-mhaith, cliuiteach;
'N trath chì mi sealladh dhe mar tha,
'N sin ni e slan mo chuirtean.

Nach ann bha agam-sa fior chail,
A's teas do ghradh 's do dhurachd,
Chum cliu a's urram dha gu brath,
Bhi gabhail tamh a' m' chuirtibh.

NADUR A PHEACADH.

Tha innleachdan glacaidh,
Ann an nadur a pheacaidh,
Ged is ailghiosach taitneach do'n fheòil e.
Tha innleachdan, &c.

'S ro mhilis le truailleachd,
Bhi snamh ann a chuaintibh,
Ged tha mise gun uamhas ri sheòladh.
'S ro mhilis, &c.

'S ann a dh' fholuich e 'dhurachd,
'S chuir e milseachd roimh' 'n suilibh,
Do gach creutair gun churam tha 'g òl dheth.
Agus mheudaich e tuaineal,
Le spiorad a thruailleachd,
Ormsa tha e ag gluasad 'naròidibh.

Thug e leis mi gu siubhlach,
Le sruth na mi-churam,
Gun doichioll, gun diultadh roimh 'sheoltachd.
'S mi dh' easbhuidh na caithris,
Leis an d'thugainn-s' an aire,
Gun robh innleachdan foluicht' fo chòta.

Tha e glacadh an riaghlaidh,
'S a beòthachadh mianna,
'S dha mo chuirse 'gam biadhadh gu h-òrdal.
Mi siobhalt 'ga altrum,
'S gu muirneach 'ga chaidreadh,
A's mi 'g òl a dheoch chodal gu bòsdal.

Uam ghoid e mo thlachd-sa,
Ro mhoch anns a mhadainn,
'Ga mo chuir ann an caidreadh na feòla.
'S ged ghoid e mo chiall uam,
Gus an d' fhas e ro fhiadhaich,
Cha d' thuirt mi guth riamh mu 'na chomhradh.

Chuid is mios' tha ri fhaotuinn,
De ghné am measg dhaoine,
Tha e lag air gach taobh dha mar dheòran.
Anns an tir so tha mar rium,
Cha 'n 'eil e ni ach na leanabh,
Ach tha e ris na fhamhair mi stòlda.

Bhlais mi nadur a pheacaidh,
Tha 'n taobh thall do na leachdaibh-s',
'S anns an am sin gun chreach e mo còmhfort.
Thug e gruaim air mo thaitneas,
'S dh' fhag e fuair mi gun fhasgadh,
'S chuir gach buaidh dhiom gu maslach as òrdugh.

A mhèin is miosa 's is ùamharr,
Mar theine dearg agus ùaine,
Ged a chuireadh leibh suarrach mo chòmhradh.
Uamhann, anabarrach, òillteil,
Mar choire goil air na h-éibhlibh,
'S e sior bhrùchdadh nimh réubain an còmhnuidh.

Peacadh spioradail diomhair,
Mallaicht', aingidh 'na ghniomh'ra ;
Is mios ana-mèin nam pian a tha 'n tòir air.
Làidir, ascaoin aig bèuchdail,
'N aghaidh neimh a's nan spéuran,
'S e sior fharrach gach eacoir air tròcair.

'S miosa 'm peacadh tha shios uainn,
Nam peanas tha dìoladh,
Ged theireadh càch gur mi-chiallach mo chomhradh.
'M balg de dh'uamhas nach teirig,
Tha sior shéideadh an teine,
Cha tig crioch air an *elemaint* 'dhòruinn.

Tha e iargalta, guineach,
'N aghaidh riaghladh na h-urram,
'S e co nàimhdeil 's is urrainn e dhomhsa.
Uamh'raidh, eacoireach, rasgach,
'N aghaidh firinn a's ceartas,
Ged 'se mi-run a ghlac e 'naròidibh.

Peacadh làidir aig réubainn,
Dh' fhas na lasair bhlais-bheuma,
'S e air tionnda gu géir ghoil de dhreòiseadh.
Mach na cheò air na bilibh,
'S dh' fhàs na eibhlean de mhilleadh,
'S e toirt gach créubhaig gu sileadh de dheoraibh.

'S e 's obair 's is gniomh dha,
Bhi 'gam buaireadh 's 'gam pianadh,
'S e toirt snagadaich fhiacal le bròn dhoibh.
Rinn e cruaidh iad 's na bacan-s',
'N aghaidh tròcair an fhocail,
'S nis gun doigh air gu'n lasaich an rosdadh.

Rinn e ainglean 'nan deamhnaibh,
Agus daoine de 'n aon stuth,
'S iad 'nan ùamhas ri 'n tionnda gu comhradh.
Chuir e 'n saoghal fo mhallachd,
'S an sluagh fo dhaorach de mhealladh, [e.
Air choir's gu'n shaoil leinn gu'm b'earrainn do spors'

Tha 'dhurachd ro acrach,
Mar athar-nimh' 'ga h-altrum,
'S e 'na ruintibh gu 'm bacadh e 'm beo uam.
Ciod a their mise rithist,
Oir chaidh e thairis air bruidheann,
Leis na tothan tha tighinn o sgornaich.

O! 'n tar mi dhol as uaith',
'M feadh tha tìm fo mo chosaibh,
Ma's a doirt ormsa frasan na mor fhearg.
'S mi lan chìnnteach nach taitneach
Leis an Righ bhi cur as dhomh,
Mar bithinn fillt' am chleachdadh an doibheart.

Co threoraicheas thart mi,
Chum 'n Ti rinneadh na fhasgadh,
A's a cheannaich o cheartas gach trocair?
'S thug a bheatha mar éiric,
Air son sluagh a rinn treigsinn,
'S nach do choisich 'sna céumaibh bu choir dhoibh.

O! gun dean e mo bhuanachd,
'S mo ghlanadh o thruaill'achd,
Is gu 'n cuir e gach buaidh dhiom an ordugh.
Chum 's gu 'n gabhainn an fhirinn,
'S gu 'n treiginn gach mi-run,
A's gu 'n coisichinn direach 'na roidibh.

An sin theirinn le dichioll,
Gu 'n tigeadh a rioghachd,
A's gu 'm beannaich gach ni e gu h-ordail.
'S gu 'm fasadh taiteanas lionmhor,
Dh' an ard uachdaran shiorruidh,
Oir tha 'n chi mi de 'riaghladh ro chomhnard.

Reir firinn a's ceartas,
Tha bhreith dìreach ri fhocal,
A's lan chinnteach gun glac e gach doibheairt.
Ach mis' dhéigh-laimh 'san fhearann-s',
A thaobh m' eacoir 's mo mhearachd,
'S nach do ghéill mi do 'n earail bu choir dhomh.

'N uair thig éiginn a'm' charamh,
'S ann ris ni mi mo ghearan,
Cha do shaoil mi gu 'm b' amaideachd dhomh-sa.
Gu cinnteach dh' eisd e air uairibh,
Ri cuid de m' iarrtasaibh truaillidh,
Ged tha seacharan buailteach dhomh 'n comhnuidh.

'S tric tha ruith ann mo smuaintibh,
'N uair a theirgeas a chuairt so,
'N sin gun toisich mo thruaighean ro dhomhail.
'M feadh 'sa tha mi 'sa cholainn,
Gu ma h-ard a bhios onoir-s',
Ged nach tarainn aon anail de dhochas.

Oir nam b' rud sin a tharainn,
Gu cinnt ghoidein-sa gradh dha,
Agus thaisginn e tear'nnt ann mo choiribh.
Oir tha mi faicinn gur araidh,
Air cliu a's urram gu brath e,
Leis an onoir is airde bheir comhradh.

LITIR GU I—— R——.

A MHAIGHSTIR R——, thu fallain beò,
'S e so mo dheoin ma's àill leat,
Gun gabh thu tòs air luchd do thoir,
'S nach leig thu leo 'n cuid àrsachd.

Air feadh gach ròd tha naimhdeas seolt,
'S an t-suil nach deonaich fabhair;
'S ma gheibh iad sgòd do t-ulaidh bhreoite,
Gu 'n dean iad ceol do chach dhe.

Iad mar na fithich air gach sgòrr,
Ach 's tusa 'n lòn is aill leo;
Air chul na th' agad fo do chot',
'S iad 'ga do dheobh'l gu'n ailghios.

Gach an-miann roichd a th' ann do choir,
Ma bhios do dheoin 'gan arach,
'N sin fasaidh 'n seors' mar threud an crò,
'S gu 'n dean iad dòmhail t' fhardaich.

An saoghal, 'n fheoil, 's na gheibh iad leo,
Nan curaidh mhor ro laidir;
Ach iarrs' an ròd tha teicheadh bho,
Ma's tig do bhron gu airde.

Sannt a's ardan air aon doigh,
Ni iadsan leon ma tharas;
Tha 'n sliochd co lionmhor feadh gach cos,
'S nach urrainn dhomhsa 'n aireamh.

Tha smuaintean sgleo ag tamh a' d' fheoil,
'S ma ghabh thu 'n doigh le fàilteachd,
A' cur caithir fodhp', 'sa cantainn leo,
Thoir dhomhs an corr de 'n raidhte.

Ma ghabh thu romp' le annas mòr,
'S nach d' iarr thu treoir gun aicheadh,
Ma bhios tu beo gu fallain coir,
Cha 'n aithne dhomhsa c'aite.

Cha d' ghabh thu geilt no teicheadh bho,
Ma chuidich leo gu dana;
Ach feuch gu 'n sguir thu dhe na cheol,
Ma's tig an spors gu naire.

Tha inntinn dhiomhain air do thoir,
'S i mo a's seoilt gu taladh,
'Ga do tharruing-s' ann an ceo,
'S i gleidheadh beo dha nadur.

Bheir i leath' d' cheum gu suirdeil tréun,
Gu marcaid réidh na tear'nteachd;
'S an inntinn stréup nach d' fhuair a réir,
Gu'n d' fhag i 'n fhéill 'san t-aite.

An saoil thu féin nach cruaidh an sgéul,
Nach toirear géill do fàbhair;
'S gu'n gabhair naigheachdan gun fhéum,
Ge b'e am béul o'n d' thainig.

Tha d' cheannuichean air dol air ghléus,
'S is leir dhoibh eiod is àill leat;
Tha 'm bathair ac' dh'an tug thu spéis,
'S iad cumail féill a' d' phairtibh.

Bho thuit ar sinnsearadh an tos,
Tha 'n fhineachs' mor a's làidir,
A' deanamh gearraistean 'san fheoil,
'S cha teid le 'n deoin gu brath aisd'.

Tha coire ghoileas ann do chùirt,
Ri focal ciùirteach taireil;
'S an sluagh so dhomhluich orts' gach taobh
Tighinn o do rùn 's o t' airnean.

Cha tus' air tos ach mis Ochoin !
'Sa chunnart mhor mar tha mi ;
Bhi lan dhe 'n t-seors' 's gun eagal romp',
'S gu'n agam eolas tearnuidh.

O ! nam b' eol dhuinn fear na buaidh,
Ann a mhor thruas 's na fhabhair ;
Mar fheachd na h-Eiphit 'sa mhuir ruadh,
Gun dean e 'n sluagh so bhathadh.

An sin bhiodh sinn gu h-ùrair og,
A' seinn an oran chairdich ;
Is leinn bu bheag na tha 'san fheoil,
Bhi toirt an ceol do'n raidhte.

Na saoil gur leoir dhuit brosgul beoil,
'S e 's fearr na'n t-or bhi sabhailt ;
Ach iarr an corr gun ruig thu choir,
'S am bheil an deoraidh laidir.

Oir 's ann an so tha mis' an éis,
'Sa rinn mi 'm béud gu naireach,
Nach do thog mi 'n cranna-céus,
'Sa dhol an deigh na slainte.

Ach feuch gu 'n cnuasaich thus' dhuit féin,
Gu 'n cum thu'n céum tha sabhailt ;
Sin 'n rathad 's grinne tha fo'n spéur,
Ged nach eisdeadh cach riut.

Seall gach taobh dhuit cheart co géur,
'S a bheir do chéill 's do phairtean,
'S faic 'n neach a rinn an rathad réidh,
Gu 'n ghabh e féin an t-annradh.

O ! gu bhi toilicht' measg nan tuinn,
'S gu faigh sinn lèinn na b' fheaird sinn ;
Sin ghabhail tiorail ris a chuing,
'S gu 'n leig sinn dhinn an t-ailghios.

Ach cuir-sa caithris air a buinn,
'S gu 'm faigh thu claoidh air nadur ;
'S gu 'n cleachd thu geard a chuir 's gach taoibh,
'S gu 'n iarr thu 'n Righ g'a aite.

Cha tus' gu h-uile no gu léir,
A chuir mo bhéul 'san raidht'-so;
Ach na chluinneas uainn an sgéul,
Gun gabh dhoibh féin gu slan i.

AN NAIGHEACHD.

AIR FONN.—"Gur e mis' tha briste, bruite,
Ge b'e ri 'n leiginn mo runachd."

'S E ciall mo naigheachd och mo thruaighe!
Air gach bruach an dean mi m' anail;
Tha 'm fear tha mach na dhuine suairc',
Ach 'm fear tha stigh gu h-ùamhraidh carrach.

C'uin a threigeas mi mo thùaineal?
A's nam bhuadhan o chionn tamull,
A mhèin a dheanadh ceol de thruailleachd,
'Sa shaoileadh buannachd ann am mealladh.

Na thug mi leam cha b'aill leam fhagail,
'Sa rinn mi àrach an am falach;
Thruaill a's shalaich e mo nàdur,
Chor 's gur gràannda bhi 'ga aithris.

Tha tuill aig sionnach ann mo mhànais,
'S nid aig tàir' smuain ann mo ghleannaibh;
Ach mu thimchioll fear na slàinte,
Cha'n 'eil fàrdach aige mar' rium.

'S ann an so tha cùis mo nàire,
Gu'n chuir mi 'n àird' leis a mhealladh;
Oir leis an dreach a th' air mo ràidhte,
Shaoileadh cach nach bithinn falamh.

Tha agam barail mhath gun dearbhachd,
Air droch earbsa nach eil fallain;
'S mi co socrach ri leanaban,
Ged tha searbhas ann mo ghalair.

Gheibh mi sànnt gu gniomhach laidir,
Air an làraich so gu tarruing ;
Ach c' àit' an teich mi o chuid ailghios,
Ma's tig càch gu toirt an aire.

'S ann mar so a chi mi 'càirdeas,
Do 'n neach thug fàrdach dh'i gu tairis;
Dh' eignich i le dalladh-eun e,
'S chleachd i 'dànachd gu bhi mar' ris.

Tha tuille buirmeas ann mo phàirtibh,
De ghné nach fheaird' mi agus talach ;
Tha monmhorachd cho olc 'sa bha i,
Ged nach d' fhas i dhomh na h-eallach.

'N uair a b'àill leam ann am iarrtais,
Dùrachd rianal a bhi agam,
'S ann a gheibh mi inntinn dhiomhain,
Tuille' 's gniomhach anns na h-amans'.

Aig uair 's aig àm nan tioman cràbhach,
Tha i 'n tràth sin ann an cabhag, [mi,
Le rud nach d'iarr 's nach d' fhuair 's nach b' fheaird
'S nach tig gu bràth e ann mo charramh.

Nam b'e 's gu 'n iarrainn nithe feolmhor,
Ni i còmhnadh leam gu barraichte ;
Ach nithe spioradail a's còmhnard,
'S gann gu'n còmhnuich i r'am farraid.

'S ann mar so a rinn an fheoil orm,
Thug i ceol dhomh le cuid caran,
Chuir i chadal mi gu samhach,
'N uair bu chòir dhomh a bhi caithris.

Och mo thruaigh' ! mar tha mo ròidean,
Gun tìnn, gun dòchas, 's mi gun eallach ;
Ged tha galair orms' a' dòirteadh,
Gu mùirneach, feolmhor, mar chaidh aithris.

Cruadhs gun churam mhùch e m' eòlas,
'S dhòmhluich goraich orm am falach ;
Cha 'n fhiù mi miadh no mèur de 'throcair,
'S fhuair mi mòran dhiubh air thalamh.

'N tra bhios tu gnogadaich gu h-uasal,
'S mi nam shùain 's nach toir mi 'n aire;
'S 'n uair nach tuig mi ceart am bualadh,
Cuir-s' do ghualainn ris an dorus.

Thusa bhris na geata cruadhach,
'S a chuir gu suarraich na cròinn-sparraidh,
'S a thug am priosanach an uachdair,
Air na truaighibh a bha mar' ris.

Thig a stigh le cumhachd àraidh,
A's faic an fhàrdaich so gun charaid,
Sluagh tha 'g iomairt ann an àrsachd,
'S iad gun nàire le 'n cuid malairt.

Tha iad naimhdeil ann nan dùrachd,
'S rinn iad crùbach mi 'nam fhaireachd,
Le 'n cuid casaidibh mi-rùnach,
'S iad a' brùchdadh nimh na nathrach.

Sìn a mach do làimh gu drùighteach,
'S thoir gu claoidh leat luchd na staireachd;
'S am fear so thog a ghuth gu brùidhneach,
'N aghaidh rioghalachd na caithreach.

Fear na h-àingidheachd ni e éiridh,
Ann an réubaltachd 'san ceannairc;
Oir tha e malluichte 'na chéumaibh,
'S e làidir, eacoireach 'na anail.

Thusa ghluais gu buadhach tréubhach,
'S a thug gu géill do naimhde dh' aindeoin;
A's ann an tìr nan Gadareach,
Chuir thu Légion dhiubh nad deannaibh.

O! do chliu gu 'm fosgail réidh dhomh,
Gu chuir an céill do 'n fhear gun chaithris,
Dh' fheuch an treigeadh e chuid eacoir,
'S gu 'n tig a chéumain gu bhi tairis.

Cia son' an sluagh th' ann do thréud-sa,
'S do ghàirdean tréun a ta 'gan tarruing;
Chuir do bheath' an coinneamh 'n éiric,
Mar cheann-feadhna dhoibh ri 'm maireann.

Seallamh 'n gaol 's cha d' fhuaireadh béul dha,
Measg nan créutairean air thalamh,
Mu'n robh neach a dh' iarradh réite,
Chuir E 'n céill na bha air aire.

'S e dh' fhosgail dorus ann nam féum dhoibh,
Air tùs an sgéil gun iad ga fharraid;
Cha chuir bith-bhuantachd an céill,
Na rinn E dh' fhéum dh' an fhear tha mar ris.

'S ann an sàruichean 'san éiginn,
Rinn e 'chréutairean a cheannach,
Le deiligeadh cho cruaidh ris féin,
'S is urrainn béul a dhol ga aithris.

Cha'n e mo thruaigh' co mor 's tha m' eacoir,
Ach mo dheigh-laimh nach do ghabh mi,
An tairgs' is mò tha fo'n spéuraibh,
A's i co tréun air son a ghlanaidh.

Ged tha mo chruas mar air a réisgeadh,
'S mi fad an éis dhe'n ni bu mhath dhomh;
Ach dheanadh t-fhocal dhomh gu leir e,
Slainte réidh do m' uile bhallaibh.

O! cuir-sa le do chumhachd thréun e,
Stigh a' m' chréubhaig ri mo mhaireann,
Gus 'n glanadh e uam m'olc a's m' eacoir,
Fad mo cheumain air an fhearanns'.

'S ann leis a rinn thu neamh 's na sléibhtean,
'N fhairg' a bhéucas, a ghrian, 'sa gheallach;
Focal cumhachdach na réite,
Cuir an céill e dhomh le 'sholuis.

Ach bidh mi sguirsinn de na sgéul-sa,
Thoir dhomh béul a ni do mholadh;
'S cridh' a bheireadh gràdh gu tréun dhuit,
'S gu aird nan speura chuireadh t' onoir.

LITIR GU MINISTEAR ARAIDH.

A MHAIGHSTIR WOOD, bi 'n tarraing gun fharraid an
Ri cabhaig an earraich gun mhoille no dàil; [tàr,
Leis an t-siol a tha fallain 'se barraicht' gu fàs,
Ma's a h-àill leats' a tharruing o charraig nan àil.

Ma's fheudar dhomh aithris mo bharail an tràths',
Le firinn gun mhearachd nam b' aithne dhomh ràdh,
Cha'n ann a mhàin air son t-earails' chaidh m' anail
'san ràdh,
Ach air son gach fear soluis tha mar ruit 'sa cheàird.

Ma dh' innseas mi firinn dhuit direach mar tha,
Cha 'n ann gu do dhìteadh a shiu mi 'san dàn;
Ma mhaith's tu dhomh sìbhealt 's e da rìreadh is fearr,
'S theid air m' adhairt le dichioll dh'fhiach an inns' mi
am bàrr.

Cha 'n aill leam bhi slìopadh 's gu dìteadh cha tàr,
Air dhomh fhéin a bhi millte fo innleachd an sàs,
Ach rànnsaich le cinnteas na dh'innsear san àits',
Feuch na labhair mi direach na'm bheil 'n chi thu ri
radh.

Ged robh 'n sluagh air mo bhinn-sa gu dìteadh mar bha,
'S ged thoisich iad mi-run a rìs a's an tràths',
Le diumadh a 's mi-ghean cuir gu dimeas an t-slàn,
Ach cha sguir mi de bhruidheann gus an innis mi pàirt.

Tha ministeir dù-dhorch anns na cuisibh as fearr,
Tur falamh de chùram 's cha'n eil brùiteachd na phàirt,
Tha e laidir 'na rùintibh 'se neo-bhùite le dhan,
'S mheas e baileach gun sùilean 'n neach nach dùnadh
ri raidht'.

Air dha bhi clì 'ann a bharail gheibhear anail gun tàth,
S tha e cinnteach gu 'n can e ni cho barraicht' 's is àill,
Ach 'nuair dh'aithnear an t-aran rinn e mhalairt o chàch,
Ged a shaoilt 'e bhì fallain cha 'n eil stamag ann dà.

Nach ùrmhraidh fear soluis bhi gun caithris gun gheard,
Gun eagal gun eallach a's e toileachd a chàil,
Thug a comhairl' 'sa bharail gu farasd do chach,
'Sa dhlùthaich ri codal air stairsig a bhais.

Gun iarrtas gun ùmhlachd do'n ùghdaras ard,
Tha 'dhiadhachd 'sa churam 'na shuilibh a ghnath;
Tha e dh'easbhuidh nan cùisean a dhùnadh ri gras,
'Sa mhèin ann a chùirtibh gun dùrachd dh' an fhas.

Tha 'n raite so cinnteach ged nach insinns' an traths',
Gur talmhaidh an lìnn sin tha dh'an fhirinn gun chail;
Gun eagal gun dìteadh gun strì ri ni's fearr,
'S gu'n dean toirmeasgean millteach duine cinnteach na
thraill.

Cuir ùghdaras t' fhocail a tha taiceil gu slaint',
Gus am feuch e dhomh 'm folach ni mallaicht' na ait';
Le tròcair a's cabhaig ni mo tharruing o'n t-sas,
Chum an t-soluis bu mhath dhomh bhi mar rium gu
brath.

O ! pairtich ruinn curam o'n ughdaras ard,
Ged nach 'eil sinne ciuirteach tha ar muir a' fas ban;
Cho bruidhneach, 's cho siubhlach, 's cho ùr chum na
dail,
Ceart ionann mar bhrùidean gun umhlachd gun daimh.

O ! sioladh ar barail tha co ceannardach ard,
'S thoir oirnne bhi cantuinn nach fan sinn 'san ait';
Ar dùsgadh o chadal rinn prabadh air dail, [fearr.
Dh'fheuch am faic sinn gach madainn an cladach is

Fior mhinisteir rioghail 'na firinn is aillte,
Tha maise 'na imeachd le dichioll gu fas;
Aig tioma fo mhi ghean nach inns' e gu h-ard,
Le bòcuidhibh strìtheil tha cur a shith ann an cas.

Ged robh amannan ùraich dha gu h-ùrail an traths',
Tha 'n stòrm air a dusgadh theagamh dlù aig a shail;
Air a theannach'd gu ciùirteach cha'n luchd spuilidh
na dhail, [mhan.
Gidheadh cha dean cùis dha ach an driùchd theachd a

Ann am maise na firinn tha dhichioll 'sa chail,
'S gu h-araidh 'na inntinn 'na dhilleachdan tair';
Cuid a dh' uairean 'na imeachd bidh e sgrìobadh a chlair,
Ach 's fearr beagan aig 'n fhirean nan tireadh th'aig
cach.

Bha iad roimhe 'san rian so cuid a thìoman an sas,
'S uairean eile cho riaraicht' le biadh agus slaint',
Dh' ith de 'n mhiorbhuil ro iomchuidh gus an t-iomlan
bhi saitht',
'S iad an ceart-uair aig iomramh an imcheist bhi bait.

Bidh am fear so na tharruing air gach bealach an tar,
Gu foghlum dhe 'n eallach 'sa h-aithris gun dail,
Gus an ionnsaich e caithris o na Cholaisd is aird',
Oir cha'n tardas 'sam mana chuir mar ris 'san airc.

Righ fialuidh na pailteas nach d'rinn tarcuis no tair;
Tha 'g uidheamachadh gach teachdair chuir e mach
leis na b'aill; [al,
Deanamh bogha dhe 'fhreasdal mar chleachd e 's gach
Agus saighead dhe 'fhocal theid 'sa pheacadh an sas.

Cuiridh E 'n òrdugh 'chuid gillean 'san iomairt is fearr,
Le cuimse ro chinnteach air an innleachd tha fas;
'S theid an t-saighead cho direach 's nach dibir i 'n
t-ait',
'S bheir i mhan chum na h-isleachd an inntinn is aird.

'N uair gheibh e 'chomision thig clisgeadh air pairt,
Bhios a farraid an tiota, ciod nis dhuinn is fearr?
'S bidh pobull a chumhnaint gu h-ùrail fo bhlath,
Le sabhour na maise thig a mach ann a rait'.

Ged robh tìdeachan spéiseil dha aig eiridh gu h-ard,
'S theagamh traghadh an deigh sin 'se co feumail ri lan;
An ceannard is tréuna sheas E féin anns an ait', [sath.
'S e cuir iasg air na h-eibhlibh 's aran greidhte gu'n

Bidh e 'g iarraidh le osnaich o'n chorp so gu'n tar,
'S am bheil nadur de dhroch-rud 'se co dosrach a' fas;

Air a shiudain le osag 's gu socair cha tar,
'S e gu mòr ann a throtan gu fortan do chach.

Bidh a thlachd ann an roghainn thoirt do'n fheoghainn
tha baoth,
Gu sguirsinn de'n gleadhair 's gu 'n tagh iad ni's fearr;
Le curam an fhoghair roimh 'aghaidh 's gach ait, [barr,
Dh'fheuch am faigh e luchd-doille dheanamh soilleir gu

O! bhreitheamh nan uile dean an duine so slan,
Le ghearduigeadh muileach o gach cunnart tha lath'r;
Le neartachadh cumant 's thoir dha tuille ri radh,
'S gu'n ard bheannaich an urr' thu le urram gu brath.

DAN.

Ged a thoisichinn air oran,
'S beag air m' eòlas na mo thapadh;
'S 'n uair bu chòir dhomh dol an òrdugh,
'S ann a thòisich mi ri fadal.

Ach nan rannsuichinn gu còmhnard,
'S e inntinn fheòlmhor gheibh mi agam,
'S rinn i ceòl dhomh measg mo ghoraich,
Chum an comhnuidh mi a'm' chodal.

Es' tha riaghladh ann am mòrachd,
'S fhoighidinn co mòr 's co fada;
Leig dh'an eacoireach 'na ròidibh,
Gu am a ròic a thoirt gu tagair.

'S tioral iochdmhor tha e dhomhsa,
'San am na dòilion rinn e lasachd;
'San uair a briseadh leo mo chòmhfort,
Dha ionnsuidh threoraich mi mo chasaid.

Bho 'n uair 'sa lagaich air mo threòir-sa,
Dh'fhas a thròcair dhomh ni's farsuinng;
Oir bidh e coimhead 'na mo phòcaid,
'S ris na brogaibh air mo chosaibh.

Gu'm fas a thaitneasan an còmhnuidh,
Cha b' ioghnadh dhomhsa sin a chantuinn,
Oir dh'ullaich esan biadh gu lòn dhomh,
A's aodach dheanadh dòigh bho fhrasaibh.

Na buadhan beannuicht' 's iad ro òirdheirc,
A th' aig' an còmhnuidh ann a ghlacaibh;
Do pheacaich mhòra rinn gu stroghail,
'S e 'gan treorachadh 'na fhasga.

'S diomhair ionghantach an còmhradh-s',
Aird na morachd bhi ri fhaicinn;
Am focal siorruidh gabhail feoil air,
Mar bha 'n cordadh anns a mhaduinn.

Ard uaisle urramach na morachd,
'Sa shluagh an comhnuidh ann a rosgaibh;
'San uile thrioblaidean a's leontan,
Aige comhladh air a bhasaibh.

An t-athair mor tha lan do dh'eolas,
'Gam b' leir bho thos a chùis mar thacair;
A rinn e féin na thriuir 'na throcair,
Chum an treorachadh-sa dhachaidh.

* * * *

A CHOGUIS.

A CHOGUIS an duine! 's fada uait a bhi fior, [laimh;
Cha chluinnear ach ainmic do chaismeachd roimh
'N sin buailidh tu'n truaghan fo throm-cheist gu tìnn,
Ach cha'n 'eil e ad chumhachd a philleadh chum slaint'.

Tha trom ghearan eile ri chur as do los,
A tha'n fheoil a's an saoghal sior thairgse do'n t-sluagh;
Cha diultadh tu duais air son claonadh do'n olc,
'N uair thig iad le sanais ro mhilis dha d' chluais.

Ged labhras tu'n fhirinn, C'uin a chuir thu an gniomh i?
Ge dligheach dhuit umhlachd a's urnuigh do'n Triath;
'M bi do spiorad gach la tairgse umhlachd cho dligheach,
No'n do lub thu do chridhe air do ghlunaibh dha riamh.

Their cuid rium gu dana, gur tus' an Treas Pears'
A chaidh ghealltuinn gu siorruidh chum riaghladh an
t-sluaigh;
Ach 's iad puincean na firinn is fearr a bheir breith,
Air na grasa' tha sileadh o Spiorad nam buadh.

Tha choguis na gibht do gach maith a's gach olc, [gras
Ach do dh'umhlachd 's do dh'urnuigh tha Spiorod nan
Gu pailt air a ghealltuinn measg éigin nam bochd,
Agus thig e gu sealltanach duisgeach roimh lamh.

Feuch! cumaidh e comunn ri spiorad an duine,
Bho dhleasnas cha leig e air seachran a chaoidh; [achd,
Ged a thigeadh am buaireadh, tha lathaireachd a's cumh-
Is eadarghuidh an t-slanuighir aillt air a thaobh.

A choguis chlaon! na toir oilbheum do naomh spiorad
Mar fhianuis na Trionaid ann an talamh nam beo; [Dhé,
Cha'n 'eil gealladh thu philltinn a rìs ann ad fheum,
Na cunntas gun sheas thu riamh fior air a thaobh.

Ach gach neach a fhuair blasad air feartaibh nan gras,
Tighinn a nuas mar an driuchd air luchd umhlachd
'nam féum;
Ni iad seasamh gu dileas dh'aindeoin ìslead an càs,
Oir's e Spiorad naomh Chriost tha sior stiuradh an céum.

A's bheir iad le Daibhidh ard onoir do' Tı, [téinn;
Sheas dhoibh mar fhear comhairl' nan amhghar 's nam
'Sa thug air an arnaibh bhi teagasg an cridhibh,
Chum an Spiorad a shireadh feadh faire na h-oidhch'.

Tha'n gealladh cho cinnteach, 's gu'm fairich iad bidh-
eant',
Gach eallach fas aotrom thaobh 'n earbs' as a bhuaidh;
Le bhi géilleadh da thoil gleidhidh 'ghradh a's a shio-
chainnt,
An Spiorad, ged bhios na buill striocht' anns an uaigh.

Agus eirigh iad suas a chum ais-eirigh 's beath',
O'n uir dh'eirich an urras ro ghlormhor air tus;
'S bidh naoimh agus ainglean mu thimchioll a' feith-
Co is airde Hosannah seinn salmaibh d'a chliu. [eamh,

AN INNTINN DHIOMHAIN.

Oh! 's curamach, 's curramach,
Och! 's curamach dhomhs';
'S nach tar nu gu umhlachd,
Le uspairn na feo'l.

'N uair a threigeas neach doibheart,
'S dh'iarras trocair o 'thruas,
Thig feartuin an dochais,
O na mhorachd tha shuas.

Ach is fheudair dhomh raite,
Mar aicheadh mi choir;
Nach b' fhiu leam béum Bairde,
Ged a ghradhaich mi'n ceol.

Mor bheannuicht' an riaghladh,
Ghleidh mo bhliadhnan-s' o'n tos;
'S mi tri fichead 's na deugan,
Gun bhi diolan no posd.

Tha triuir no cheathrar 'gam iarraidh,
'S iad 'gam spionadh le coir;
Aois, uaigh, agus blianachd,
'S inntinn dhiomhain 's i og.

I gu h-iteagach, sgiathach,
Mar eun anns na neoil;
Lan easumhail do'n riaghladh,
O'n tha miann anns an fheoil.

'S leir gur uighean ro luathrach,
A fhuair mi 'na coir,
Oir mas dean i gur uair orr',
Cluinnear fuaim aig na h-eoin.

Ged a thuirt mi gur luathrach,
Ciod a bhuannachd sin dhomhs';
Ma ni focal do shuarraich'
M'fhearg a bhuaireadh thar choir.

I gu brosgulach faoilidh,
Ga mo shlaodadh air sgod;
Gus na chuir i orm daorach,
Le saoghal nan sgleo.

URNUIGH.

Uile-bhith-bhuan naomh ghlormhor,
  Uile-chuimhneachail, bheachdail,
Uile-fhiosraich air comhradh
  Agus gniomhran gach peacach;
Cia mar thig mi ad lathair
  A chum do ghrasan a thagair,
'Sa bhi le'm ghiulan cur tair'
  Air gealladh, dail, agus bagair.

O! teagaisg dhomhsa do shligh',
  Ann mo chridhe 's a' m' ghiulan;
'S thoir ormsa gu 'n tuig mi,
  Ciod e sin a bhi 'g urnuigh;
Tha agam inntinn ro bhuaireant',
  Le uaineard a's uspairn;
'S an am dhomhsa bhi tagair,
  Tha is' a' glacadh a duthchais.

O! mill air a h-ailghios,
  'S dean a h-ardan a mhuchadh;
Cha 'n 'eil i umhail 's cha'n aill leath',
  Ach a ghna 'ga do dhiultadh;
Mhill i cothrom a's dail orm,
  'S mi gun naire 'ga chunntadh;
Cha thar mi teicheadh o raidibh,
  Ged tha 'm bas air gach taobh dh'i.

Nach tusa cusbair na taitneis,
  Bha roimh bheachd na chaidh dhusgadh,
'Sa chunnaic cinnteach le 'n rasgaibh,
  Bhi nam peacaich 's nam muirich;
Ard cheannard na pailteas,
  'S nach d' rinn tarcuis, air bruiteachd',
'Sa thug slainte gun airceas,
  A reir an acain 'san ciurraidh.

Ach tha m' amaideachds' uamhraidh,
Nach iarradh buaidh ann am chuisibh,
Os ceann na tha dh' uamhais,
'Sa thruailleachd 'nam luchairt;
A mhealltaireachd shuarrach
A chum uamsa bhi surdail;
'Sa chuir suain mi am chadal,
Ann an leab' na mi-churam.

Rinn m' eacoir ro ladurn,
O na mhaduinn mo mhuchadh,
'Si a chum o na bhiadh mi,
Ged is fialuidh tha 'n cumhnant;
Thoir m' eas-creidimh le 'bhlianachd,
As a fhreumhaibh le d'ughd'ras,
Chum 's gu 'n itealaich m' iarrtais,
Le sgiathaibh de dhurachd.

Dean mi tuigseach a's ciallach,
'S thoir m' iarrtais gu curam;
'S cuir mi 'n ordugh gu seasmach,
Ann an dleasnas nach-urnuigh;
Cuir m' eacoir 's mo rasgachd,
Fad as o do shuilibh;
'S cuir rioghachd neimh ann am pailteas,
Anns gach tasgaidh a' m' chuirtibh.

Thoir dh'i ughdaras laidir,
Air gach pairt dhe mo ghiulan,
Agus gabhas i cairdeach,
Ris na 's aill leat le umhlachd;
Ma's a milis no saruicht',
Tha ise lathair an t-aon-rud;
'S bheir i ormsa nach tar mi,
Bhi a' m' raidibh co diumach.

O! 's beannuicht' gach pairt dh'i,
Dean mi cailear dha h-ionnsuidh;
'S ged nach fhiu mise t' fhabhair,
Na leig gu brath dhomh a diultadh;

Tha i muirneach mu'n aithne,
'S bidh tu lathair na h-ionndrain;
'Sa dh' aindeoin air nadur,
Bheir i airde de rum dhuit.

Ni i t' iarraidh gu deonach,
O! doirt oirr' a durachd;
Bidh do riaghladh 's do sheoladh,
Aic' an comhnuidh gu muirneach,
Agus gluaisidh i comhnard,
Le storas de churam,
'S bidh do mhorachd ri fhaicinn,
A' fas le mais' ann a suilibh.

Ciod a ni mi dhe h-easbhuidh,
Och! mo threachladh cha 'n fhiu mi;
Bidh mi fuair mar na leachdan,
'S lan do chleachdaidhean bruideal;
Ged dhean mi gleadhraich de bhruidhean,
Bidh mo chridhe gun lubadh;
Agus talaidh mi peacadh,
A' deanamh leab air gach taobh dhomh.

Cainidh mi an droch cleachdadh,
A tha mi 'g altrum gu muirneach;
Agus theagamh nach fhaicear,
Aon bhailc ann mo ghiulan;
'S agam nadur na nathrach,
Ann am fhaireachd na luban;
'S ni mi sìth ann am bharail,
Mu gheibh mi fholach o'n suilibh.

Cha ghabh mi eagal roimh bhagair,
Theid mis' am fasgadh mo ghluinean;
Ge b'e sam bith mar bhios m' iarrtais,
Ni mi 'n rian so de dh' umhlachd;
Cha toir toirmeasg a th'agams',
Orm laigse no ciurradh;
Agus ni mi deoch chadail,
Dhe mo thagair gun churam.

Ciod bhiodh agams' ach mealladh,
'S a bhi falamh dhe'n chuis-sa;
Fhuair cach i na beannachd,
'S rinn i fallain an durachd;
A thug orr' gu 'n a sheas iad,
Ris gach treachladh a's sgiursadh;
'S a dh'fhag do chliu air an aire,
Co fad 'sa mhair iad 'san duthaich-s'.

O! cumhachd a Ghaisgich,
Gu 'n dean taic air gach taobh dhomh;
'S gu 'n toir mi saor as na glacan-s',
Chum astair a churam;
Gu 'n dean mo bhuachailleachd barraicht',
Air gach beulach 'san siubhlam,
Mus toir mi ciurradh a dh' anail,
A tha na leanabh 'sa chumhnant.

O! an daimh a tha beannaicht',
Gu 'n tig a' m' charamh le ughd'ras,
A's gu 'm fosgail dhomh 'n dorus,
Gus 'm faic mi caraid nam muireach;
Am fear nach sòradh ri glanadh,
'S a rinn an ceannach le ciurradh;
Gus an deanadh E m' fhalach,
Ri mo mhaireann o dhu-lochd.

O! beannuich an rait'-sa,
'S dean gu h-araidh i urail,
'S thoir air gach neach a ni h-aithris,
Gu 'm faic iad solus as ur innt';
Cuir innt' an sabhar tha beannuicht',
Agus salann na curam;
S dean a lionadh am pailteas,
Le feartaibh an dusgaidh.

'N duine rinneadh na fhasgadh!
Do bhacaich 's do mhuirich,
Gu 'n dean ughdaras t'-fhacail,
Dhomh e taiceil a 's urail;

Biodh gleidheadh do fhreasdail,
Orm o'n cleachdaidhibh lubach;
'S dean m' fhalach ad fhasgadh,
O thaitneas dhroch dhurachd.

Ard cheannas na siorruidheachd,
Ge b'e rian th' air mo chuis-sa,
Rinn E mòran de 'n iarmad,
A gabh freumhaig de churam;
'S iad gun bhònn aca dhioladh,
Dhe na fiachan a bruth iad;
An sin mhath E na ceudan,
Do na dh' iarr e le durachd.

Bidh mi dunadh na rait'-sa,
O! pairtich rium curam;
A's biodh urram ro bhaigheil,
Dhuit a' tamh ann mo luchairt;
Biodh do mhòrachd gu h-araidh,
'Ga mo thaladh gu umhlachd;
'S ard-onoir dhuit araich,
Anns gach pairt dhe mo ghiulan.

An ard uaisle ro chairdeach,
A ghabh gu h-araidh 'na churam,
Gu 'n ceannaicheadh E slainte,
Do thraillibh neo-fhiuthail;
'S 'n uair nach urrainn doibh aireamh,
Na rinn E dh' fhabhar d' an taobh-sa,
Biodh a bhith-bhuantachd ghrasmhor,
A' sior ardachadh cliu dha.

O! dean na briathra so soilleir,
Agus milis a's urail,
Do gach firionn a's boirionn,
A dh' iarras coman a chumhnaint;
Dean an dion anns gach baile,
Bho gach aladh a's ciurradh,
'S biodh AMEN na ghlas orr',
Facal cian a cho'dhunaidh.

BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

DONALD MATHESON, KILDONAN, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

THE author of the following beautiful sacred lyrics was born in 1719, in the heights of the parish of Kildonan, where he spent his lifetime. As indicated in one of his poems, he lived till his 24th year in the carelessness of a natural state. But one day, as he was gaily attending sermon, proud of his Highland dress and youthful vigour, the Word took hold of him, and he was brought into depths of spiritual distress, from which the Lord in due time released him by the promises of the Gospel. Thus sharply tried at the outset, he manifested through life an uncommon sympathy for persons in spiritual trouble. During those early mental conflicts which usually soon follow the first happy "deliverance from Egypt," their severity was increased by outward trials. A neighbour, in conjunction with whom he wrought a farm, finding his circumstances prosper so that he needed not Matheson's aid, broke up the co-partnership, and our author was left without horses for his husbandry. Shortly after, it so happened, he heard that one of the horses of his selfish neighbour died. He at first felt secretly gratified by the news, but soon reflected on the sinfulness and malignity of such a feeling; he reproached himself for thus being "glad at calamities," (Prov. xvii. 5), and fell anew into despondency, concluding his supposed conversion an illusion, and himself a poor self-deceiving hypocrite.

His varied experience of soul trouble, and of the grace and power of the Gospel, fitted him for being a prominent witness for God in his sphere. A single poem in the following series, ("The Satire") was declared by the parish minister, an eminently godly man, to have done more good than all his own preaching for a series of years. It was occasioned by a practice among some wild young men in the parish, who, under the leadership of a gigantic ruffian, composed abusive songs, lampooning all and sundry around them. Our author's servant suffered from them among others, and wishing to retaliate, had recourse to the poetic talents of her master. He set to

work, composed the vigorous and instructive piece referred to, and sang it among a concourse of people assembled, according to the universal custom of the country in those simple times, at a late-wake, where the young men happened to meet him. The Lord was pleased to bless the truths of his own Word, though in this unusual form. The ring-leader of the band of scoffers, when our bard had finished, rose and grasped both his hands, promising to give up the sinful practice. A saving change began from that time in his soul, and through him an extensive reformation in the parish.

At one time the parish church being vacant, Matheson headed a deputation from the people to their Presbytery in quest of a minister. Finding the Presbytery stiff to move, "I could sooner accomplish my errand with the Great Hearer of prayer," he said, "than with this Presbytery." One member, a clergyman of the unmitigated old moderate School, or as our Anglican friends would express it, of the extreme High Church party, ridiculed him as not possessed of education or influence entitling him to be heard. "You may mock," he replied, "but I can tell the word of scripture by which the Lord first wounded my conscience: I can also tell the word by which Christ was made precious to my soul;—I suspect that is more than *you*, Sir, can say." The retort was not uncalled for, for the haughty ecclesiastic was not only a legalist, but, if we mistake not, half a Socinian. He was asked what sort of minister he wanted. "Ministeir a bha air a rostadh leis an lagh—air a leaghadh leis an t-soisgeul—agus air a gheur-leanmhuinn leis na h-uaislean," was his expressive reply. "One scorched by the law, melted by the gospel, and persecuted by the [ungodly] gentry." A spare, modest, unprepossessing young licentiate was present, and to him Matheson pointed, as one whom the people would be well satisfied with as their minister.—"'S mor an ni a dh'iarr thu, 's beag an ni a riaraich thu," remarked one of the ministers. The Presbytery ultimately acceded to the people's wishes, and their influence procured the minister of their choice, as the fatal law of Patronage had not by that time been enforced in its full rigour. The result was the appointment of Mr Hugh Ross, for years an honoured minister of Christ in the parish, and whose character, and the friendship between them, he lived to commemorate in the elegy forming the last of his poems. An anecdote is told which illustrates at once the devotedness of Matheson in attending ordinances, and the heavenly unction of the minister. One day in winter, having to wade through a river on his way to church, our bard took his seat without thinking of outward

discomfort. At conclusion of the sermon he was surprised to find that the water in his clothes had frozen, actually forcing his feet completely out of the shoes; but his mind had been too intensely engaged to be conscious of the occurrence, and he felt as warm as if enjoying the comforts of his fireside. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

Matheson outlived the successor of his beloved minister—a weak but good man, of whom he pleasantly remarked, that like some persons at sheep-shearing, he must say it *was* wool they had, though the fleece was short. But after that minister's death, he made the remarkable and suggestive observation, that though he never knew one whose weakness in the pulpit he more pitied, yet he never saw a death-bed more enviable for divine consolations. On the contrary, with Mr Hugh Ross the case was precisely reversed—the spiritual power and liberty in his ministrations were enviable, and the fears and distress of his death-bed an object of sympathy.—His own last days were brightened by "the full assurance of hope." When becoming infirm, a friend spoke to him regarding his absence from church. "I attended the means of grace," he replied, "so long as I was able—now I cannot, but I have peace of conscience." A pious young man, afterwards an eminent Catechist for many years in Inverness-shire, one day asked him to explain an obscure passage of scripture which troubled his mind. "Don't you live near a river, young man?" was his reply. "There, there are pools which would drown you, if you attempted to cross them, but there are fords on which you may get easily over. Keep to the plainer portions of scripture, and meddle not in the meantime with such mysterious passages." To a friend he observed, "I am as firmly assured of my salvation as that the sun is in the skies, yet I would rather beg from door to door till the day of judgment, than pass through the last struggle!" This fear of "the last enemy," though remarkable in such a veteran soldier of Jesus Christ, is not unexampled in the death-bed experience of His people, and illustrates the formidable aspect in which scripture presents the "King of Terrors." His death took place in January 1782. His pious children would doubtless fulfil his wish as to interment (Elegy on Mr Ross, *infra*), which, like the solicitude of the patriarchs for their "burying-place in the field of Machpelah," commemorates to posterity his firm faith in the resurrection. He asks that his last resting-place may be as near as possible to his beloved minister's, modestly adding, that in the grave rich and poor are on

a level. The poem is the least poetic in the series, perhaps from the depressing influence of grief; but here he kindles at the thought—

" Gu bheil mis' de 'n bharail,
'N tra bhitheas sinn ag eiridh,
Gu 'n aithnich mis' agus HUISTEAN
Anns an dusgadh a cheile," &c.

—" Methinks as we awake, we shall recognise each other ! When the trumpet comes forth from the Father, that which had crumbled down shall be re-fashioned, and the saints shall have precedence in the resurrection."

His poems were first published some thirty-five years ago, with a preface by two eminent ministers, who have since rested from their labours. After referring to some of the facts detailed above, they say—

" Though destitute of the advantages of education, he was one of the most celebrated Christians in that or perhaps any other country. He possessed a clear and comprehensive view of Divine truth, and discovered a deep and practical experience of its power on the heart and life. It will be seen from the following pieces that he was also a christian poet, and that in no ordinary degree. They were composed on various occasions, and most of them relate to occurrences in the ways of Providence, of which he was not an inattentive observer. * * The work necessarily labours under the disadvantages of a posthumous one; and the dialect in which it is written, but which it was not thought proper to alter, may not be quite intelligible to those in the more southern districts of the Highlands. It is hoped, nevertheless, that its circulation may be attended with no small degree of usefulness; and under this impression we most cordially give the publication our humble sanction.

" JOHN MACDONALD.
" JOHN KENNEDY."

But the work has not been generally known or appreciated by his countrymen, partly from the unclassic dialect of Gaelic which was native to him, and partly we think from the elevated spirituality of his matter, to which even a much greater force of genius would fail fully to reconcile the bulk of readers. It is stated that his distinguished cotemporary Rob Donn and himself at a certain time happening to meet, compared their productions; when the former said, that *his* song had more of the taste of poetry, and Matheson's that of godliness. But the criticism has more point than discrimination in it, since the religious element, not being common to both, only disturbs the comparison. In truth, to judge correctly, the critic would need to combine along with a correct and susceptible taste, sympathy with Matheson's religious sentiments, and acquaintance with the august spiritual objects among which in his inner life he

moved. Thus qualified, one might be able to estimate with what degree of power "his imagination bodied forth the forms of things unknown," and with what skill his "poet's pen," or musings, "turned them to shape." To the judgment of such a critic we would look with some confidence for the acknowledgment, that among the few Christian Britons, and the still fewer Christian Celts, who have composed under the genuine promptings of poetic genius, MATHESON is entitled to a place. His is not indeed the sublimity and massive strength of his countryman Dugald Buchanan, the Milton of our scanty Gaelic literature; but he is distinguished by a power of delicate yet glowing delineation, and a tender pathos accompanied by a pleasing sprightliness, peculiarly his own. To this is added in his happier moods, a chiming melody of versification—

"Softly sweet in Lydian measures."

The present edition has been subjected to some necessary revision, by the aid of oral traditions still current, combined with old M.S. copies in possession of the estimable Editor of the volume.

A.

N.B.—The following Glossary of certain obsolete words and provincialisms occurring in the poems may be needed:—

Alladh, cliu; *crodhaich*, a mhilleadh am bainne; *disearse*, "discharge"; *d'ur*, air son *'nur* no *'n uair;* bheir gu *gradhan*, bheir gu feum, no bleadh; *gleusan*, leointean; *meildidh*, lon no biadh; *libhrig*, "deliver"; *pridigeadh*, sailleadh le salann no piceal; *solumas*, pailteas; *susdanan*, "thousands."

ORAN AN LUCHD CUAIRT.

Och a ghaoil! bi air mo stiuir,
Oir 's iomadh sùil tha 'g amharc orm;
'S freumh an uilc nach deach a bhuain,
Mar eunlaith luath a' cruinneachadh:
'N uair a dh'eireas iadsan suas,
Bitheadh do lamhs' gu luath 'san eadraiginn;
'S bitheadh naomhachd gabhail buaidh
A measg an t-sluaigh gu maireannach,

'S far na thog thu clach is ùir,
Cha dùthchas leat bhi dealachdainn ;
'S air olcas 'gam bi do chlann,
Tionndaidh thu riut dhachaidh iad :
'N uair a bhitheas an ròidean càm,
Cha chaomhainn thu an ceasnachadh ;
'N uair a bhitheas an cridh' teann,
'N sin labhraidh tu ri 'm faireachdainn.

Ach, O ! gabh truas ri talamh bàn,
Tha fathast slan gun charachadh ;
Is cuir-sa sìol air bharr nam beann,
Oir gheall thu ann a t-fhacal e :
Is air olcas 'gam bi 'n grùnnd,
Bithidh sguaban trom tigh'n dachaidh dheth,
A na bheir na h-aimsir toradh tròm,
Gun duille chall no dhealachdainn.

'S tu mo ghaol, is tu mo ghradh,
Na 'n t-or is fearr ri fhaighinn thu ;
Nach bi air do thionnda' gu cradh,
'S nach urra 'm bas do dhealachadh :
Oh ! nach fuiling sibh dhomh radh,
Gu 'm b'aluinn peighinn sporan dheth ;
Ach 's ann a tha mo thruas gu brath
Ris a phairt ud nach d'fhairich e.

Ach cha 'n 'eil leigheas air an cas,
Is fearr na bhi feitheamh ris ;
Oir iads' a leanas chum na crich,
Bidh an sìth-sa maireannach :
Deasaichidh e 'n crùn air an ceann,
'Se so mo chlann 's cha 'n eagal doibh ;
Ach 'se tha 'n diugh na chuis bhròin,
A lughad beò is faireachdainn.

'S cha 'n 'eil neach an staid nan gras,
Nach 'eil a' cradh a ghearan so ;
O, nach b' fhios dhomh c'ait' bheil smùid,
'Sa chuilc bhrùit' ri faireachdainn :

Gus am pairtichinn mo ghaol,
'S gu 'n cleachdainn saorsa m' fhaireachdainn,
'S gu'm faigheamaid beatha na naoimh,
'S gu 'n tigeadh sinn gu faireachadh-s'.

'S an t-am an tigeadh a chrioch,
Gu'm bitheadh i na beannachd dhuinn;
'S gheibheadh sinn ar-disiars'
Bho chorp a bhais 'san dealachadh:
'S gu'm b'e sud an aobhar chiùil
Ri laithibh ceò mar th'againn so,
Bhi dol a stigh do thìr Chanaaìn,
A ghabhail lan gun dealachadh.

Gu fearann nach téid an daors',
A's air nach caochail maighstir;
'S gach neach a tharas a dhol ann,
A chaoidh cha 'n fhaicear ainnis orr':
Ach bithidh aca-san ri 'g radh,
Gur bochd a bha sinn roimhe so;
O! am faod sud bhi gun ghaol
Do 'n Trionaid uile-chumhachdach.

'S do 'n Fhear-saoraidh 's mòdha gloir,
A bha 'san fheòil gu fulang ann;
'S do Athair nan uile ghras,
A rinn an t-slaint' so ullachadh.

CHA'N I SO AR COMHNUIDH,

ORAN A RINN E 'N UAIR BHA NITHE AN T-SAOGHAIL SO 'GA THREIGSINN.

'S MITHICH dhomhsa bhi trusadh,
'San dus a' triall m' fhagail,
A's m' aghaidh chuir romham,
Ann an gnothaich mo thearnaidh;

Ach 'n uair sheallas mi stigh,
Air seana-chridh' cheud Adhaimh,
'S mor a th'orm do leth-ghrabhadh,
Thug turra-chadal a bhais orm.

Le cridhe gun chreidimh,
Làn aidich gun ghràsan,
A ghabhadh le faileas,
Mar dhearbhachd air tearnadh;
Cridhe a tha feòlmhor,
'S leìs nach deoin a dhol dachaidh,
'S a tha sealltuinn ri saoghal,
Mar iodhal le tlachd ann.

Ach 'n uair bheireas am bàs orm,
'S nach tàr mi dol as uaith',
Bu mhaith an trath sin na Chriosd e,
Gu mo dhion o do cheartas.
Och a's ochan mar tha mi!
'S mi 'san fhasach an cunnart,
Agus Iordan a bhais
Na chuan bhàthaidh tha cumant.

Mur fhaigh mi 'n caochladh glòrmhor,
Air an fheòil sa tha malluicht',
Agus cobhair na Trionaid,
Do m' dhìon o gach cunnart;
Cha ruig mi leas bhi 'g innseadh
Ciod a dh' imrinn gu tearnadh;
Cha dean ni's lugh' no Criosd e,
An Iobairt tha laidir;

A fhuair buaidh air an t-saoghal,
Air daoinibh 's air Sàtan,
'S dh'fhosgail geatacha' Shioin,
Do gach neach chaidh thearnadh.
Bheiream comhairl' oirbh bhràithrean,
Nam b'àill leibh bhi beò,
Gun 'ur milleadh le saoghal,
A tha caochladh mar cheò.

Nach faic sibh na daoine
  Th' air leaghadh sios leis mar roin,
Chuir an culaobh ri Criosd leis,
  'Sa leig dhiubh a bhi beò;
'S mòr mo thruas ris gach duine
  Tha 'n taobh muigh do 'n Fhear-thearnaidh,
'S tha fathast na *strainsear*,
  Do mhac cinnteach Israeil.

'S mi-chinnteach an òighreachd,
  'S cha 'n fhoighnich mi h-aireamh,
Cha 'n 'eil i ac' ach air earball,
  'N uair dheargas am bàs orr';
'N uair dheargas am bàs orm,
  'S nach tàr mi dol as uaith';
'N uair dhiùltas na glùinean,
  'Sam bèul nach dean labhairt.

'Sa chluais nach dean claistinn,
  'San t-sùil nach dean faicinn;
Tha so 'gam agair ni's tric' gu ùrnuigh,
  Mo thìm a bhi 'caitheamh;
'Sam bàs a' tighinn dlùth dhomh,
  Nach gabh diùltadh 'n uair thig e,
Le comhairl' mo chàirdean,
  Le ràthan no bileach.

'N uair gheibh am bàs so comas,
  A Sion bho 'n Tighearna,
Thig esan mar earraid
  Le cabhaig dha m' iarraidh;
Ach cionnus dh' fhaodainn-s' bhi beò,
  Mur b'e stòras an Athair,
A thug Criosd na Glòire,
  Mar lòn domh ri chaitheamh?

Ach 'n uair a sheallas mi 'sìos
  Orm fhein an clùd salach,
Cuiridh sud mi gu h-iosal
  A sios aig do chathair;

Aig cathair do thròcair,
Tha sòlas ri fhaighinn,
Na 's mò na an saoghal,
Ged a dh'fhaoidt' a ghleidheadh.

Tha an Spiorad Naomh ann,
'S e mar Shaor a sior shnaidheadh;
Dheanadh Creidmheach a cealgair,
As an earbainnse m'anam,
Dh'earbainn ann m'anam,
Is dheanainn deth bràthair,
Le gaol ni bu daingne
Na aon a mhac mo mhàthair.

'S ma 's e 's nach bidh esan,
Ach na dhuine thaobh naduir,
'S goirid leanadh e mise,
Tre mheadhon mo nàimhdean;
Far am bheil naomhachd,
Tha mìneachd is irisleachd;
Tha saorsainn is càirdeas,
Anns gach cearnaidh ri shireadh.

'N tra dh'eir'eas a Ghrian orr',
A nios gu suilleach,
Gheibhear iadsan an trà sin,
Mar aon àl ann do bhroilleach;
Is e so am fior bainne,
A tha fallain gu àrach,
'S anns nach 'eil a chrodhaich,
Ged a tha 'ar 'ga àicheadh.

'Se gliocas na nathrach,
Agus *puision* an t-*Satain*,
Dh'fhag mis' cho an-toileach
Air an talamh so fhagail;
Ach nan tigeadh geur-leanmhuinn,
Sin 'n uair dh' aithnicht' na braithrean;
Oir rachadh iad cuideachd
Mar chaoraich do 'n fhasaich.

'S ged sgapta bho chéil' iad,
Cha 'n eugadh an cairdeas,
'S cha sguireadh iad a dh'ùrnuigh,
Ged a bhùitichte bas orr';
Ged a bhuitichte bas orr',
Bha lorg Dhaibhidh 'gan cobhair,
Dheanadh an cumail an àird',
'N uair a b' àirde na tonnan.

Bheireadh null iad thar Iordan,
Gun am bròg an a bhogadh,
Stigh air geata na glòire,
Sud an ceòl ac' gun obadh;
Tha 'n ceòl ac' gun obadh,
Is aobhar sogan gu bràth e,
Do chlann na h-ath-bhreith,
Oir gheibh iad an sàth dheth.

Ach ma shiubhlas iad mi-cheart,
Cha chaomhainn e stracain;
Cha toir buille dhoibh diomhan,
Ach dh' an dion o an t-Satan.
Nach truagh leatsa daoine,
Tha gun naomhachd gun ghràsan,
Gun dearbhachd o 'n fhirinn,
Air cinnteachas tearnaidh.

Tha 'n creach air an culaobh,
Tha 'n suilean air ciaradh,
Tha an cridhe na shuidhe,
Air nithe diombuan ri 'n iarruidh;
Nach cruaidh leat-sa luchd-comuinn,
Gun sùgh ach alladh grasan,
Tha nan luidh' ann am monais
Fo dhalladh aig Satan.

A thilg thairis an fhirinn,
A tha 'g innseadh mar tha iad,
'S nach teid anam gun naomhachd,
A chaoidh steach do Phàrras.

Ach nan cleachda' sibh dichioll,
'Sa chealgaireachd aicheadh,
Dheanadh fathasd 'n 'ur naoimh sibh,
'S 'n 'ur luchd-aon-tigh air fhardaich.

Na smuainichibh chairdean,
Nach bu chradh leam 'ur dìobhail,
'N uair thig laithean an fhoghair,
Is tìm thaghaidh nan diasan;
[Theid 'ur buain a's 'ur trusadh,
'S 'ur ceangal gu diongmhalt',]
Gach neach gheibhear gun ghràsan,
Gheibh an Satan sios iad.

Ach cha 'n urra' mi innseadh
Gach ni tha na chràdh dhomh,
Mheud 'sa tha mi a' faicinn
Do mhi-chleachdadh air t-fhabhar;
An deigh daoine bhi tanachd,
'San t-aran air aicheadh,
Tha iad rithist air tionnda'
Gu cleamhnas ri 'n abhaist.

Gu cleamhnas ri 'n abhaist,
'S cuis chràidh bhi 'g am faicinn,
Le itheadh 's le ol,
Le an-steòrnadh 's mi-chleachdadh;
Cuid eile cho crion diubh
Deanamh Dia agus taic dheth;
'S mur caochail sibh abhaist,
Bithidh 'm bàs na chùis ghrath dhuibh.

GEARAN AGUS EARBSA.

ORAN A RINN E A' FAICINN UISGE TIGHINN AIR A MHUILEAN, ACH ANAM FEIN TIORAM MAR LOMRADH GHIDEOIN.

Mo thruaighe leir! mo thruaighe leir!
Mo thruaighe leir mar tha mi!
Tha mo lomradh uile tioram,
'S coslach mi ri fasach.

Ma labhras mi mu chruas cridhe,
'S daingean sreangan Shatain;
Ma labhras mi mu inntinn dhorch,
Tha i doilbh ri reiteach'd.

Ma labhras mi mu pheacadh 'n t-sainnt,
'S e ceud-ghin chlann an t-Satain;
Ma labhras mi mu anam marbh,
'S dlùth do dhorsa bhais e.

Ma labhras mi mu thoil tha truaillidh,
'S gruaimeach ni i m' fhagail,
'S ma labhras mi mu'n eas-creidimh,
'S leibideach a phlaigh e.

Nam faicinn buidhean eil' sileadh,
Bhithinn-sa ni b'fhearr dheth;
'S cha chreidinn nach fhaighinn mo shlaint',
Nam bidh ioma ran 'san fhasach.

'S e th' air mo tholladh easbhuidh comuinn,
'S mi fo alladh crabhaidh;
'S cha'n 'eil e an taobh-sa do ghlòir,
Na ni mo leon-sa charamh.

S e th'air mo phianadh meud mo chrionaidh,
'S mi 'san Fhionan ghlormhor;
Ach tha mi feitheamh air an uisg',
Mar thalamh tioram Ahaib.

'S 'n uair a ni Elijah urnuigh,
Theid mo chùis-sa reiteach';
A's thig na frasan air a ghrùnnd,
'S bidh meas an fhùinn ni's fearr dhe.

A's gheibh mi oladh 'theid 'nam lamp,
Ge b'oil le ceann an t-Satain;
Do bhrigh gu bheil m' Fhear-saoraidh beò,
'S e sud mo ghlòir 's mo ghaird'chas.

M' Athair muileach, m' Athair muileach,
M' Athair muileach, glòrmhor!
Bhi smuaineachadh air meud do ghibht,
'S mòr ri mheas do thiòcair.

'N uair thig an dealt bidh fioguis pailt,
A's falbhaidh 'n tìde reot'-sa;
Ged tha mis' fuar, tha d' ghealladh-s' buan,
Ged tha mi suain dhe'n drasda.

'N uair thig an tuil bidh 'n airc air mhuir,
'S bidh na sionnaich air am bathadh;
Theid Noah steach, e féin 'sa shliochd,
'S cha teid a h-aon diubh fhagail.

GAIRDEACHAS ANN AN AMHGHAR.

AIG AM AN ROBH E ANN AN TINNEAS MOR.

GE b'e shireadh a lathaireachd,
Bu chomunn e nach failingeadh,
'S e nach deanadh m'aicheadh,
'N uair bhithinn 'sas am fheum;
Oir tha chairdeas maireannach,
A's iomadh ni a' leantuinn air,
'S mairg ris nach canadh tu,
O 's leanabh dhomh thu fein!

Oir a tha thu stòrasach,
A's probhaideach a' t-òrduighean,
'S bidh t-fhirinn-s' a' seoladh,
Gach neach d' an eòl thu féin;
Nam b'aill leat bhi urramach,
'S do chairdean bhi maireannach,
Feuch gu'n sir thu cleamhnas
Ri teaghlach uasal ard.

'S ma 's a maith leat cinneant i,
Biodh smior na h-uile fine innt',
Is 'n uair ni e 'n cruinneachadh,
Is cionalt air a threud;
Is na ni e fhagail,
Ged bhiodh ann do chairdean,
Cha 'n fharmad leam an abhaist,
Is aobhar craidh iad féin.

Oir bha peacadh dualach dhoibh,
Bithidh ifrinn ac' na thuarasdal;
'S bithidh Ceann an fhuathais,
A' riaghladh orr' gu sior.
Ach Méudail an t-Oighr' uasal
A bha 'sa bhitheas buadhach,
'S gach neach bheir gradh d'a thuairsgeul,
Bidh thuarasdal da réir.

Oir tha E uile grasmhor,
Is cuimhneach air a chairdean,
'S fhad 'sa mhaireas dha-san,
Cha 'n fhaic e iads' a'm feum;
Ged bhitheadh iad gun aodach,
Gun olainn air na caoraich,
Gun arbhar air na raointibh
Am feasd cha dìbir Es'.

Ged thiormaicheadh an téudan,
Bidh Es' mar dhealt 'sa cheitean,
A's bheir e fas d'an geugan,
'S cha gabh e éis dheth 'm miann;
'N uair sheallas e le' shùilean
Air sionnaich bheag nan cùiltean,
Tuitidh iad gu 'n glùinean,
'S e sud an lùths a chrion.

Ach 'se mo ghradh-sa 'm fìonan,
Do nach dual bhi crionadh,
'S air nach dearg na siantan,
Gu milleadh siol 'sa ghrùnnd;
Nan suidicht' ann na geugan,
A's criona tha fo ghrèine,
Dh' fhasadh iad mar Shèudair
'S mar Lebanon nan crann.

Oir thionndadh chraobh fhìon iad,
Gu 'naduir fèin gu sgiamhach,
A's chìte orra-s' fìogais,
A bha air crion' 'sa ghleann;

Bha roimh' so 'san fhasach,
Nan cnamhan tioram fasail,
'S 'n uair shìn ès' ri 'n aiteach',
Gu brath cha 'n iad a bh' ann.

Oir fasaidh iad gu h-uallach,
Mar chraobhan pailm buadhach;
Bidh fioguis 'n ait' a chluarain,
'S an t-uan an ait' a mheinn:
Ach b'e so na laithean brònach,
Le aideachadh is eòlas,
A' smuineachadh gur beò iad,
An uair nach eòl dhoibh 'm bas.

Cha'n fhaod meas na naomhachd
Bhi air mnathan no air daoine,
Dh' easbhuidh ath-bhreith fhìrinneach,
Air inntreachduinn tre ghras;
O! nach toir iad gaol duit,
Ris na chleachd thu saorsa,
'Sa bhuannaich thu le naomhachd,
Bho dhaors' an dara bais.

Nam biodh cuimhn' air cairdeas,
A's taisbeanadh do ghraidh-san,
Cha bu sheirbhis bheulach
A bheireadh iad-san dhuit;
Ach umhlachd le dichioll,
An spiorad a's am firinn,
Ath-bheothaich sinn le naomhachd,
'S e sin 'n uair ni sinn leat.

ORAN MU GHNE AN T-SEACHRAIN BHI DUALACH DHUINN,

AGUS

CIA MAR THA AN DARA H-ADHAMH TEARNADH A CHLOINN.

AR sinnsear' o thùs,
'N uair cháill iad an lùths,
Gun mhill iad an cùis,
Air sùsdanan ail;
Tha'n truailleadh so lionmhor,
Dh'fhag mis' anns an fhionan,
Mar chraobh a th'air crionadh,
Gun fhiogais gun bhlàth.

Ach moladh do'n Trionaid
Ghlormhoire, sgiamhach,
A phlànntaig dhuinn fionan,
Tre lionmhorachd grais;
Is fearr na lios Edein,
Gus an d'thainig a Bheist ud,
Le measa na géige,
Agus breug ann a bheul.

Dh'fhàs peacadh ro lionmhor,
Tha dhomhsa na phianadh,
Dh'fhag mise mi-sgiamhach,
Am fianuis mo Ghraidh;
Ach m'eudail an t-Adhamh,
Nach meallar 'sa gharadh,
Chuir cath ris an t-Satan
'San fhasaich mar tha.

C'ait' an cualas riamh righ*
A chuir cath ré a lìnn,
Gun aon duine bhi ann
Ach e féin ?
Ged dh'fhuiling e 'm bas,
Gun bhuannaich e'm blar,
Le ais-eirigh aluinn
'Na dheigh.

Ach dh'eirich e suas,
A's choisinn e duais,
Ni beartach a shluagh
Gu leir:
Cha'n airgiod 's cha'n or,
A dh' fhalbhas mar cheò,
Ach gras, agus gloir
Na dheigh.

A's gheibh iad faraon,
Sud uaith' ann an tìm,
Uiread 'sa chì e
Orr' dh' fheum:
'S ged nach fhaigh iad na's àill,
Dh'earbainn-s' gu'm b' fhearr,
Sud fhagail gu ail-
Ghios féin.

'N tra chunnaic e 'n tùs,
Mar chluich iad an cùis,
'N uair thug e dhoibh dùn
Gun fheum;
Do dh'airgiod 's do dh' òr,
Rinn cumaidheachd bò,
A' tabhairt dha glòir
Gun cheill.

* Here the author changes his measure,—whether intentionally or unconsciously were a question for æsthetic criticism to determine. Numbers 5 and 6 have suffered much in the process of transmission. We have striven by the aid of some old M.SS. to restore them to the form best exhibiting their native rhythm and beauty; and have the satisfaction of presenting them, like the restored fragments of some antique vase, with but a few unsightly *clasps* and *rents* to mar their symmetry.

Thug àithne do Mhaois,
Gu'n gabhadh e 'n laogh,
'S gu'n ruitheadh e rìs e
Air uisg';
'S gu'n deanadh iad òl,
'S gu'm faiceadh le bròn,
Gur dùs agus ceo
A bha 'n sud.

Ach seallamaid suas,
Ri Athair an truais,
A sgoilt a Mhuir Ruadh
Nam féum:
Thug Israel a nùll,
Air muir a's air tùinn,
'S chuir Pharaoh an grùnnd
Gu leir.

Chuir Pharaoh 'sa shluagh,
Nan luidh' anns a chuan,
'S cha'n fhacas an gluasad
'Na dheigh:
Ach shaoilinns' gu'm buair',
A thainig air sluagh,
A dhi-ch'nich cho luath
Am feum!

Tha'n ath-bhreith an dràsd,
Air a meas anns an àl-s',
Gu'm foghainn am blath
Air son meas;
Ach 's grathail am bàs,
A dh'easbhuidh a ghràis,
Bithidh esan na phlaigh
A ni sgrios.

Ach pilleams' a rìs,
Dh'am ionnsuidh fhìn,
Dh'an dùthchas bhi crion
Air bheag meas;

'S mar bhith gu'n bhuadhaich,
Do ghras a's do thruas,
Bhithinn-s' [gu truagh]
Air m' fhagail ris.

OBAIR NA SAORSAINN.

ATHAIR na gloire!
Tha do thròcair do-aireamh;
'S tha 'n ath-bhreith mar dhaighneachd,
Air an oighreachd is àirde,
Air a sgriobhadh le daoimean,
'S fuil an Oighr' orr' mar earlas—
Is ann air cranna-céusaidh
Chaidh 'n éiric-s' a phaigheadh.

Is ann air cranna-céusaidh
Chaidh 'n éiric-s' a phaigheadh;
'S ann tre thoradh na fola
Fhuar thu rathad gu tearnadh;
'S nam b'oil innleachd an Deamhuin,
Thug e mach a *dhiseàrsa*,
Leis an ais-eirigh ghlòrmhor—
'S mor a ceòl do na càirdean!

'S tu chuir am baiteal bu bhuadhaich
Chualas riamh anns an t-saoghal,
O bha e sea uairean,
Gus an d'rainig e naoi diubh;
Cha robh aige fear-fùaraidh—
'S e a chrùadal thug saorsainn;
'S truagh a rì gun fhior ghràs
Deanadh sta dhe Fear-saoraidh!

'S e t' ais-eirigh ghlòrmhor
A's cuis' cheòil bhi 'ga h-innseadh;
'S tu siothach-inntinn an Athar,
'S tu taitneas nan naoimhe;

'S tu crìochan an lagha,
'S tu seadh na h-uile iobairt—
'S truagh a rì gun fhior-ghràs
Dheanadh stà dhe Fear-saoruidh.

Oh! nach dean iad do mholadh
Mach a fineach na talmhainn;
Air na lìbhrig thu gràsan
Chum an tearnadh le dearbheachd;
Le fuil a chrathaidh, chuir
Air postaibh an anman;
Bithidh na gheibhear de h-easbhuidh
Mar threabhair air gainmheach,
A leagas na stoirmean
'N uair a dh' fhalbhar a chaingis.

Ge b'e aig 'bheil cuinneinean glan,
Gu aithneachadh naomhachd,
'S eigin dha-san bhi cràiteach,
Air son fàsuidheachd dhaoine;
Agus aignidhean lionmhor
Cho fuar ris na faoiltich,
Agus còmhradh cho folamh
Dh' easbhuidh salann na naomhachd.

Bheirinn mo chomhairl
Do gach neach tha 'san t-saoghal,
Iad do shireadh le urnuigh,
'San suil ri Fear-saoruidh:
Ag iarruidh an Lighich
Fhad 'sa tha e ri fhaotuinn
'S truagh a rì gun fhior-ghras
Dheanadh stà dhe Fear-saoruidh.

Oir tha 'n tìm air a caitheamh,
'S tha 'n aoise mi-chinnteach,
A's ma theid i uil' seachad,
'S beag taitneas gach ni dhuinn;
A's urnuighean lionmhor
Gun sgiamh annt', gun fhirinn—

'S truagh a rì gun fhior-ghràs
Dheanadh stà Dhe Fear-saoruidh.

'S ann tha mi-shealbh siorruidh
Air daoine fiadhaich gun ghràsan,
Th'air an sith'cheadh le nadur,
A bheir mhain iad gu Satan!
Ri smuaineachd' air nadur,
'S cuis chraidh bhi 'ga innseadh—
Cha chreid e gu tearnadh,
'S cha'n eil sgath air roimh dhiteadh.

'S mairg tha gun fhior-ghras
Dheanadh sta dhe Fear-saoruidh;
Bheireadh null sinn air Iordan,
Gu tir ghlormhor na saorsainn;
Far nach eil cis do Cheasair,
No luchd-éigin ri fhaotuinn,
Ach far am meal iad a lathair
'S a chairdeas gun chaochladh.

Ach 's tu 'n toiseach, 's tu 'n deireadh,
'S tu 'n Alpha 's Oméga;
'S bithidh 'n an-aoibhinn shiorruidh
Air gach sluagh ni do threigsinn.
Ach 's tu 'n toiseach, &c.

ORAN A' MOLADH STAID NAN NAOIMH,

AGUS A' GUIDHE FIOSRACHADH AIR TIR FHASAIL.

Na bitheadh duine de 'n bharail
Gu bheil e son' anns an t-saoghal,
Tha na choigreach do 'n ath-bhreith,
'S a tha folamh de naomhachd;
Na bitheadh duin' ag gearan,
Air cruaidh-chàsan tìmeil,
Fhuair greim air an ath-bhreith,
'S a tha sealbhachadh naomhachd.

Is nàir', 's nàire ri chlàistinn,
Leanabh ghràis a bhi gearan,
A tha sealbachadh naomhachd,
'S a tha cinnteach a ath-bhreith;
Oir cha 'n 'eil staid nan Righrean
Ach mar chrùinn-leum na creithlaig,
'N là is teodha 'san t-sàmhradh,
Sud an geamhradh 'ga caitheamh.

Ach cha bu mhaith leam mo bhràithrean
Fhagail cho cumhanng,
Ri creidimh na dearbhachd,
'S a fhuair sealbh ann a fhulang;
Cha 'n ionann glòir agus tìm,
Cha 'n ionann daoin' agus Dia,
Cha 'n ionann gaol ri fad là,
'S gaol a mhaireas gu sìor'.

Oir tha gach comunn crìochnaichte
A' crìonadh aig a bhas,
'N uair tha gaol nan naoimh a' tòiseachadh,
D' an dualachas bhi fàs;
Tha 'n gaol sin gu nàdurach,
Ag éiridh 'n aird o ghràs,
'S o ghin na h-ath-bhreith fhirinnich,
Le Spiorad Naomh nan gràs.

M'ulaidh a's m' aighear,
M' aighear 's mo ghràdh thu,
Co ris an sineadh tu
Nach d'thugadh tu gu gradhan;
Ged bhitheadh ann *Legion*
Dhe àrmailt an t-Satain,
Chuireadh tu 's na mùcan iad,
'S do Ifrinn, nam b' aill leat.

Ach 'se th'air mo sgaradh,
An talamh bhi na fhasaich,
Na naoimh air 'n toirt dhachadh,
A's beag a' tighinn 'nan àite;

Ach nan tòisicheadh tus' ri obair,
Sgiobalt rachadh ceann oirr',
Bheireadh tu fas air a chruithneachd,
'S mhàrbhadh tu an t-an-lus.

Ach tha breitheanas nan Iùdhach
Air tighinn dlùth dhuinn 'san àm so,
An soisgeul bhi gun chumhachd,
'San ath-bhreith bhi gànn ann;
An soisgeul bhi gun chumhachd,
'San ath-bhreith bhi gann ann;
'S mar dean thus' ar pilleadh,
Theid ar milleadh 'sa gheamhradh.

M'ulaidh is m'aighear,
M'aighear agus méudail,
'S tu thiorc Ninebheh,
'N uair bha i air a treigeadh;
Chuala tu a sgread,
A's fhreagair thu an éigh',
'S rinn thu an teagasg
Le eagal is beag foghlum.

Cha 'n ionann sin is sinne,
Bha thu teagasg iomadh bliadhn';
'S 'n uair thainig thus' dh'iarraidh meas oirnn',
'S e fhuair thu dearcan fiadhaich;
'S ged thòill sinn gu bràth
T-fhabhair d'ar treigeadh,
'S e sealladh de Imanuel
A shlanuicheadh gu leir sinn.

FREASDAL AGUS STORAS AN ATHAR.

[Oran a rinn e aig am an robh e gun laraich, agus cuid de 'luchd-eolais, gun a bhi breithneachadh maitheas an Tighearu dha, a' meas gu'n robh a chor a nis ro iosal. Fhuair e an sin, cosmhuil ri Iob, tuille sa dha uiread 'sa chaill e.]

THA luchd faicinn a's eòlais
Faicinn leòn ann mo chrannchur,

Ach tha mis' mar eathear a' seòladh,
'S a mhuir fodha 'ga iomchain;
Oir is maith do ghrasan
Gu arach an anama,
'S e bann is cinntich' a aran
Nan talamh ri leanmhuinn.

'S e bann is cinntich' a aran
Nan talamh ri leanmhuinn;
Ged 'eil iomadh am barail
Mi bhi folamh gun earbsa;
'S e am Bìobal mo bharrant,
'S cha 'n eagal gur gann domh,
'S bidh mi beò air an toradh,
'N deigh do 'n fhaileas so tionnda'.

Cha 'n e dith 's nach 'eil stòras
Gu leòir aig an Athair,
Ach dith 's nach fhuiling-s' fhaotainn,
Ach lòn tide r'a chaitheamh;
'N uair bha Israel 'san fhasach,
'Ga arach le *manna*,
Cha robh cead a chuir cruinn ac',
Ach na dh' imir iad gu chaithe'.

Ach 's cumhann goirid a bharail
Th'aig daoine falamh gun ghrasa,
Air freasdal an Athar,
Fhuair iomadh rathad gu tearnadh;
B'fhearr na nithe so fhaighneachd
Ri Elijah am Faidh,
'N uair bha e anns a charaig,
Gun dad ann a lathair.

Chuir e fitheach do ionnsuidh
Le meildidh gu thearnadh;
Le meildidh gu thearnadh,
Mus failnicheadh aran;
'S ged lobhadh na raointean,
'S gun bheathach ni bhi 'san talamh,

Gheibheadh do phobull-s' an arach,
As deigh do chach a bhi folamh.

As deigh do chach a bhi folamh,
Tha 'm beath' folacht' an Criosd ac';
'S ann dheth feartain na fola
Fhuair iomadh rathad gu dìon doibh;
'S 'n uair theid an eigheachd gu cala,
A chuir solus air gniomhraibh,
Gheibh iad saorsa o'n eallaich,
'S o na tonnan gu siorruidh.

Cha 'n ann 'san uileann air cluasag,
Tha thu cumail suas do phobuill,
No mar ainmhidh 'san raon,
Tha 'ga lionadh, gu cadal,
Ach a bhi air an ruagadh
Mar uain am measg mhadraidh,
'S iad a' dùrachd' am fas'chadh
An aon trath as an talamh.

Ach b'e so la na dubhaich
Do luchd subhaich an t-saoghail,
A bhi teannadh a stigh orr',
Tim tearbaidh nan naoimh uath';
Cha 'n fhaigh iad choidhch tuille
'N tròcair 's lugh' ann an tìm uaith',
Ach bidh 'cheartas 'g an craidhneadh,
Mar ri deamhana daonnan.

Mar ri deamhana daonnan,
Bithidh daoine gun ghrasan;
Thilg thairis an fhirinn,
A tha 'g innseadh mar tha iad;
Ach 'n uair thig lath' an tionail,
'S gach fine 'na lathair,
A's cuis chraìdh a bhi 'faicinn,
Meud na feachd bhios aig Satan.

FOGRADH A LUCHD-DUTHCHA DH' AMERICA.

[Air lorg foireigin nan daoine mora.]

THA mi 'faicinn iongantas
Air tighinn anns an àm;
Cha 'n 'eil againn ach bhi 'g éisdeachd
Na chanas esan ruinn:
Buinidh nithe follaiseach
Dhuinne a's do ar cloinn;
Ach na nitheana uaigneach,
'S e dhiomhaireachd-s' tha ann.

Ach tha mi faicinn faileas
De nithe bh' ann bho chèin,
'N uair bha pobull Israeil
'San Eiphit ann am péin:
Thug e le lamh laidir iad
A mach bho Pharaoh féin,
A's dh' fhosgail e an cuan doibh,
'N uair luathaich e nan déigh.

Tha mi faicinn deuchainnean
An tràthsa air gach laimh,
Teaghlaichean bha urramach
Air leagadh mhan an ceann,
Seirbhisich nan Uachdairain,
Is oighreachan nan clann;*
An talamh làn de dh' éigin,
A Dhé, co sheasas ann!

Tha mi faicinn rithiste
An fhìrinn air a ceann;
Dorus a bhi air fhosgladh,
'N uair bha an iomair teann;

* Aig an am so bha Iarla Chat' agus Morair Mac-Aoidh air an toirt air falbh leis a bhas, agus an oighreachan nan clann og.

A's nam bu chlann cumhnanta
A dhùraigeadh dhol ann,
Dh' fhosgladh e na flaitheanas,
Mus tigeadh iad gu màll.

'S ged rachadh iad Charolina,
No do thìr tha fo 'n ghréin,
Cha b' urrainn iadsan tachairt
Ach ann nan talamh féin;
'S iad oighreachan nan geallaidhean,
'S bithidh 'n solumas da reir;
'S ged thigeadh iad gu cruaidh-chas,
Theid fuasgladh orr' nam feum.

Tha mi faicinn iongantas
Air tighinn anns an àm,
Ach 'se coi'lionadh na firinn e,
Bha air innseadh dhuinn roi' laimh;
Gu 'm bitheadh àitean aonarach,
Daoine air 'n cuir annt,
'S gu 'm bi iad air 'n àiteachadh,
Le caiteal agus clànn.

Faodaidh an glan 'san salach,
Bhi 'n aon-uair anns an long,
An cogal a's an cruithneachd,
Bhi air an cuir 'san aon fhonn;
A's fàsaidh iadsan cuideachd,
Gus am bi 'm foghar ann,
D'ur thig tìm an dealachaidh,
Eadar cruithneachd agus mòll.

Ma chanas sibh gur breugach so,
Leubhaibh e bho 'n tuil;
'N uair nach robh air fhagail,
Ach an àirc gu sìol-cuir:
Ma leubhas sibh gu ghrunnd e,
A's eigin duibh 'n sin sguir,
Ma 's breithnich sibh gu réusanta,
Gach creutair a bha 'n sud.

Ach 's e tha cuir orm iongantas,
  Cionnus bha iad beò:
An t-uan agus am madradh
  Air an cuir anns an aon chrò;
An nathair a's an duine,
  Chaidh air tùs leatha 'leon';
Gach beathach glan a's neo-ghlan,
  Cionnus a fhuair iad lòn.

Ged bhithinn-s' cho gòrach,
  'S gu 'n deonaichinn dol ann,
Mar rachainn air an rathad,
  Cha b' fhada bhithinn ann;
'S ann tha mo shuil ri baile
  A's fearrainn nach bi gànn,
Far nach caochail maighstir,
  'S nach imir cliath no crann.

Tha uachdarain nan daorsa
  Do dhaoine anns an àm,
'G am fuadachadh 's 'gan teannachadh,
  Gu tìr ni maith do 'n clann;
Ach moladh a bhi gu brath
  Do 'n Ti is airde glòir,
Fhuair a mach am fosgladh ud,
  'S a dheasaich doibh an lòn.

'S e mo bharail air na cairdean
  Tha 'n tràthsa fada uainn,
Gu 'n dean Dia an libhrigeadh
  Bho chumhachd gaoith a's cuain;
A's ged 'eil dàn mar dhùrachd
  Aig uaisle an taobh-tuath,
Gheibhear an cuid litrichean
  A's teisteanas am buaidh.

AN T-AOIREADH.

[Oran a rinn e air coimhearsnaich mu'n cuairt dha, a bha ann an aimhreite, a' caineadh 'sa deanamh rannaidheachd shalach do cheile; agus a bha feumail ann an casgadh a' chuir air an cleachdaidhean.]

Bho dh'ith sinn an t-Ubhal
Thainig dubhaich is bron,
A's iads' tha gun ath-bhreith,
Gheibhear toibheum 'nan ceòl;
'S leòir mheud dhoibh mar pheanas,
Na leanas an doigh,
'S ma chreideas iad an fhirinn,
Tha i 'g innseadh na 's leòir.

Bha mi ceithir bliadhna fichead
Air aon inntinn riu fein;
'S airson miltean de shaoghail
Cha rachainn risd as an deigh,
Gu leantainn ri 'n abhaist,
Mar abhaist dhomh féin,
'S ma gheibh mis dhe fhabhair,
Theid an còrr chuir a dheigh.

Tha naimhdeas na nathrach,
'Ga fheuchainn bho thòs,
Air teachd bho Adhamh,
Mar phlaigh air gach feòil;
'S mar fhaigh sibh an ath-bhreith
Ann an talamh nam beò,
Theid sibhse gu ifrinn
Le dubhaich a's bron.

Iads' a chuireas do 'n fheòil,
Bithidh bròn ann am buain;
Ach iads' a chuireas do 'n Spiorad,
Bithidh sòlas 'nan duais,

Nach fhacas le sùilean,
'S nach cualas le cluais,
Meud, doimhn', agus airde,
Am fabhair 'sam buaidh.

Bheirinn maitheanas bho m' chridhe
Do gach neach fo 'n a ghrein,
Nan deanadh iad tionndadh
Bho gach taunt tha 'nam beul;
Cha bhi mi ris an rud shalach,
Tha graineil ann féin,
Air am bheil aogais na h-ifrinn,
A' struthadh bho 'm beul.

Nach ann a gheibheadh sibh solus,
Is faireachdainn bheò,
'S gu 'n deanadh sibh tionnda'
A dh'ionnsuidh nam beò,
Far nach 'eil gamhlas
No taunt ann an ceòl,
Ach seinn agus moladh
'Ga shealbhachadh 'n glòir,
Gu breitheamh nan uile,
Bheir breith air gach feòil.

'S tu 'm 'ulaidh, 's tu m' aighear,
'S tu m' aighear 's mo ghradh,
A shoillsicheadh 'n inntinn,
'Sa chaochladh a chail,
'Sa ghlanadh na téudan
Gu feuma ni's fearr,
Chuireadh gras anns a chridh',
A's moladh 'sa bheul,
'Sa phridhigeadh le naomhachd,
Do naoimh anns gach al.

Cha 'n 'eil gealladh 'san fhìrinn,
Bho toisich gu crìch,
Air am bheil coir aig na daoine-s',
Gus an caochail iad rian;

Cha 'n 'eil bagair 'sa Bhiobal,
Air a sgriobhadh bho thos',
Nach buin do na daoin-s',
Ach an caochail iad ceol.

Ach bheirinn oirbh chomhairl',
Nan gabhaid i uam,
Sibh leantuinn gach abhaist,
Dh'am fearr a bhios duais;
Nan creideadh sibh 'n fhìrinn,
Mar dh'fhaodainn-sa luaidh,
'S ann bu mho bhur fabhair,
Aig a bhas, ge b'e uair.

MISNEACH AN AGHAIDH AN EAS-CREIDIMH.

[Oran do ANNA MHURCHIE, bean araidh, ri am foghar fliuch, 'n uair bha i air a sarachadh le eas-creidimh, agus a thuirt i "Gur h-ann dheilig Dia gu cairdeach ris a mhuinntir a thug e dhachaidh o an droch latha."]

ANNA, dheilig e cairdeach riu,
Dh'an d'thug e gras, 's tha ann,
Tha cinnteach a fhabhair, a's
Nach faillinnich a chainnt;
Ged lobhadh na raointean,
'S gun bheathach ni bhi 'sa ghleann,
Ma 's rachadh h-aon diubh gun aran,
Thigeadh manna 'nan ceann.

'S ged tha peacaidhean dhaoine
'G eigheachd ditheachadh teann,
Agus tearc dhiubh ri 'm faotainn,
Tha nam fireanan ann;
Nam bitheadh h-aon diubh a'm baile,
Cha bhiodh an tomhas ud gann,
Ghleidheadh sud dhoibh an talamh
Gu sìolachd' fearainn is fònn.

Ach 's minig thug e baile agus baile
'Seachad do fholamhachd ann.
'S thug e dithis a teaghlach,
A's nan deigh-san an clann;
Cha bu dearbhachd leam air e,
Cainnt bho mo bheul,
Ach deiligeadh an Spioraid,
A's a thaoghal na dheigh.

Ged tha mi 'n traths' anns a gheamhradh.
Thig mo shàmhradh na dheigh;
Ach bha 'n claidheamh air a tharruing,
A's dòrtadh fola da reir;
A's gach breitheanas eile
Airson peacana dhaoine,
'S geur-leanmhuin 'ga bhagair,
Gu dearbhadh nan naoimh.

Ach gach ministeir arain,
'S luchd-comuinn folamh gun bhrigh,
Fanaidh iads' aig a bhaile,
Mar choin air alachd gun dì;
Ach 'n uair thig àm feuchainn na h-ola,
A's toirt coinneamh do 'n Righ,
Bithidh iads' air am pilleadh
Gu aimhleas bith-bhuan gun chrìch.

GEARAN AIR GALAIR SPIORADAIL.

[Oran a rinn e ri am gainne, agus farmad air eiridh na inntinn ri pailteas a chunnaic e aig coimhearsnach.]

GALAR cràiteach nach gabh dhiom àicheadh,
Air teachd o Adhamh, lean m' airnean-s' nuas;
Galar éigin leis nach b'àill mo thréigsinn,
Faic a Dhé e, ag iarruidh buaidh:
Galar claonail air feadh an t-saoghail,
A's chaidh sgaoilt' air feadh an t-sluaigh;
'S mur fhaigh mi léine dhe 'n aodach chéireach,
Bho Oighre Dhé, a tha 'n còmhnuidh shuas.

'S mur fhaigh mi léine dhe 'n aodach chéireach,
Bho Oighre Dhé, a tha 'n comhnuidh shuas,
An deis is àilte, nach imir tàilleir,
'S nach iarr luchd-ceaird gu a deanamh suas.
'S ge b'e thàradh do 'n tigh a's àirdé,
Far am bheil àillteachd is brod na h-uaisl',
Dh'innseadh Daibhidh, Maois, a's Aaron,
Peadar, a's Paul, pàirt dhe a luach.

FOSGLAIDH CRIOSD A THIGH STOR ANN AR GAINNE.

[Ann am bliadhna na gainne aimsireil re am cogadh America, chunnaic e moran ag iundrain an arain chorporra, ach beag meas air an aran Spioradail.]

M'ulaidh, m'aighear, m'ulaidh, m'aighear,
M'ulaidh, m'aighear, m'eudail!
'S tu fhreagaireadh glaodh nam bochd,
'N uair bhitheadh iad nan eigin;
'S tu chaisgeadh cumhachd 'na goirt,
'N uair bu mhò a h-èighe,
'S tu chaisgeadh cumhachd a chlaidheamh,
'N uair bu mhò a ghéurad.

M'ulaidh, m'aighear, m'ulaidh, m'aighear,
M'ulaidh, m'aighear, m'eudail;
Ged a lionmhoraich thu 'n t-aran,*
Cha'n 'eilear deanamh feum dheth;
Tha na treabhaich† dol a mach,
'S cha'n eil maitheas as an deigh;
Tha an Tigh-stor air a ghlasadh,
Co dh' fhosgaileas na séulach'?

Cia fhad bhios e na bhònn creidimh,
Oibrichean a's foghlum,
A's obair na lagha o'n bhaile,
Gun fhacal mu a déidhinn;

* An t-aran spioradail. † Ministeirean an t-soisgeil.

A chuilc bhruit' cha'n 'eil ri faighinn,
'Sa smùid cha'n 'eil ag eiridh;
Tha an Tigh-stor air a ghlasadh,
Co dh'fhosgaileas na séulach'?

Air son an-tromachadh mo chiont,
A's lionmhorachda m' eacoir,
Ged robh mise tric a' tagair,
Cha fhreagairear dhomh m' eighe;
[Oir dh'fholuich fear mo ghraidh a ghnuis,
'S cha'n eisd e guth no sgeul uam;]
Tha an Tigh-stòr air a ghlasadh,
Co dh'fhosgaileas na séulach'?

'N uair bhitheas gach beul air 'n stopadh,
Gun fhreagaireadh do 'n eighe,
Sud Prionnsa na beath' air a chasan,
Foisgailidh mis' na seulach;
Theid na treabhaich 'n sin a mach,
'S bithidh maitheas as an deigh,
'S 'n uair bheir thusa dhoibh do ghnùis,
Bidh ol' is tùis ri 'n téudan.

A's thig an dealt gu frasach pailt,
'S bithidh gart is àillt ag eiridh,
'S bithidh na màirbh a' tighinn beò,
Le t' feartain glòrmhor féin-sa;
Bidh an t-uan an àit' a mhadaidh,
'S Criosd an ait' an dreagoin;
'S bithidh 'n fhàsaich na tobair uisg',
Ged tha i 'n diugh na h-Eiphit.

'S bheir thu dhachaich clann a chumhnaint,
As gach taobh an teid iad,
Oir tha do ghealladh-sa dlùth
Do Iudhaich is do Ghreugaich;
A's as gach fine tha fo ghrein,
Ni thusa 'n àird do shéudan!
A's cha chuir bith-bhuantachd an céill,
Mheud 'sa rinn thu dh'fheum dhoibh.

Thug thusa aodann do na chath,
An lath' bu mhò eigin,
'N uair bha flaitheanas a's talamh,
Agus ifrinn le cheile,
Air taomadh a mach 'na t-aghaidh,
Chuir thu 'n cath bu gheire;
Shaltair thu iad fo do chosaibh,
Dh'fhuasgail thus' na séulach.

ORAN ANN AN TIMEAN TRIOBLAIDEACH.

Gu'n tigeadh do rioghachd
Mar lili anns a cheitean,
Le dealta nan gràsan,
Bheireadh fas air na geugan;
Tomhas de na Spiorad,
A ghlanadh mic Lebhi—
A mharbhadh na sionnaich,
Lean mis' a lios Edein.

Mo thruaighe 's mo chràdh!
Gu bheil an sgeul ud na firinn!
Cho tearc is a tha iad,
A thàras a h-innseadh,
Aig am bheil e ri fhaicinn,
Beath' a's cleachdadh na naomhachd,
'S gu 'm faodar a chreidsinn,
Gu bheil an teisteanas fior-ghlan.

Mo thruaighe 's mo cràdh!
Gur e sud an càradh th' air daoine,
'S iad air tuiteam nan cadal
Ann an seachranan claonaidh;
'S mur dean iad-san tionnda
A dh'ionnsuidh 'n Fhir-saoraidh,
Tha iomlan gu 'n tearnadh
A lamhan 'n fhir-dhithich.

A làmhan an deamhain
  Tha 'gan cumail mi-rianail,
An aghaidh a chéile,
  Le 'chuilbhearta' diomhair;
Mar leòmann 'san talamh,
  Rinn e an tuigse mar chriathar;
Ged bhithear 'gan teagasg,
  Cha ghleidh iad a bhriathar'.

Gu 'm bu naomh, 's gu 'm bu naomh!
  Gu'n robh t-ainm-sa ta glòrmhor,
Gu bheil fuighleach 'san talamh,
  Do 'n d'rinn thu aithnicht' do throcair;
Tha thu cinnt' ann do dheilig,
  'S tha thu féin dhoibh mar phòrsan,
'S tu mhaireas gu siorruidh,
  'S cha chaith bliadhna do stòras.

'S e aobhar chomhfhurt nan naoimh e,
  D'ur bhitheas iad a' còmhradh,
Cho foirfe 's tha 'n ulaidh
  Ruith eadar am meoran:
'S ann bu mhaith i gu a cleachdadh,
  'S cha robh peacadh 'na cnòdach;
Iads' do 'n ulaidh an saoghal,
  Sud iad saor dheth rè momaint.

Moladh bho an talamh
  Mar eòin gaireal 'sa cheitean;
Mar chalmanan a ghlinne,
  'S iad a' guil airson eucoir;
A' sealltuinn ris-san chaidh tholladh,
  Tarruing beath as na gleusan,
'S bidh esa gu brath
  Mar dhìon laidir nach treig iad.

Nach ann sheideadh na gaothan
  Air cnamhan tioram na fasaich,
Ach an deanadh e 'n tionnda
  Mar chraobh ghlas anns a ghàradh:

Mar chraobh Lebanoin a's ghiuthais,
Mar chraobh ubhail a's phalim,
Bheireadh meas agus toradh
Nach gearradh am bas uath.

'S ann mar sud tha lios an Tighearn
Air a siòlachd le grasan;
'S ann an sud chithear gu soilleir
Deadh chladhach a ghairneil';
Geugan an lagha,
'S dealt an t-soisgeil 'gan arach,
Bheireadh meas agus toradh
Tre iomadh ginealach 's alach.

Nach h-ann bhiodh agam-sa cridh'
Leis am molainn ni b'fhearr thu,
Airson teachd Fear-saoraidh,
Agus saorsainn a ghrasan,
A fhuair buaidh air an t-saoghal,
Air daoine, 's air Satan,
'S ged luidh an eunlaith air 'n iobairt
Cha do diobradh Abram.

MARBH-RANN DO MHR. HUISTEAN ROSS,
MINISTEIR CHILDONNAIN.

Och a's ochan mar tha mi!
Triall gach là do Childonnan,
Ri bhi smuaineach' air t-àbhaist,
Agus blàthaid do chomuinn;
Gus an còmhlaich an uaigh mì,
'S mi air uairean 'ga taoghal,
Cha sheas i dhomh d'ait', ach
A triall gu bràth as do dheigh.

B' fharasd aithneachd' air do ghleus-sa,
Gu 'n robh do speid a' dol dachaidh;
'N uair rachadh tu 'sa Chubi,
Bhitheadh fion ùir anns an fheasgair;

['S luchd nan cridheachan brùite,
Faotuinn fuasgladh nan ceistean],
'S gach neach a ghràdhaich an fhìrinn,
Bu chaomh leo do theagasg.

Tha mi cur fhianuis air do nàimhdean,
Mur innseadh tu 'n fhìrinn;
'S mur d' fhuair iad do theagasg,
'S cùis eagail ri innseadh;
Bheireadh tu bainne do 'n uan,
Agus biadh do na chaora',
A's gheibheadh tu do 'n t-seudair,
A chuid féin anns an fhìrinn.

[Ann do dhreuchd mar Fhear-teagaisg,
Bha thu treibh-dhireach dileas,
Dh'innseadh tusa a chunnart,
Do gach duine le dilseachd;]
'S 'n uair thig iad-san cuideachd,
Cha bhi thus' air do dhìteadh:
Cha b'e sud do pheacadh,
Gu 'n ceileadh tu 'n fhirinn.

B'e sud Ministeir na comuinn,
'N tra chruinnicheadh chòmhail,
Dhaighnicheadh obair an dearbhaidh,
Nam bu bheag nam bu mhòr i;
Ach airson a chealgair, bha
Thu d'imcheist dha 'n comhnuidh;
Gheibheadh tu mach air a bhlas é,
'S air fhaireachdan comhla'.

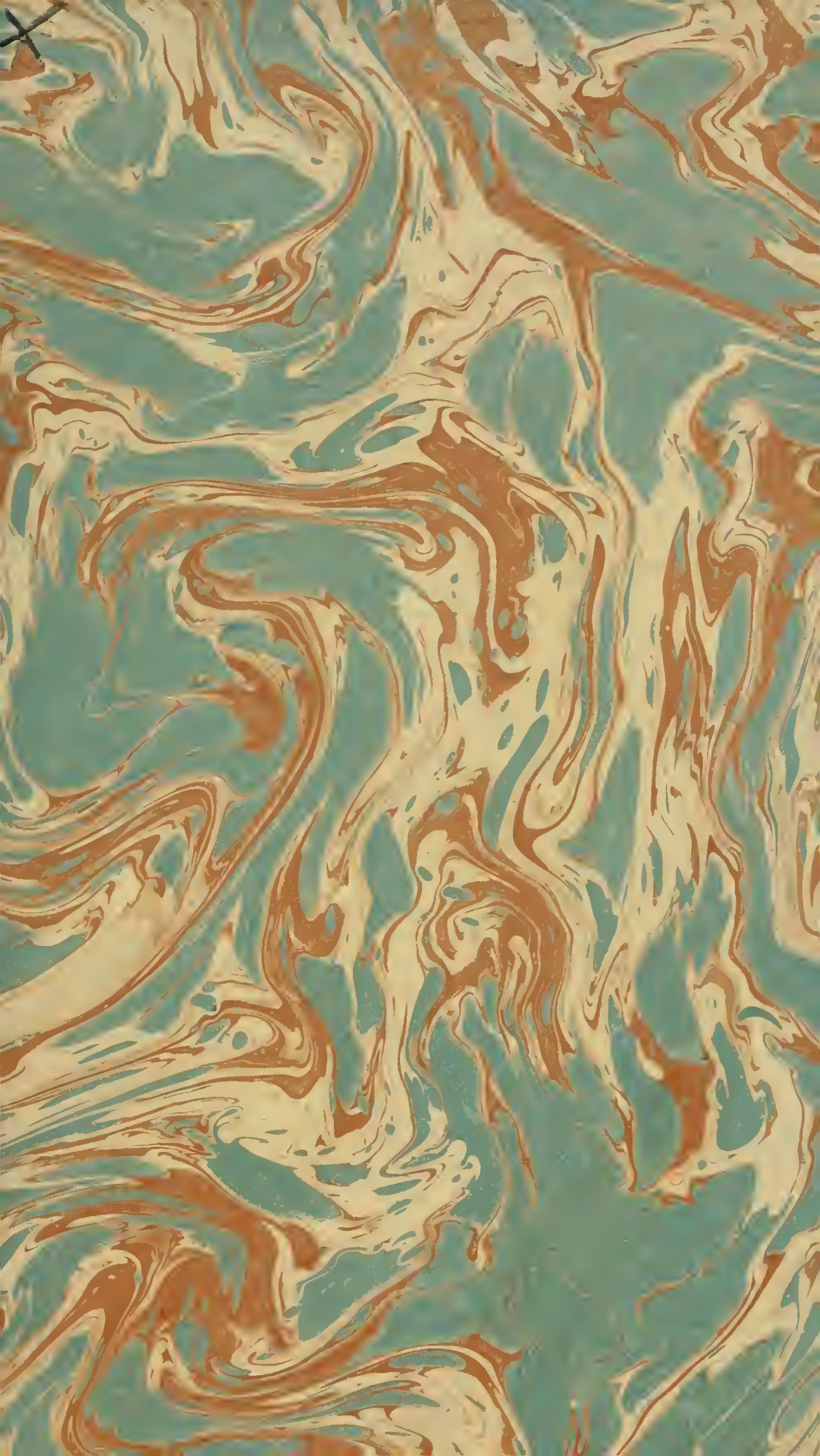
B'e sud ceann nam peathraichean,
Agus cairid nam braithrean;
Thaobh na feòla 's an spioraid,
'S ceart a bheireadh tu gradh dhoibh;
Ceanna mna thu bha muileach,
'S goirt a bhuin rith' do bhas-sa;
'S ma dh'innseas mi 'n fhìrinn,
B'e sud mo chaochal' craiteach.

Gu'n cuimhnich an t-Ard-Righ,
  Le fabhair do leanabh,
D'a gleidheadh 'san t-saoghal,
  O gach baoghal is sgainneal;
Gu'n lean e le naomhachd
  Bean na mine bha mar riut;
Riamh cha 'n fhaca mi h-aodan
  Ach fial, faolaidh is ceanalt.

Bu bhlath do na bochd thu,
  'S bu cheann-uidhe do 'n araidh,
'S do theaghlach a chreidimh,
  Cha 'n fhaca mi d' aicheadh;
Riamh cha 'n fhaca mi leithid
  Do cheann peathair is brathair;
'S tha e nis ann an teaghlach
  Cho saoibhir 'sa 's aill leis.

Cha b'e Ministeir an arain
  A bh'agam ri iomradh,
Ach fear chunnaic 'sa dh'fhairich
  De 'n ath-breith na dh'imireadh;
A' préisgeadh an siosgeul
  Bho fhaireachdainn anma,
'S bheireadh comhairl' bhiodh fior-ghlan,
  'S bhitheadh ciallach ri leanmhuinn.

Ach bheirinn mo chomhairl',
  Ma theid mi 'san Sgire-sa,
Gu 'n dean iad mo leabaidh
  Co fagus 's tha sint' riut;
Oir cha 'n 'eil difir pearsa
  Ri fhaotainn 'san ait ud;
Tha 'n Righ a's am Baigeir
  'S an aon staid anns a bhaghan.

Gu bheil mise de 'n bharail,
  'N tra bhitheas sinn 'g eirigh,
Gu 'n aithnich mis' agus HUISTRAN,
  Anns an dusgadh a cheile;
'N uair thig trombaid o'n Athar,
  Bithidh sinn a cath anns a cheile,
'S bithidh toiseach an rathaid
  Aig na naoimh anns an eirigh.

A' CHRIOCH.